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**THE**

**CURSE OF KEHAMA.**

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THE

# Curse of Kehama:

BY

Robert Southey.

ΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΑ ΔΑΕΚΤΡΟΝΟΝΕΟΤΤΑ, ΟΙΚΟΝ ΑΕΙ, ΟΥΕ ΚΕΝ ΕΠΑΝΗΞΑΝ ΕΓΚΑΘΙΣΟΜΕΝΑΙ.

ΑΠΟΦΘ. ΑΝΕΚ. ΤΟΥ ΓΥΑΙΕΑ. ΤΟΥ ΜΗΤ.

URSES ARE LIKE YOUNG CHICKEN, THEY ALWAYS COME HOME TO ROOST.

LONDON :

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PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-BOW,

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TO.

THE AUTHOR OF GEBIR,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



## PREFACE.

IN the religion of the Hindoos, which of all false religions is the most monstrous in its fables, and the most fatal in its effects, there is one remarkable peculiarity. Prayers, penances, and sacrifices, are supposed to possess an inherent and actual value, in no degree depending upon the disposition or motive of the person who performs them. They are drafts upon Heaven, for which the Gods cannot refuse payment. The worst men, bent upon the worst designs, have in this manner obtained power which has made them formidable to the Supreme Deities themselves, and rendered an *Ava-*



*tar*, or Incarnation of Veeshnoo the Preserver, necessary. This belief is the foundation of the following Poem. The story is original; but, in all its parts, consistent with the superstition upon which it is built; and however startling the fictions may appear, they might almost be called credible when compared with the genuine tales of Hindoo mythology.

No figures can be imagined more anti-picturesque, and less poetical, than the mythological personages of the Bramins. This deformity was easily kept out of sight:—their hundred hands are but a clumsy personification of power; their numerous heads only a gross image of divinity, “whose countenance,” as the Bhagvat-Geeta expresses it, “is turned on every side.” To the other obvious objection, that the religion of Hindostan is not generally known enough to

supply fit machinery for an English poem, I can only answer, that, if every allusion to it throughout the work is not sufficiently self-explained to render the passage intelligible, there is a want of skill in the poet. Even those readers who should be wholly unacquainted with the writings of our learned Orientalists, will find all the preliminary knowledge that can be needful, in the brief explanation of mythological names prefixed to the Poem.



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ΕΤΗΣΑΤΕ ΜΟΙ ΠΡΩΤΗ ΠΟΑΤΤΡΟΠΟΝ, ΟΦΡΑ ΦΑΝΕΙΗ  
ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΝ ΕΙΔΟΣ ΕΧΩΝ, ΟΤΙ ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΝ ΤΜΗΝΟΝ ΑΡΑΣΣΩ.

NON. ΔΙΟΝ.

FOR I WILL FOR NO MAN'S PLEASURE  
CHANGE A SYLLABLE OR MEASURE ;  
PEDANTS SHALL NOT TIE MY STRAINS  
TO OUR ANTIQUE POETS' VEINS ;  
BEING BORN AS FREE AS THESE,  
I WILL SING AS I SHALL PLEASE.

GEORGE WITHER.



---

**BRAMA, .....**the Creator.

**VEESHNOO,.....**the Preserver.

**SEEVA,.....**the Destroyer. These form the Trimourtee, or Trinity, as it has been called, of the Bramins. The allegory is obvious, but has been made for the Trimourtee, not the Trimourtee for the allegory; and these Deities are regarded by the people as three distinct and personal Gods. The two latter have at this day their hostile sects of worshippers; that of Seeva is the most numerous; and in this Poem, Seeva is represented as Supreme among the Gods. This is the same God whose name is variously written Seeb, Sieven and Siva, Chiven by the French, Xiven by the Portuguese, and whom European writers sometimes denominate Eswara, Iswaren, Mahadeo, Mahadeva, Rutren,—according to which of his thousand and eight names prevailed in the country where they obtained their information.

**INDRA,.....**God of the Elements.

The **SWERGA, ....** his Paradise,—one of the Hindoo heavens.

**YAMEN,.....**Lord of Hell, and Judge of the Dead.

**PADALON, .....** Hell,—under the Earth, and, like the Earth, of an octagon shape ;  
its eight gates are guarded by as many Gods.

**MARRIATALY, ...** the Goddess who is chiefly worshipped by the lower casts.

**POLLEAR, .....** or Ganesa,—the Protector of Travellers. His statues are placed  
in the highways, and sometimes in a small lonely sanctuary, in  
the streets and in the fields.

**CASYAPA,.....**the Father of the Immortals.

**DEVETAS,.....**the Inferior Deities.

**SURAS, .....**Good Spirits.

**ASURAS, .....** Evil Spirits, or Devils.

**GLENDOVEERS, ...** the most beautiful of the Good Spirits, the Grindouvers of Sonnerat.

---





**THE**  
**CURSE OF KEHAMA.**

**I.**

**THE FUNERAL.**

Midnight, and yet no eye  
Through all the Imperial City clos'd in sleep !  
Behold her streets a-blaze  
With light that seems to kindle the red sky,  
Her myriads swarming thro' the crowded ways !  
Master and slave, old age and infancy,  
All, all abroad to gaze ;  
House-top and balcony  
Clustered with women, who throw back their veils,

With unimpeded and insatiate sight  
To view the funeral pomp which passes by,  
As if the mournful rite  
Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night,  
Your feeble beams ye shed,  
Quench'd in the unnatural light which might out-stare  
Even the broad eye of day ;  
And thou from thy celestial way  
Pourest, O Moon, an ineffectual ray !  
For lo ! ten thousand torches flame and flare  
Upon the midnight air,  
Blotting the lights of heaven  
With one portentous glare.  
Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold,  
Ascending floats along the fiery sky,  
And hangeth visible on high,  
A dark and waving canopy.

Hark ! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath !  
'Tis the dirge of death !  
At once ten thousand drums begin,

With one long thunder-peal the ear assailing ;  
Ten thousand voices then join in,  
And with one deep and general din  
Pour their wild wailing.  
The song of praise is drown'd  
Amid that deafening sound ;  
You hear no more the trumpet's tone,  
You hear no more the mourner's moan,  
Tho' the trumpet's breath, and the dirge of death,  
Mingle and swell the funeral yell.  
But rising over all in one acclaim  
Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name,  
From all that countless rout :  
Arvalan ! Arvalan !  
Arvalan ! Arvalan !  
Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout  
Call Arvalan ! The overpowering sound,  
From house to house repeated rings about,  
From tower to tower rolls round.

The death-procession moves along ;  
Their bald heads shining to the torches ray,  
The Bramins lead the way,

Chaunting the funeral song.

And now at once they shout

Arvalan ! Arvalan !

With quick rebound of sound,

All in accordant cry,

Arvalan ! Arvalan !

The universal multitude reply.

In vain ye thunder on his ear the name !

Would ye awake the dead ?

Borne upright in his palankeen,

There Arvalan is seen !

A glow is on his face, . . . a lively red ;

It is the crimson canopy

Which o'er his cheek the reddening shade hath shed.

He moves, . . . he nods his head, . . .

But the motion comes from the bearers' tread,

As the body, borne aloft in state,

Sways with the impulse of its own dead weight.

Close following his dead son, Kehama came,

Nor joining in the ritual song,

Nor calling the dear name ;

With head deprest and funeral vest,

And arms enfolded on his breast,  
Silent and lost in thought he moves along.  
King of the world, his slaves unenvying now  
Behold their wretched Lord ; rejoiced they see  
    The mighty Rajah's misery ;  
For Nature in his pride hath dealt the blow,  
And taught the master of mankind to know  
Even he himself is man, and not exempt from woe.

O sight of grief ! the wives of Arvalan,  
Young Azla, young Nealliny, are seen !

    Their widow-robes of white,  
    With gold and jewels bright,  
    Each like an Eastern queen.

Woe ! woe ! around their palankeen,  
    As on a bridal day,

With symphony, and dance, and song,  
Their kindred and their friends come on.  
The dance of sacrifice ! the funeral song !  
And next the victim slaves in long array,  
Richly bedight to grace the fatal day,

    Move onward to their death ;  
    The clarions' stirring breath

Lifts their thin robes in every flowing fold,  
And swells the woven gold,  
That on the agitated air  
Trembles, and glitters to the torches glare.

A man and maid of aspect wan and wild,  
Then, side by side, by bowmen guarded, came.  
O wretched father ! O unhappy child !  
Them were all eyes of all the throng exploring. . . .

Is this the daring man  
Who raised his fatal hand at Arvalan ?  
Is this the wretch condemn'd to feel  
Kehama's dreadful wrath ?  
Them were all hearts of all the throng deploring,  
For not in that innumerable throng  
Was one who lov'd the dead ; for who could know  
What aggravated wrong  
Provok'd the desperate blow !  
Far, far behind, beyond all reach of sight,  
In ordered files the torches flow along,  
One ever-lengthening line of gliding light :  
Far . . . far behind,  
Rolls on the undistinguishable clamour,

Of horn, and trump, and tambour ;  
Incessant as the roar  
Of streams which down the wintry mountain pour,  
And louder than the dread commotion  
Of stormy billows on a rocky shore,  
When the winds rage over the waves,  
And Ocean to the Tempest raves.

And now toward the bank they go,  
Where, winding on their way below,  
Deep and strong the waters flow.  
Here doth the funeral pile appear  
With myrrh and ambergris bestrew'd,  
And built of precious sandal wood.  
They cease their music and their outcry here ;  
Gently they rest the bier :  
They wet the face of Arvalan,  
No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite ;  
They feel his breast, . . . no motion there ;  
They feel his lips, . . . no breath ;  
For not with feeble, nor with erring hand,  
The stern avenger dealt the blow of death.  
Then with a doubling peal and deeper blast,



The tambours and the trumpets sound on high,  
And with a last and loudest cry  
They call on Arvalan.

Woe ! woe ! for Azla takes her seat  
Upon the funeral pile !  
Calmly she took her seat,  
Calmly the whole terrific pomp survey'd ;  
As on her lap the while  
The lifeless head of Arvalan was laid.  
Woe ! woe ! Nealliny,  
The young Nealliny !  
They strip her ornaments away,  
Bracelet and anklet, ring, and chain, and zone ;  
Around her neck they leave  
The marriage knot alone, . . .  
That marriage band, which when  
Yon waning moon was young,  
Around her virgin neck  
With bridal joy was hung.  
Then with white flowers, the coronal of death,  
Her jetty locks they crown.

O sight of misery !

You cannot hear her cries, . . . all other sound

In that wild dissonance is drown'd ; . . .

But in her face you see

The supplication and the agony, . . .

See in her swelling throat the desperate strength

That with vain effort struggles yet for life ;

Her arms contracted now in fruitless strife,

Now wildly at full length

Towards the crowd in vain for pity spread, . . .

They force her on, they bind her to the dead.

Then all around retire ;

Circling the pile, the ministring Bramins stand,

Each lifting in his hand a torch on fire.

Alone the Father of the dead advanced

And lit the funeral pyre.

At once on every side

The circling torches drop.

At once on every side

The fragrant oil is pour'd,

At once on every side  
The rapid flames rush up.  
Then hand in hand the victim band  
Roll in the dance around the funeral pyre ;  
Their garments flying folds  
Float inward to the fire.  
In drunken whirl they wheel around ;  
One drops, . . . another plunges in ;  
And still with overwhelming din  
The tambours and the trumpets sound ;  
And clap of hand, and shouts, and cries,  
From all the multitude arise :  
While round and round, in giddy wheel,  
Intoxicate they roll and reel,  
Till one by one whirl'd in they fall,  
And the devouring flames have swallowed all.

Then all was still ; the drums and clarions ceas'd ;  
The multitude were hush'd in silent awe ;  
Only the roaring of the flames was heard.

## II.

### THE CURSE.

Alone towards the Table of the dead,  
Kehama mov'd ; there on the altar-stone  
Honey and rice he spread.  
There with collected voice and painful tone  
He call'd upon his son.  
Lo ! Arvalan appears.  
Only Kehama's powerful eye beheld  
The thin ethereal spirit hovering nigh ;  
Only the Rajah's ear  
Receiv'd his feeble breath.  
And is this all ? the mournful Spirit said,  
This all that thou canst give me after death ?  
This unavailing pomp,  
These empty pageantries that mock the dead !

In bitterness the Rajah heard,  
And groan'd, and smote his breast, and o'er his face  
Cowl'd the white mourning vest.

ARVALAN.

Art thou not powerful, . . . even like a God ?  
And must I, through my years of wandering,  
Shivering and naked to the elements,  
In wretchedness await  
The hour of Yamen's wrath ?  
I thought thou wouldst embody me anew,  
Undying as I am, . . .  
Yea, re-create me ! . . . Father, is this all !  
This all ! and thou Almighty !

But in that wrongful and upbraiding tone,  
Kehama found relief,  
For rising anger half suppress his grief.  
Reproach not me ! he cried,  
Had I not spell-secur'd thee from disease,  
Fire, sword, . . . all common accidents of man, . . .  
And thou ! . . . fool, fool . . . to perish by a stake !  
And by a peasant's arm ! . . .

Even now, when from reluctant Heaven,  
Forcing new gifts and mightier attributes,  
So soon I should have quell'd the Death-God's power.

Waste not thy wrath on me, quoth Arvalan,  
It was my hour of folly ! Fate prevail'd,  
Nor boots it to reproach me that I fell.  
I am in misery, Father ! Other souls  
Predoom'd to Indra's Heaven, enjoy the dawn  
Of bliss, . . . to them the tempered elements  
Minister joy : genial delight the sun  
Sheds on their happy being, and the stars  
Effuse on them benignant influences ;  
And thus o'er Earth and Air they roam at will,  
And when the number of their days is full,  
Go fearlessly before the awful throne.  
But I, . . . all naked feeling and raw life, . . .  
What worse than this hath Yamen's hell in store ?  
If ever thou didst love me, mercy, Father !  
Save me, for thou canst save : . . . the Elements  
Know and obey thy voice.

KEHAMA.

The Elements

Shall torture thee no more ; even while I speak  
Already dost thou feel their power is gone.  
Fear not ! I cannot call again the past,  
Fate hath made that its own ; but Fate shall yield  
To me the future ; and thy doom be fix'd  
By mine, not Yamen's will. Meantime all power  
Whereof thy feeble spirit can be made  
Participant, I give. Is there aught else  
To mitigate thy lot ?

ARVALAN.

Only the sight of vengeance. Give me that !  
Vengeance, full worthy vengeance ! . . . not the stroke  
Of sudden punishment, . . . no agony  
That spends itself and leaves the wretch at rest,  
But lasting long revenge.

KEHAMA.

What, boy ? is that cup sweet ? then take thy fill !

So as he spake, a glow of dreadful pride  
Inflam'd his cheek : with quick and angry stride  
    He mov'd toward the pile,  
And rais'd his hand to hush the crowd, and cried,  
Bring forth the murderer ! At the Rajah's voice,  
Calmly, and like a man whom fear had stunn'd,  
    Ladurlad came, obedient to the call.  
But Kailyal started at the sound,  
And gave a womanly shriek, and back she drew,  
And eagerly she roll'd her eyes around,  
As if to seek for aid, albeit she knew  
    No aid could there be found.

It chanced that near her on the river-brink,  
The sculptur'd form of Marriataly stood ;  
It was an idol roughly hewn of wood,  
    Artless, and poor, and rude.  
The Goddess of the poor was she ;  
None else regarded her with piety.  
But when that holy image Kailyal view'd,  
To that she sprung, to that she clung,  
On her own goddess with close-clasping arms,  
    For life the maiden hung.



They seiz'd the maid ; with unrelenting grasp

They bruis'd her tender limbs ;

She, nothing yielding, to this only hope

Clings with the strength of frenzy and despair.

She screams not now, she breathes not now,

She sends not up one vow,

She forms not in her soul one secret prayer,

All thought, all feeling, and all powers of life

In the one effort centering. Wrathful they

With tug and strain would force the maid away ; . .

Didst thou, O Marriataly, see their strife ?

In pity didst thou see the suffering maid ?

Or was thine anger kindled, that rude hands

Assail'd thy holy image ? . . . for behold

The holy image shakes !

Irreverently bold, they deem the maid

Relax'd her stubborn hold,

And now with force redoubled drag their prey ;

And now the rooted idol to their sway

Bends, . . . yields, . . . and now it falls. But then they scream,

For lo ! they feel the crumbling bank give way,

And all are plunged into the stream.

She hath escap'd my will, Kehama cried,

She hath escap'd, . . . but thou art here,

I have thee still,

The worser criminal !

And on Ladurlad, while he spake, severe

He fix'd his dreadful frown.

The strong reflection of the pile

Lit his dark lineaments,

Lit the protruded brow, the gathered front,

The steady eye of wrath.

But while the fearful silence yet endur'd,

Ladurlad rous'd his soul ;

Ere yet the voice of destiny

Which trembled on the Rajah's lips was loos'd,

Eager he interpos'd, . . .

As if despair had waken'd him to hope ;

Mercy ! oh mercy ! . . . only in defence ..

Only instinctively, . . .

Only to save my child, I smote the Prince.

King of the world, be merciful !

Crush me, . . . but torture not !

The Man-Almighty deign'd him no reply,  
Still he stood silent ; in no human mood  
Of mercy, in no hesitating thought  
Of right and justice. At the length he rais'd  
His brow yet unrelax'd, . . . his lips unclos'd,  
And utter'd from the heart,  
With the whole feeling of his soul enforced,  
The gather'd vengeance came.

I charm thy life  
From the weapons of strife,  
From stone and from wood,  
From fire and from flood,  
From the serpent's tooth,  
And the beasts of blood :  
From Sickness I charm thee,  
And Time shall not harm thee,  
But Earth which is mine,  
Its fruits shall deny thee ;  
And Water shall hear me,  
And know thee and fly thee ;  
And the Winds shall not touch thee  
When they pass by thee,

And the Dews shall not wet thee,  
When they fall nigh thee :  
And thou shalt seek Death  
To release thee, in vain ;  
Thou shalt live in thy pain,  
While Kehama shall reign,  
With a fire in thy heart,  
And a fire in thy brain ;  
And Sleep shall obey me,  
And visit thee never,  
And the Curse shall be on thee  
For ever and ever.

There where the Curse had stricken him,  
There stood the miserable man,  
There stood Ladurlad, with loose-hanging arms,  
And eyes of idiot wandering.  
Was it a dream ? alas,  
He heard the river flow,  
He heard the crumbling of the pile,  
He heard the wind which shower'd  
The thin white ashes round.  
There motionless he stood,

As if he hop'd it were a dream,  
And fear'd to move, lest he should prove  
The actual misery ;  
And still at times he met Kehama's eye,  
Kehama's eye that fasten'd on him still.

### III.

#### THE RECOVERY.

The Rajah turn'd toward the pile again,  
Loud rose the song of death from all the crowd ;  
    Their din the instruments begin,  
        And once again join in  
        With overwhelming sound.  
Ladurlad starts, . . . he looks around.  
    What hast thou here in view,  
O wretched man ! in this disastrous scene ?  
The soldier train, the Bramins who renew  
Their ministry around the funeral pyre,  
    The empty palankeens,  
    The dimly-fading fire.

Where too is she whom most his heart held dear,  
His best-beloved Kailyal, where is she,  
The solace and the joy of many a year  
Of widowhood ! is she then gone,  
And is he left all-utterly alone,  
To bear his blasting curse, and none  
To succour or deplore him ?  
He staggers from the dreadful spot ; the throng  
Give way in fear before him ;  
Like one who carries pestilence about,  
Shuddering they shun him, where he moves along.  
And now he wanders on  
Beyond the noisy rout ;  
He cannot fly and leave his curse behind,  
Yet doth he seem to find  
A comfort in the change of circumstance.  
Adown the shore he strays,  
Unknowing where his wretched feet shall rest,  
But farthest from the fatal place is best.

By this in the orient sky appears the gleam  
Of day. Lo ! what is yonder in the stream,  
Down the slow river floating slow,

In distance indistinct and dimly seen ?  
The childless one with idle eye  
Followed its motion thoughtlessly ;  
Idly he gaz'd, unknowing why,  
And half unconscious that he watch'd its way.  
Belike it is a tree  
Which some rude tempest, in its sudden sway,  
Tore from the rock, or from the hollow shore  
The undermining stream hath swept away.

But when anon outswelling by its side,  
A woman's robe he spied,  
Oh then Ladurlad started,  
As one, who in his grave  
Had heard an angel's call.  
Yea, Marriataly, thou hast deign'd to save !  
Yea, Goddess ! it is she,  
Kailyal, still clinging senselessly  
To thy dear image, and in happy hour  
Upborne amid the wave  
By that preserving power.

Headlong in hope and in joy



Ladurlad dash'd in the water.  
The water knew Kehama's spell,  
The water shrunk before him.  
Blind to the miracle,  
He rushes to his daughter,  
And treads the river-depths in transport wild, .  
And clasps and saves his child.

Upon the farther side a level shore  
Of sand was spread : thither Ladurlad bore  
His daughter, holding still with senseless hand  
The saving Goddess ; there upon the sand  
He laid the livid maid,  
Rais'd up against his knees her drooping head ;  
Bent to her lips, . . . her lips as pale as death, . . .  
If he might feel her breath,  
His own the while in hope and dread suspended;  
Chaf'd her cold breast, and ever and anon  
Let his hand rest, upon her heart extended.

Soon did his touch perceive, or fancy there,  
The first faint motion of returning life.  
He chafes her feet, and lays them bare

In the sun ; and now again upon her breast  
Lays his hot hand ; and now her lips he prest,  
For now the stronger throb of life he knew :

And her lips tremble too !  
The breath comes palpably,  
Her quivering lids uncloze,  
Feebly and feebly fall,  
Relapsing as it seem'd to dead repose.

So in her father's arms thus languidly,  
While over her with earnest gaze he hung,  
Silent and motionless she lay,  
And painfully and slowly writh'd at fits,  
At fits to short convulsive starts was stung.  
Till when the struggle and strong agony  
Had left her, quietly she lay repos'd ;  
Her eyes now resting on Ladurlad's face,  
Relapsing now, and now again unclos'd.  
The look she fix'd upon his face, implies  
Nor thought nor feeling ; senselessly she lies,  
Compos'd like one who sleeps with open eyes.

Long he leant over her,

In silence and in fear.

Kailyal ! . . . at length he cried, in such a tone,

As a poor mother ventures who draws near,

With silent footstep, to her child's sick bed.

My Father ! cried the maid, and rais'd her head,

Awakening then to life and thought, . . . thou here ?

For when his voice she heard,

The dreadful past recurr'd,

Which dimly, like a dream of pain,

Till now with troubled sense confus'd her brain.

And hath he spar'd us then ? she cried,

Half rising as she spake,

For hope and joy the sudden strength supplied ;

In mercy hath he curb'd his cruel will,

That still thou livest ? But as thus she said,

Impatient of that look of hope, her sire

Shook hastily his head ;

Oh ! he hath laid a Curse upon my life,

A clinging curse, quoth he ;

Hath sent a fire into my heart and brain,

Aburning fire, for ever there to be !

The winds of Heaven must never breathe on me ;  
The rains and dews must never fall on me ;  
Water must mock my thirst and shrink from me ;  
The common Earth must yield no fruit to me ;  
Sleep, blessed Sleep ! must never light on me ;  
And Death, who comes to all, must fly from me ;  
And never, never set Ladurlad free.

This is a dream ! exclaim'd the incredulous maid,  
Yet in her voice the while a fear exprest,  
Which in her larger eye was manifest.  
This is a dream ! she rose and laid her hand  
Upon her father's brow, to try the charm ;  
He could not bear the pressure there ; . . . he shrunk, . . .  
He warded off her arm,  
As though it were an enemy's blow, he smote  
His daughter's arm aside.  
Her eye glanced down, his mantle she espied  
And caught it up ; . . . Oh misery ! Kailyal cried,  
He bore me from the river-depths, and yet  
His garment is not wet !

## IV.

### THE DEPARTURE.

Reclin'd beneath a Cocoa's feathery shade  
Ladurlad lies,  
And Kailyal on his lap her head hath laid,  
To hide her streaming eyes.  
The boatman, sailing on his easy way,  
With envious eye beheld them where they lay ;  
For every herb and flower  
Was fresh and fragrant with the early dew,  
Sweet sung the birds in that delicious hour,  
And the cool gale of morning as it blew,  
Not yet subdued by day's increasing power,  
Ruffling the surface of the silvery stream,  
Swept o'er the moisten'd sand, and rais'd no shower.

Telling their tale of love,  
The boatman thought they lay  
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they !

But now the Sun in heaven is high,  
The little songsters of the sky  
Sit silent in the sultry hour,  
They pant and palpitate with heat ;  
Their bills are open languidly  
To catch the passing air ;  
They hear it not, they feel it not,  
It murmurs not, it moves not.  
The boatman, as he looks to land,  
Admires what men so mad to linger there,  
For yonder Cocoa's shade behind them falls,  
A single spot upon the burning sand.

There all the morning was Ladurlad laid,  
Silent and motionless, like one at ease ;  
There motionless upon her father's knees,  
Reclin'd the silent maid.  
The man was still, pondering with steady mind,  
As if it were another's Curse,

His own portentous lot ;  
Scanning it o'er and o'er in busy thought,  
As though it were a last night's tale of woe,  
Before the cottage door,  
By some old beldame sung,  
While young and old assembled<sup>\*</sup> round,  
Listened, as if by witchery bound,  
In fearful pleasure to her wonderous tongue.

Musing so long he lay, that all things seem  
Unreal to his sense, even like a dream,  
A monstrous dream of things which could not be.  
That beating, burning brow, . . . why it was now  
The height of noon, and he was lying there  
In the broad sun, all bare !  
What if he felt no wind ? the air was still,  
That was the general will  
Of Nature, not his own peculiar doom ;  
Yon rows of rice erect and silent stand,  
The shadow of the Cocoa's lightest plume  
Is steady on the sand.

Is it indeed a dream ? he rose to try,  
Impatient to the water-side he went,  
And down he bent,  
And in the stream he plung'd his hasty arm  
To break the visionary charm.  
With fearful eye and fearful heart,  
His daughter watch'd the event ;  
She saw the start and shudder,  
She heard the in-drawn groan,  
For the Water knew Kehama's charm,  
The Water shrunk before his arm.  
His dry hand mov'd about unmoisten'd there ;  
As easily might that dry hand avail  
To stop the passing gale,  
Or grasp the impassive air.  
He is Almighty then !  
Exclaim'd the wretched man in his despair ;  
Air knows him, Water knows him ; Sleep  
His dreadful word will keep ;  
Even in the grave there is no rest for me,  
Cut off from that last hope, . . . the wretches joy .  
And Veeshnoo hath no power to save,  
Nor Seeva to destroy.



Oh ! wrong not them ! quoth Kailyal,  
Wrong not the Heavenly Powers !  
Our hope is all in them : They are not blind !  
And lighter wrongs than ours,  
And lighter crimes than his,  
Have drawn the Incarnate down among mankind.  
Already have the Immortals heard our cries,  
And in the mercy of their righteousness  
Beheld us in the hour of our distress !  
She spake with streaming eyes,  
Where pious love and ardent feeling beam.  
And turning to the Image, threw  
Her grateful arms around it, . . . It was thou  
Who saved'st me from the stream !  
My Marriataly, it was thou !  
I had not else been here  
To share my Father's Curse,  
To suffer now, . . . and yet to thank thee thus !  
  
Here then, the maiden cried, dear Father, here  
Raise our own Goddess, our divine Preserver !  
The mighty of the earth despise her rites,  
She loves the poor who serve her.

Set up her image here,  
With heart and voice the guardian Goddess bless,  
For jealously would she resent  
Neglect and thanklessness ; . . .  
Set up her image here,  
And bless her for her aid with tongue and soul sincere.

So saying, on her knees the maid  
Began the pious toil.  
Soon their joint labour scoops the easy soil ;  
They raise the image up with reverent hand,  
And round its rooted base they heap the sand.  
O Thou whom we adore,  
O Marriataly, thee do I implore,  
The virgin cried ; my Goddess, pardon thou  
The unwilling wrong, that I no more,  
With dance and song,  
Can do thy daily service, as of yore !  
The flowers which last I wreath'd around thy brow,  
Are withering there ; and never now  
Shall I at eve adore thee,  
And swimming round with arms outspread,  
Poise the full pitcher on my head,

In dextrous dance before thee ;  
While underneath the reedy shed, at rest  
My father sate the evening rites to view,  
And blest thy name, and blest  
His daughter too.

Then heaving from her heart a heavy sigh,  
O Goddess ! from that happy home, cried she,  
The Almighty Man hath forced us !  
And homeward with the thought unconsciously  
She turn'd her dizzy eye. . . . But there on high,  
With many a dome, and pinnacle, and spire,  
The summits of the Golden Palaces  
Blaz'd in the dark blue sky, aloft, like fire.  
Father, away ! she cried, away !  
Why linger we so nigh ?  
For not to him hath Nature given  
The thousand eyes of Deity,  
Always and every where with open sight,  
To persecute our flight !  
Away . . . away ! she said,  
And took her father's hand, and like a child  
He followed where she led.

## V.

### THE SEPARATION.

Evening comes on : arising from the stream,  
Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight ;  
And where he sails athwart the setting beam,  
His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light.  
The watchman, at the wish'd approach of night,  
Gladly forsakes the field, where he all day,  
To scare the winged plunderers from their prey,  
With shout and sling, on yonder clay-built height,  
Hath borne the sultry ray.  
Hark ! at the Golden Palaces,  
The Bramin strikes the hour.  
For leagues and leagues around, the brazen sound

Rolls through the stillness of departing day,  
Like thunder far away.

Behold them wandering on their hopeless way,  
Unknowing where they stray,  
Yet sure where'er they stop to find no rest.  
The evening gale is blowing,  
It plays among the trees ;  
Like plumes upon a warrior's crest,  
They see yon cocoas tossing to the breeze.  
Ladurlad views them with impatient mind,  
Impatiently he hears  
The gale of evening blowing,  
The sound of waters flowing,  
As if all sights and sounds combin'd,  
To mock his irremediable woe ;  
For not for him the blessed waters flow,  
For not for him the gales of evening blow,  
A fire is in his heart and brain,  
And Nature hath no healing for his pain.

The Moon is up, still pale  
Amid the lingering light.

A cloud ascending in the eastern sky,  
Sails slowly o'er the vale,  
And darkens round and closes in the night.  
No hospitable house is nigh,  
No traveller's home the wanderers to invite.  
Forlorn, and with long watching overworn,  
The wretched father and the wretched child,  
Lie down amid the wild.

Before them full in sight,  
A white flag flapping to the winds of night,  
Marks where the tyger seiz'd his human prey.  
Far, far away with natural dread,  
Shunning the perilous spot,  
At other times abhorrent had they fled ;  
But now they heed it not.  
Nothing they care ; the boding death-flag now  
In vain for them may gleam and flutter there.  
Despair and agony in him,  
Prevent all other thought ;  
And Kailyal hath no heart or sense for ought,  
Save her dear father's strange and miserable lot.  
There in the woodland shade,

Upon the lap of that unhappy maid,  
His head Ladurlad laid,  
And never word he spake ;  
Nor heav'd he one complaining sigh,  
Nor groan'd he with his misery,  
But silently for her dear sake  
Endur'd the raging pain.  
And now the moon was hid on high,  
No stars were glimmering in the sky ;  
She could not see her father's eye,  
How red with burning agony.  
Perhaps he may be cooler now ;  
She hoped, and long'd to touch his brow  
With gentle hand, yet did not dare  
To lay the painful pressure there.  
Now forward from the tree she bent,  
And anxiously her head she leant  
And listened to his breath.  
Ladurlad's breath was short and quick,  
Yet regular it came,  
And like the slumber of the sick,  
In pantings still the same.  
Oh if he sleeps ! . . . her lips uncloze,

Intently listening to the sound,  
That equal sound so like repose.  
Still quietly the sufferer lies,  
Bearing his torment now with resolute will ;  
He neither moves, nor groans, nor sighs.  
Doth satiate cruelty bestow  
This little respite to his woe,  
She thought, or are there Gods who look below !

Perchance, thought Kailyal, willingly deceiv'd,  
Our Marriataly hath his pain reliev'd,  
And she hath bade the blessed sleep assuage  
His agony, despite the Rajah's rage.  
That was a hope which fill'd her gushing eyes,  
And made her heart in silent yearnings rise,  
To bless the Power divine in thankfulness.  
And yielding to that joyful thought her mind,  
Backward the maid her aching head reclin'd  
Against the tree, and to her father's breath  
In fear she hearken'd still with earnest ear.  
But soon forgetful fits the effort broke :  
In starts of recollection then she woke,  
'Till now benignant Nature overcame



The Virgin's weary and exhausted frame,  
Nor able more her painful watch to keep,  
She clos'd her heavy lids, and sunk to sleep.

Vain was her hope ! he did not rest from pain,  
The Curse was burning in his brain.  
Alas ! the innocent maiden thought he slept,  
But Sleep the Rajah's dread commandment kept,  
Sleep knew Kehama's Curse.  
The dews of night fell round them now,  
They never bath'd Ladurlad's brow,  
They knew Kehama's Curse.  
The night-wind is abroad,  
Aloft it moves among the stirring trees.  
He only heard the breeze, . . .  
No healing aid to him it brought,  
It play'd around his head and touch'd him not,  
It knew Kehama's Curse.

Listening, Ladurlad lay in his despair,  
If Kailyal slept, for wherefore should she share  
Her father's wretchedness which none could cure ?  
Better alone to suffer ; he must bear

The burthen of his Curse, but why endure  
The unavailing presence of her grief ?  
She too, apart from him, might find relief ;  
For dead the Rajah deem'd her, and as thus  
Already she his dread revenge had fled,  
So might she still escape and live secure.

Gently he lifts his head,  
And Kailyal does not feel ;  
Gently he rises up, . . . she slumbers still ;  
Gently he steals away with silent tread.  
Anon she started, for she felt him gone ;  
She call'd, and through the stillness of the night,  
His step was heard in flight.  
Mistrustful for a moment of the sound,  
She listens ! till the step is heard no more ;  
But then she knows that he indeed is gone,  
And with a thrilling shriek she rushes on.  
The darkness and the wood impede her speed ;  
She lifts her voice again,  
Ladurlad ! . . . and again, alike in vain,  
And with a louder cry  
Straining its tone to hoarseness ; . . . far away,

Selfish in misery,  
He heard the call and faster did he fly.

She leans against that tree whose jutting bough  
Smote her so rudely. Her poor heart  
How audibly it panted,  
With sudden stop and start ;  
Her breath how short and painfully it came !  
Hark ! all is still around her, . . .  
And the night so utterly dark,  
She opened her eyes, and she clos'd them,  
And the blackness and blank were the same.

'Twas like a dream of horror, and she stood  
Half doubting whether all indeed were true.  
A Tyger's howl loud echoing through the wood,  
Rous'd her ; the dreadful sound she knew,  
And turn'd instinctively to what she fear'd.  
Far off the Tyger's hungry howl was heard ;  
A nearer horror met the maiden's view,  
For right before her a dim form appear'd,  
A human form in that black night,  
Distinctly shaped by its own lurid light,

Such light as the sickly moon is seen to shed,  
Through spell-raiſ'd fogs, a bloody baleful red.

That Spectre fix'd his eyes upon her full ;  
The light which shone in their accursed orbs  
Was like a light from Hell,  
And it grew deeper, kindling with the view.  
She could not turn her sight  
From that infernal gaze, which like a spell  
Bound her, and held her rooted to the ground.  
It palsied every power ;  
Her limbs avail'd her not in that dread hour.  
There was no moving thence,  
Thought, memory, sense were gone :  
She heard not now the Tyger's nearer cry,  
She thought not on her father now,  
Her cold heart's-blood ran back,  
Her hand lay senseless on the bough it clasp'd,  
Her feet were motionless ;  
Her fascinated eyes  
Like the stone eye-balls of a statue fix'd,  
Yet conscious of the sight that blasted them.

The wind is abroad,  
It opens the clouds ;  
Scattered before the gale,  
They skurry through the sky,  
And the darkness retiring rolls over the vale.  
The stars in their beauty come forth on high,  
And through the dark-blue night  
The moon rides on triumphant, broad and bright.  
Distinct and darkening in her light  
Appears that Spectre foul.  
The moon beam gives his face and form to sight,  
The shape of man,  
The living form and face of Arvalan ! . . .  
His hands are spread to clasp her.

But at that sight of dread the maid awoke ;  
As if a lightning-stroke  
Had burst the spell of fear,  
Away she broke all frantically and fled.  
There stood a temple near beside the way,  
An open fane of Pollear, gentle God,  
To whom the travellers for protection pray.  
With elephantine head and eye severe,

Here stood his image, such as when he seiz'd  
And tore the rebel giant from the ground,  
With mighty trunk wreath'd round  
His impotent bulk, and on his tusks, on high  
Impal'd, upheld him between earth and sky.

Thither the affrighted maiden sped her flight,  
And she hath reach'd the place of sanctuary ;  
And now within the temple in despite,  
Yea, even before the altar, in his sight,  
Hath Arvalan with fleshly arm of might  
Seiz'd her. That instant the insulted God  
Caught him aloft, and from his sinuous grasp,  
As if from some tort catapult let loose,  
Over the forest hurl'd him all abroad.

O'ercome with dread,  
She tarried not to see what heavenly power  
Had saved her in that hour.  
Breathless and faint she fled.  
And now her foot struck on the knotted root  
Of a broad manchineil, and there the maid  
Fell senselessly beneath the deadly shade.

## VI.

### CASYAPA.

Shall this then be thy fate, O lovely Maid,  
Thus, Kailyal, must thy sorrows then be ended !

Her face upon the ground,  
Her arms at length extended,  
There like a corpse behold her laid,  
Beneath the deadly shade.

What if the hungry Tyger, prowling by,  
Should snuff his banquet nigh ?  
Alas, Death needs not now his ministry ;  
The baleful boughs hang o'er her,  
The poison-dews descend.

What Power will now restore her,  
What God will be her friend ?

Bright and so beautiful was that fair night,  
It might have calm'd the gay amid their mirth,  
And given the wretched a delight in tears.

One of the Glendoveers,  
The loveliest race of all of heavenly birth,  
Hovering with gentle motion o'er the earth,  
Amid the moonlight air,  
In sportive flight was floating round and round,  
Unknowing where his joyous way was tending.

He saw the maid where motionless she lay,  
And stoopt his flight descending,  
And rais'd her from the ground.  
Her heavy eye-lids are half clos'd,  
Her cheeks are pale and livid like the dead,  
Down hang her loose arms lifelessly,  
Down hangs her languid head.

With timely pity touch'd for one so fair,  
The gentle Glendoveer  
Prest her thus pale and senseless to his breast,  
And springs aloft in air with sinewy wings,  
And bears the Maiden there,  
Where Himakoot, the holy Mount, on high



From mid-earth rising in mid-Heaven,  
Shines in its glory like the throne of Even.  
Soaring with strenuous flight above,  
He bears her to the blessed Grove,  
Where in his ancient and august abodes,  
There dwells old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods.

The Father of the Immortals sate,  
Where underneath the Tree of Life,  
The fountain of the Sacred River sprung  
The Father of the Immortals smil'd  
Benignant on his son.  
Knowest thou, he said, my child,  
Ereenia, knowest thou, whom thou bringest here,  
A mortal to the holy atmosphere ?

EREENIA.

I found her in the Groves of Earth,  
Beneath a poison-tree,  
Thus lifeless as thou seest her.  
In pity have I brought her to these bowers,  
Not erring, Father ! by that smile . . .  
By that benignant eye !

## CASYAPA.

What if the maid be sinful ? if her ways  
Were ways of darkness, and her death predoom'd  
To that black hour of midnight, when the Moon  
Hath turn'd her face away,  
Unwilling to behold  
The unhappy end of guilt ?

## ERENIA.

Then what a lie, my Sire, were written here,  
In these fair characters ! and she had died,  
Sure proof of purer life and happier doom,  
Now in the moonlight, in the eye of Heaven,  
If I had left so fair a flower to fade.  
But thou, . . . all knowing as thou art,  
Why askest thou of me ?  
O Father, oldest, holiest, wisest, best,  
To whom all things are plain,  
Why askest thou of me ?

## CASYAPA.

Knowest thou Kehama ?

ERENIA.

The Almighty Man !

Who knows not him and his tremendous power ?

The Tyrant of the Earth,

The Enemy of Heaven !

CASYAPA.

Fearest thou the Rajah ?

ERENIA.

He is terrible !

CASYAPA.

Yea, he is terrible ! such power hath he

That Hope hath entered Hell.

The Asuras and the spirits of the damn'd

Acclaim their Hero ; Yamen, with the might

Of Godhead, scarce can quell

The rebel race accurst ;

Half from their beds of torture they uprise,

And half uproot their chains.

Is there not fear in Heaven ?

The souls that are in bliss suspend their joy ;  
The danger hath disturb'd  
The calm of Deity,  
And Brama fears, and Veeshnoo turns his face  
In doubt toward Seeva's throne.

ERREENIA.

I have seen Indra tremble at his prayers,  
And at his dreadful penances turn pale.  
They claim and wrest from Seeva power so vast,  
That even Seeva's self,  
The Highest, cannot grant and be secure.

CASYAPA.

And darest thou, Ereenia, brave  
The Almighty Tyrant's power ?

ERREENIA.

I brave him, Father ! I ?

CASYAPA.

Darest thou brave his vengeance ? . . . for if not,  
Take her again to earth,

Cast her before the tyger in his path,  
Or where the death-dew-dropping tree  
May work Kehama's will.

ERENIA.

Never !

CASYAPA.

Then meet his wrath ! for he, even he,  
Hath set upon this worm his wanton foot.

ERENIA.

I knew her not, how wretched and how fair,  
When here I wafted her : . . . poor Child of Earth,  
Shall I forsake thee, seeing thee so fair,  
So wretched ? O my Father, let the maid  
Dwell in the Sacred Grove.

CASYAPA.

That must not be,  
For Force and Evil then would enter here ;  
Ganges, the holy stream which cleanseth sin,  
Would flow from hence polluted in its springs,

And they who gasp upon its banks in death,  
    Feel no salvation.   Piety and Peace,  
And Wisdom, these are mine ; but not the power  
Which could protect her from the Almighty Man ;  
    Nor when the spirit of dead Arvalan  
Should persecute her here to glut his rage,  
    To heap upon her yet more agony,  
And ripen more damnation for himself.

ERREENIA.

Dead Arvalan ?

CASYAPA.

    All power to him, whereof  
    The disembodied spirit in its state  
Of weakness could be made participant,  
    Kehama hath assign'd, until his days  
    Of wandering shall be numbered.

ERREENIA.

    Look ! she drinks  
The gale of healing from the blessed Groves.  
    She stirs, and lo ! her hand

Hath touch'd the Holy River in its source,  
Who would have shrunk if aught impure were nigh.

CASYAPA.

The Maiden, of a truth, is pure from sin.

The waters of the holy Spring  
About the hand of Kailyal play ;  
They rise, they sparkle, and they sing,  
Leaping where languidly she lay,  
As if with that rejoicing stir  
The holy Spring would welcome her.  
The Tree of Life which o'er her spread,  
Benignant bow'd its sacred head,  
And dropt its dews of healing ;  
And her heart-blood at every breath,  
Recovering from the strife of death,  
Drew in new strength and feeling.  
Behold her beautiful in her repose,  
A life-bloom reddening now her dark-brown cheek ;  
And lo ! her eyes uncloze,  
Dark as the depth of Ganges' spring profound,  
When night hangs over it,

Bright as the moon's refulgent beam,  
That quivers on its clear up-sparkling stream.

Soon she let fall her lids,  
As one who from a blissful dream,  
Waking to thoughts of pain,  
Fain would return to sleep, and dream again.  
Distrustful of the sight,  
She moves not, fearing to disturb  
The deep and full delight.  
In wonder fix'd, opening again her eye  
She gazes silently,  
Thinking her mortal pilgrimage was past,  
That she had reach'd her heavenly home of rest,  
And these were Gods before her,  
Or spirits of the blest.

Lo ! at Ereenia's voice,  
A Ship of Heaven comes sailing down the skies.  
Where wouldst thou bear her ? cries  
The ancient Sire of Gods.  
Straight to the Swerga, to my bower of bliss,  
The Glendoveer replies,



To Indra's own abodes.

Foe of her foe, were it alone for this  
Indra should guard her from his vengeance there ;

But if the God forbear,

Unwilling yet the perilous strife to try,  
Or shrinking from the dreadful Rajah's might, . . .

Weak as I am, O Father, even I

Stand forth in Seeva's sight.

Trust thou in him whate'er betide,

And stand forth fearlessly !

The Sire of Gods replied :

All that he wills is right, and doubt not thou,

Howe'er our feeble scope of sight

May fail us now,

His righteous will in all things must be done.

My blessing be upon thee, O my son !

## VII.

### THE SWERGA.

Then in the Ship of Heaven, Ereenia laid  
The waking, wondering Maid ;  
The Ship of Heaven, instinct with thought, display'd  
Its living sail, and glides along the sky.  
On either side in wavy tide,  
The clouds of morn along its path divide ;  
The Winds who swept in wild career on high,  
Before its presence check their charmed force ;  
The Winds that loitering lagg'd along their course,  
Around the living Bark enamour'd play,  
Swell underneath the sail, and sing before its way.

That Bark, in shape, was like the furrowed shell  
Wherein the Sea-Nymphs to their parent-king,  
On festal day, their duteous offerings bring.  
Its hue ? . . . Go watch the last green light  
Ere Evening yields the western sky to Night ;  
Or fix upon the Sun thy strenuous sight  
Till thou hast reach'd its orb of chrysolite.  
The sail from end to end display'd  
Bent, like a rainbow, o'er the Maid.  
An Angel's head, with visual eye,  
Through trackless space, directs its chosen way ;  
Nor aid of wing, nor foot, nor fin,  
Requires to voyage o'er the obedient sky.  
Smooth as the swan when not a breeze at even  
Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,  
Through air and sunshine sails the Ship of Heaven.

Recumbent there the Maiden glides along  
On her aerial way,  
How swift she feels not, though the swiftest wind  
Had flagg'd in flight behind.  
Motionless as a sleeping babe she lay,  
And all serene in mind,

Feeling no fear ; for that ethereal air  
With such new life and joyance fill'd her heart,  
Fear could not enter there ;  
For sure she deem'd her mortal part was o'er,  
And she was sailing to the heavenly shore ;  
And that angelic form, who mov'd beside,  
Was some good Spirit sent to be her guide.

Daughter of Earth ! therein thou deem'st aright,  
And never yet did form more beautiful,  
In dreams of night descending from on high,  
Bless the religious Virgin's gifted sight,  
Nor, like a vision of delight,  
Rise on the raptur'd Poet's inward eye.  
Of human form divine was he,  
The immortal Youth of Heaven who floated by,  
Even such as that divinest form shall be  
In those blest stages of our onward race,  
When no infirmity,  
Low thought, nor base desire, nor wasting care,  
Deface the semblance of our heavenly sire.  
The wings of Eagle or of Cherubim  
Had seem'd unworthy him :

Angelic power and dignity and grace  
Were in his glorious pennons ; from the neck  
Down to the ankle reach'd their swelling web,  
Richer than robes of Tyrian die, that deck  
Imperial Majesty :  
Their colour like the winter's moonless sky  
When all the stars of midnight's canopy  
Shine forth ; or like the azure deep at noon,  
Reflecting back to heaven a brighter blue.  
Such was their tint when clos'd, but when outspread,  
The permeating light  
Shed through their substance thin a varying hue ;  
Now bright as when the Rose,  
Beauteous as fragrant, gives to scent and sight  
A like delight ; now like the juice that flows  
From Douro's generous vine,  
Or ruby when with deepest red it glows ;  
Or as the morning clouds refulgent shine  
When, at forthcoming of the Lord of Day,  
The Orient, like a shrine,  
Kindles as it receives the rising ray,  
And heralding his way,  
Proclaims the presence of the power divine.

Thus glorious were the wings  
Of that celestial Spirit, as he went  
Disporting through his native element.

Nor these alone

The gorgeous beauties that they gave to view :  
'Through the broad membrane branch'd a pliant bone,  
Spreading like fibres from their parent stem ;  
Its veins like interwoven silver shone,  
Or as the chaster hue  
Of pearls that grace some Sultan's diadem.  
Now with slow stroke and strong, behold him smite  
The buoyant air, and now in gentler flight,  
On motionless wing expanded, shoot along.

Through air and sunshine sails the Ship of Heaven.

Far far beneath them lies  
The gross and heavy atmosphere of earth ;  
And with the Swerga gales,  
The Maid of mortal birth,

At every breath, a new delight inhales.  
And now towards its port the Ship of Heaven,  
Swift as a falling meteor, shapes its flight,  
Yet gently as the dews of night that gem,

And do not bend the hare-bell's slenderest stem.

Daughter of Earth, Ereenia cried, alight,

This is thy place of rest, the Swerga this,

Lo, here my bower of bliss !

He furl'd his azure wings, which round him fold

Graceful as robes of Grecian chief of old.

The happy Kailyal knew not where to gaze,

Her eyes around in joyful wonder roam,

Now turn'd upon the lovely Glendoveer,

Now on his heavenly home.

ERREENIA.

Here, Maiden, rest in peace,

And I will guard thee, feeble as I am.

The Almighty Rajah shall not harm thee here,

While Indra keeps his throne.

KAILYAL.

Alas, thou fearest him !

Immortal as thou art, thou fearest him !

I thought that death had sav'd me from his power ;

Not even the dead are safe.

## ERENIA.

Long years of life and happiness,  
O Child of Earth, be thine !  
From death I sav'd thee, and from all thy foes  
Will save thee, while the Swerga is secure.

## KAILYAL.

Not me alone, O gentle Deveta !  
I have a Father suffering upon earth,  
A persecuted, wretched, poor, good man,  
For whose strange misery  
There is no human help,  
And none but I dare comfort him  
Beneath Kehama's curse.  
O gentle Deveta, protect him too !

## ERENIA.

Come, plead thyself to Indra ! words like thine  
May win their purpose, rouse his slumbering heart,  
And make him yet put forth his arm to wield  
The thunder, while the thunder is his own.



Then to the Garden of the Deity  
Ereenia led the Maid.  
In the mid garden tower'd a giant Tree ;  
Rock-rooted on a mountain-top, it grew,  
Rear'd its unrivall'd head on high,  
And stretch'd a thousand branches o'er the sky,  
Drinking with all its leaves celestial dew.  
Lo ! where from thence as from a living well  
A thousand torrents flow !  
For still in one perpetual shower,  
Like diamond drops, ethereal waters fell  
From every leaf of all its ample bower.  
Rolling adown the steep  
From that aerial height,  
'Through the deep shade of aromatic trees,  
Half-seen, the cataracts shoot their gleams of light,  
And pour upon the breeze  
Their thousand voices ; far away the roar,  
In modulations of delightful sound,  
Half-heard and ever varying, floats around.  
Below, an ample Lake expanded lies,  
Blue as the o'er-arching skies ;  
Forth issuing from that lovely Lake

A thousand rivers water Paradise.

Full to the brink, yet never overflowing,  
They cool the amorous gales, which, ever blowing,  
O'er their melodious surface love to stray ;  
Then winging back their way,  
Their vapours to the parent Tree repay ;  
And ending thus where they began,  
And feeding thus the source from whence they came,  
The eternal rivers of the Swerga ran  
For ever renovate, yet still the same.

On that ethereal Lake whose waters lie  
Blue and transpicuous, like another sky,  
The Elements had rear'd their King's abode.  
A strong controuling power their strife suspended,  
And there their hostile essences they blended,  
'To form a Palace worthy of the God.  
Built on the Lake the waters were its floor ;  
And here its walls were water arch'd with fire,  
And here were fire with water vaulted o'er ;  
And spires and pinnacles of fire  
Round watery cupolas aspire,  
And domes of rainbow rest on fiery towers,

And roofs of flame are turretted around  
With cloud, and shafts of cloud with flame are bound.

Here, too, the Elements for ever veer,  
Ranging around with endless interchanging ;  
Pursued in love, and so in love pursuing,  
In endless revolutions here they roll ;  
For ever their mysterious work renewing ;  
'The parts all shifting, still unchanged the whole.

Even we on earth, at intervals, descry  
Gleams of the glory, streaks of flowing light,  
Openings of heaven, and streams that flash at night  
In fitful splendour, through the northern sky.

Impatient of delay, Ereenia caught  
The Maid aloft, and spread his wings abroad,  
And bore her to the presence of the God.  
There Indra sate upon his throne reclin'd,  
Where Devetas adore him ;  
The lute of Nared, warbling on the wind,  
All tones of magic harmony combin'd  
To sooth his troubled mind,  
While the dark-eyed Apsaras danced before him.  
In vain the God-musician play'd,

In vain the dark-eyed Nymphs of Heaven essay'd  
To charm him with their beauties in the dance ;  
And when he saw the mortal Maid appear,  
Led by the heroic Glendoveer,  
A deeper trouble fill'd his countenance.  
What hast thou done, Ereenia, said the God,  
Bringing a mortal here ?  
And while he spake his eye was on the Maid.  
The look he gave was solemn, not severe ;  
No hope to Kailyal it convey'd,  
And yet it struck no fear ;  
There was a sad displeasure in his air,  
But pity, too, was there.

EREENIA.

Hear me, O Indra ! On the lower earth  
I found this child of man, by what mishap  
I know not, lying in the lap of death.  
Aloft I bore her to our Father's grove,  
Not having other thought, than when the gales  
Of bliss had heal'd her, upon earth again  
'To leave its lovely daughter. Other thoughts  
Arose, when Casyapa declar'd her fate ;

For she is one who groans beneath the power  
Of the dread Rajah, terrible alike  
To men and Gods. His son, dead Arvalan,  
Arm'd with a portion, Indra, of thy power  
Already wrested from thee, persecutes  
The Maid, the helpless one, the innocent.  
What then behov'd me but to waft her here  
To my own Bower of Bliss? what other choice?  
The spirit of foul Arvalan, not yet  
Hath power to enter here; here thou art yet  
Supreme, and yet the Swerga is thine own.

INDRA.

No child of man, Ereenia, in the Bowers  
Of Bliss may sojourn, till he hath put off  
His mortal part; for on mortality  
Time and Infirmary and Death attend,  
Close followers they, and in their mournful train,  
Sorrow and Pain and Mutability:  
Did they find entrance here, we should behold  
Our joys, like earthly summers, pass away.  
Those joys perchance may pass; a stronger hand  
May wrest my sceptre, and unparadise

The Swerga ; . . . but, Ereenia, if we fall,  
Let it be Fate's own arm that casts us down,  
We will not rashly hasten and provoke  
The blow, nor bring ourselves the ruin on.

## EREENIA.

Fear courts the blow, Fear brings the ruin on.  
Needs must the chariot-wheels of Destiny  
Crush him who throws himself before their track,  
Patient and prostrate.

## INDRA.

All may yet be well.  
Who knows but Veeshnoo will descend, and save,  
Once more incarnate ?

## EREENIA.

Look not there for help,  
Nor build on unsubstantial hope thy trust.  
Our Father Casyapa hath said he turns  
His doubtful eyes to Seeva, even as thou  
Dost look to him for aid. But thine own strength  
Should for thine own salvation be put forth ;

'Then might the higher powers approving see  
And bless the brave resolve . . . Oh, that my arm  
Could wield yon lightnings which play idly there,  
In inoffensive radiance, round thy head !  
'The Swerga should not need a champion now,  
Nor Earth implore deliverance still in vain !

INDRA.

Thinkest thou I want the will ? rash Son of Heaven,  
What if my arm be feeble as thine own  
Against the dread Kehama ? He went on  
Conquering in irresistible career,  
'Till his triumphant car had measured o'er  
The insufficient earth, and all the kings  
Of men received his yoke ; then had he won  
His will, to ride upon their necks elate,  
And crown his conquests with the sacrifice  
That should, to men and gods, proclaim him Lord  
And Sovereign Master of the vassal World,  
Sole Rajah, the Omnipotent below.  
The steam of that portentous sacrifice  
Arose to Heaven. Then was the hour to strike.  
Then in the consummation of his pride,

His height of glory, then the thunder-bolt  
Should have gone forth, and hurl'd him from his throne  
Down to the fiery floor of Padalon,  
To everlasting burnings, agony  
Eternal, and remorse which knows no end.  
That hour went by : grown impious in success,  
By prayer and penances he wrested now  
Such power from Fate, that soon, if Seeva turn not  
His eyes on earth, and no Avatar save,  
Soon will he seize the Swerga for his own,  
Roll on through Padalon his chariot wheels,  
Tear up the adamantine bolts which lock  
The accurst Asuras to its burning floor,  
And force the drink of Immortality  
From Yamen's charge . . . Vain were it now to strive ;  
My thunder cannot pierce the sphere of power  
Wherewith, as with a girdle, he is bound.

## KAILYAL.

Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta !  
Take me again to earth ! This is no place  
Of hope for me ! . . . my Father still must bear  
His curse . . . he shall not bear it all alone ;



Take me to earth, that I may follow him ! . . .

I do not fear the Almighty Man ! the Gods  
Are feeble here ; but there are higher Powers  
Who will not turn their eyes from wrongs like ours ;  
Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta ! . . .

Saying thus she knelt, and to his knees she clung  
And bow'd her head, in tears and silence praying.

Rising anon, around his neck she flung  
Her arms, and there with folded hands she hung,  
And fixing on the guardian Glendoveer  
Her eyes, more eloquent than Angel's tongue,  
Again she cried, There is no comfort here !  
I must be with my Father in his pain . . .  
Take me to earth, O Deveta, again !

Indra with admiration heard the Maid.

O Child of Earth, he cried,  
Already in thy spirit thus divine,  
Whatever weal or woe betide,  
Be that high sense of duty still thy guide,  
And all good Powers will aid a soul like thine.  
Then turning to Ereenia, thus he said,

Take her where Ganges hath its second birth  
Below our sphere, and yet above the earth :  
There may Ladurlad rest beyond the power  
Of the dread Rajah, till the fated hour.

## VIII.

### THE SACRIFICE.

Dost thou tremble, O Indra, O God of the Sky,  
Why slumber those Thunders of thine  
Dost thou tremble on high, . .  
Wilt thou tamely the Swerga resign, . .  
Art thou smitten, O Indra, with dread ?  
Or seest thou not, seest thou not, Monarch divine,  
How many a day to Seeva's shrine  
Kehama his victim hath led ?  
Nine and ninety days are fled,  
Nine and ninety steeds have bled ;  
One more the rite will be complete,  
One victim more, and this the dreadful day,

Then will the impious Rajah seize thy seat,  
And wrest the thunder-sceptre from thy sway.

Along the mead the hallowed Steed

Yet bends at liberty his way ;

At noon his consummating blood will flow.

O day of woe ! above, below,

That blood confirms the Almighty Tyrant's reign !

Thou tremblest, O Indra, O God of the Sky,

Thy thunder is vain !

Thou tremblest on high for thy power !

But where is Veeshnoo at this hour,

But where is Seeva's eye ?

Is the Destroyer blind ?

Is the Preserver careless for mankind ?

Along the mead the hallowed Steed

Still wanders wheresoe'er he will,

O'er hill, or dale, or plain ;

No human hand hath trick'd that mane

From which he shakes the morning dew ;

His mouth has never felt the rein,

His lips have never froth'd the chain ;

For pure of blemish and of stain,

His neck unbroke to mortal yoke,  
Like Nature free the Steed must be,  
Fit offering for the Immortals he.  
A year and day the Steed must stray  
Wherever chance may guide his way,  
Before he fall at Seeva's shrine ;  
The year and day have past away,  
Nor touch of man hath marr'd the rite divine.  
And now at noon the Steed must bleed,  
The perfect rite to-day must force the need  
Which Fate reluctant shudders to bestow ;  
Then must the Swerga-God  
Yield to the Tyrant of the World below ;  
Then must the Devetas obey  
The Rajah's rod, and groan beneath his hateful sway.

The Sun rides high ; the hour is nigh ;  
The multitude who long,  
Lest aught should mar the rite,  
In circle wide on every side,  
Have kept the Steed in sight,  
Contract their circle now, and drive him on.  
Drawn in long files before the Temple-court

The Rajah's archers flank an ample space ;  
Here, moving onward still, they drive him near,  
Then, opening, give him way to enter here.

Behold him, how he starts and flings his head !

On either side in glittering order spread,  
The archers ranged in narrowing lines appear ;  
The multitude behind close up the rear  
With moon-like bend, and silently await  
The awful end,

The rite that shall from Indra wrest his power.  
In front, with far-stretch'd walls, and many a tower  
Turret and dome and pinnacle elate,  
The huge Pagoda seems to load the land :  
And there before the gate  
The Bramin band expectant stand,  
The axe is ready for Kehama's hand.

Hark ! at the Golden Palaces  
The Bramin strikes the time !  
One, two, three, four, a thrice-told chime,  
And then again, one, two.  
The bowl that in its vessel floats, anew

Must fill and sink again,  
Then will the final stroke be due.  
The Sun rides high, the noon is nigh,  
And silently, as if spell-bound,  
The multitude expect the sound.

Lo ! how the Steed, with sudden start,  
Turns his quick head to every part ;  
Long files of men on every side appear.  
The sight might well his heart affright,  
And yet the silence that is here  
Inspires a stranger fear ;  
For not a murmur, not a sound  
Of breath or motion rises round,  
No stir is heard in all that mighty crowd ;  
He neighs, and from the temple-wall  
The voice re-echoes loud,  
Loud and distinct, as from a hill  
Across a lonely vale, when all is still.

Within the temple, on his golden throne  
Reclin'd, Kehama lies,  
Watching with steady eyes

The perfum'd light that, burning bright,  
Metes out the passing hours.

On either hand his eunuchs stand,  
Freshening with fans of peacock-plumes the air,  
Which, redolent of all rich gums and flowers,  
Seems, overcharged with sweets, to stagnate there.  
Lo ! the time-taper's flame ascending slow  
Creeps up its coil toward the fated line ;  
Kehama rises and goes forth,  
And from the altar, ready where it lies,  
He takes the axe of sacrifice.

That instant from the crowd, with sudden shout,  
A man sprang out  
To lay upon the Steed his hand profane.  
A thousand archers, with unerring eye,  
At once let fly,  
And with their hurtling arrows fill the sky.  
In vain they fall upon him fast as rain ;  
He bears a charmed life, which may defy  
All weapons, . . and the darts that whizz around,  
As from an adamantine panoply  
Repell'd, fall idly to the ground.



Kehama clasp'd his hands in agony,  
And saw him grasp the hallowed courser's mane,  
Spring up with sudden bound,  
And with a frantic cry,  
And madman's gesture, gallop round and round.

They seize, they drag him to the Rajah's feet.  
What doom will now be his, . . what vengeance meet  
Will he, who knows no mercy, now require ?  
The obsequious guards around, with blood-hound eye,  
Look for the word, in slow-consuming fire,  
By piece-meal death, to make the wretch expire,  
Or hoist his living carcase, hook'd on high,  
To feed the fowls and insects of the sky ;  
Or if aught worse inventive cruelty  
To that remorseless heart of royalty  
Might prompt, accursed instruments they stand  
To work the wicked will with wicked hand.  
Far other thoughts were in the multitude ;  
Pity, and human feelings, held them still ;  
And stifled sighs and groans suppress were there,  
And many a secret curse and inward prayer  
Call'd on the insulted Gods to save mankind.

Expecting some new crime in fear they stood,  
Some horror which would make the natural blood  
Start, with cold shudderings thrill the sinking heart,  
Whiten the lip, and make the abhorrent eye  
Roll back and close, prest in for agony.

How then fared he for whom the mighty crowd  
Suffered in spirit thus, . . how then fared he ?

A ghastly smile was on his lip, his eye  
Glared with a ghastly hope, as he drew nigh,  
And cried aloud, Yes, Rajah ! it is I !

And wilt thou kill me now ?

The countenance of the Almighty Man  
Fell when he knew Ladurlad, and his brow  
Was clouded with despite, as one ashamed.  
That wretch again ! indignant he exclaim'd,  
And smote his forehead, and stood silently  
Awhile in wrath : then, with ferocious smile,  
And eyes which seem'd to darken his dark cheek,  
Let him go free ! he cried ; he hath his curse,  
And Vengeance upon him can wreak no worse . . .  
But ye who did not stop him . . tremble ye !

He bade the archers pile their weapons there :  
No manly courage fill'd the slavish band,  
No sweetening vengeance rous'd a brave despair.  
He call'd his horsemen then, and gave command  
To hem the offenders in, and hew them down.  
Ten thousand scymitars at once uprear'd,  
Flash up, like waters sparkling to the sun ; ..  
A second time the fatal brands appear'd  
Lifted aloft, .. they glitter'd then no more,  
Their light was gone, their splendour quench'd in gore.  
At noon the massacre begun,  
And night clos'd in before the work of death was done.

## IX.

### THE HOME-SCENE.

The steam of slaughter from that place of blood  
Spread o'er the tainted sky.

Vultures for whom the Rajah's tyranny  
So oft had furnish'd food, from far and nigh  
Sped to the lure : aloft with joyful cry,  
Wheeling around, they hover'd over head ;  
Or, on the temple perch'd, with greedy eye,  
Impatient watch'd the dead.

Far off the tygers, in the inmost wood,  
Heard the death-shriek, and snuff'd the scent of blood.  
They rose, and through the covert went their way,  
Couch'd at the forest edge, and waited for their prey.

He took his wonted seat before the door, . .  
Even as of yore,  
When he was wont to view, with placid eyes,  
His daughter at her evening sacrifice.  
Here were the flowers which she so carefully  
Did love to rear for Marriataly's brow ;  
Neglected now,  
Their heavy heads were drooping, over-blown :  
All else appear'd the same as heretofore,  
All . . save himself alone ;  
How happy then, . . and now a wretch for evermore !

The market-flag which hoisted high,  
From far and nigh,  
Above yon cocoa grove is seen,  
Hangs motionless amid the sultry sky.  
Loud sounds the village-drum ; a happy crowd  
Is there ; Ladurlad hears their distant voices,  
But with their joy no more his heart rejoices ;  
And how their old companion now may fare,  
Little they know, and less they care.  
The torment he is doom'd to bear

Was but to them the wonder of a day,  
A burthen of sad thoughts soon put away.

They knew not that the wretched man was near,  
And yet it seem'd, to his distemper'd ear,  
As if they wrong'd him with their merriment.

Resentfully he turn'd away his eyes,

Yet turn'd them but to find

Sights that enraged his mind

With envious grief more wild and overpowering.

The tank which fed his fields was there, and there  
The large-leav'd lotus on the waters flowering.

There, from the intolerable heat,

The buffaloes retreat ;

Only their nostrils rais'd to meet the air,

Amid the sheltering element they rest.

Impatient of the sight, he clos'd his eyes,  
And bow'd his burning head, and in despair  
Calling on Indra, . . Thunder-God ! he said,  
Thou owest to me alone this day thy throne,  
Be grateful, and in mercy strike me dead !

Despair had rous'd him to that hopeless prayer,

Yet thinking on the heavenly Powers, his mind  
Drew comfort ; and he rose and gather'd flowers,  
And twin'd a crown for Marriataly's brow ;  
And taking then her wither'd garland down,  
Replaced it with the blooming coronal.  
Not for myself, the unhappy Father cried,  
Not for myself, O mighty one ! I pray,  
Accursed as I am beyond thy aid !  
But, oh ! be gracious still to that dear Maid  
Who crown'd thee with these garlands day by day,  
And danced before thee aye at even-tide  
In beauty and in pride.  
O Marriataly, wheresoe'er she stray  
Forlorn and wretched, still be thou her guide !

A loud and fiendish laugh replied,  
Scoffing his prayer. Aloft, as from the air,  
The sound of insult came ; he look'd, and there  
The visage of dead Arvalan came forth,  
Only his face amid the clear blue sky,  
With long-drawn lips of insolent mockery,  
And eyes whose lurid glare

Was like a sulphur fire,  
Mingling with darkness ere its flames expire.

Ladurlad knew him well : enraged to see  
The cause of all his misery,  
He stoop'd and lifted from the ground  
A stake, whose fatal point was black with blood ;  
The same wherewith his hand had dealt the wound,  
When Arvalan, in hour with evil fraught,  
For violation seiz'd the shrieking Maid.  
Thus arm'd, in act again to strike he stood,  
And twice with inefficient wrath essay'd  
To smite the impassive shade.  
The lips of scorn their mockery-laugh renew'd,  
And Arvalan put forth a hand and caught  
The sun-beam, and condensing there its light,  
Upon Ladurlad turn'd the burning stream.  
Vain cruelty ! the stake  
Fell in white ashes from his hold, but he  
Endur'd no added pain ; his agony  
Was full, and at the height ;  
'The burning stream of radiance nothing harm'd him :



A fire was in his heart and brain,  
And from all other flame  
Kehama's Curse had charm'd him.

Anon the Spirit wav'd a second hand ;  
Down rush'd the obedient whirlwind from the sky,  
Scoop'd up the sand like smoke, and from on high  
Shed the hot shower upon Ladurlad's head.  
Where'er he turns, the accursed Hand is there ;  
East, West, and North and South, on every side  
'The Hand accursed waves in air to guide  
The dizzying storm : ears, nostrils, eyes and mouth,  
It fills and choaks, and, clogging every pore,  
Taught him new torments might be yet in store.  
Where shall he turn to fly ? behold his house  
In flames ! uprooted lies the marriage-bower,  
The Goddess buried by the sandy shower.  
Blindly, with staggering step, he reels about,  
And still the accursed Hand pursued,  
And still the lips of scorn their mockery-laugh renew'd

What, Arvalan ! hast thou so soon forgot  
The grasp of Pollear ? Wilt thou still defy

The righteous Powers of Heaven ? or know'st thou not

That there are yet superior Powers on high,

Son of the Wicked ? . . . Lo, in rapid flight,

Ereenia hastens from the ethereal height ;

Bright is the sword celestial in his hand,

Like lightning in its path athwart the sky.

He comes and drives, with angel-arm, the blow.

Oft have the Asuras, in the wars of Heaven,

Felt that keen sword by arm angelic driven,

And fled before it from the fields of light.

Thrice through the vulnerable shade

The Glendoveer impels the griding blade.

The wicked Shade flies howling from his foe.

So let that Spirit foul

Fly, and for impotence of anger, howl,

Writhing with pain, and o'er his wounds deplore ;

Worse punishment hath Arvalan deserv'd,

And righteous Fate hath heavier doom in store.

Not now the Glendoveer pursued his flight.

He bade the Ship of Heaven alight,

And gently there he laid

The astonished Father by the happy Maid,

The Maid now shedding tears of deep delight.  
Beholding all things with incredulous eyes,  
Still dizzy with the sand-storm, there he lay,  
While sailing up the skies, the living Bark,  
Through air and sunshine, held its heavenly way.

X.

MOUNT MERU.

Swift through the sky the vessel of the Suras  
Sails up the fields of ether like an Angel,  
Rich is the freight, O Vessel, that thou bearest !  
Beauty and Virtue,  
Fatherly cares and filial veneration,  
Hearts which are prov'd and strengthen'd by affliction,  
Manly resentment, fortitude and action,  
Womanly goodness ;  
All with which Nature halloweth her daughters,  
Tenderness, truth and purity and meekness,  
Piety, patience, faith and resignation,  
Love and devotement.

Ship of the Gods ! how richly art thou laden !  
Proud of the charge, thou voyagest rejoicing.  
Clouds float around to honour thee, and Evening  
Lingers in heaven.

A Stream descends on Meru mountain ;  
None hath seen its secret fountain ;  
It had its birth, so Sages say,  
Upon the memorable day  
When Parvati presumed to lay,  
In wanton play,  
Her hands, too venturous Goddess, in her mirth,  
On Seeva's eyes, the light and life of Earth.  
Thereat the heart of the Universe stood still ;  
The Elements ceas'd their influences ; the Hours  
Stopt on the eternal round ; Motion and Breath,  
Time, Change, and Life and Death,  
In sudden trance opprest, forgot their powers.  
A moment, and the dread eclipse was ended ;  
But, at the thought of Nature thus suspended,  
The sweat on Seeva's forehead stood,  
And Ganges thence upon the World descended,  
The Holy River, the Redeeming Flood.

None hath seen its secret fountain ;  
But on the top of Meru mountain  
Which rises o'er the hills of earth,  
In light and clouds, it hath its mortal birth.  
Earth seems that pinnacle to rear  
Sublime above this worldly sphere,  
Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne ;  
And there the new-born River lies  
Outspread beneath its native skies,  
As if it there would love to dwell  
Alone and unapproachable.  
Soon flowing forward, and resign'd  
To the will of the Creating Mind,  
It springs at once, with sudden leap,  
Down from the immeasurable steep.  
From rock to rock, with shivering force rebounding,  
The mighty cataract rushes ; Heaven around,  
Like thunder, with the incessant roar resounding,  
And Meru's summit shaking with the sound.  
Wide spreads the snowy foam, the sparkling spray  
Dances aloft ; and ever there, at morning,  
The earliest sun-beams haste to wing their way,  
With rain-bow wreaths the holy flood adorning ;

And duly the adoring Moon at night  
Sheds her white glory there,  
And in the watery air  
Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.

A mountain valley in its blessed breast  
Receives the stream, which there delights to lie,  
Untroubled and at rest,  
Beneath the untainted sky.

There in a lovely lake it seems to sleep,  
And thence, through many a channel dark and deep,  
Their secret way the holy Waters wind,  
Till, rising underneath the root  
Of the Tree of Life on Hemakoot,  
Majestic forth they flow to purify mankind.

Towards this Lake, above the nether sphere,  
The living Bark, with angel eye,  
Directs its course along the obedient sky.  
Kehama hath not yet dominion here ;  
And till the dreaded hour,  
When Indra by the Rajah shall be driven  
Dethron'd from Heaven,

Here may Ladurlad rest beyond his power.  
The living Bark alights ; the Glendoveer  
Then lays Ladurlad by the blessed Lake ; ...  
O happy Sire, and yet more happy Daughter !  
The ethereal gales his agony aslake,  
His daughter's tears are on his cheek,  
His hand is in the water ;  
The innocent man, the man opprest,  
Oh joy ! . . hath found a place of rest  
Beyond Kehama's sway,  
His Curse extends not here ; his pains have past away.

O happy Sire, and happy Daughter !  
Ye on the banks of that celestial water  
Your resting place and sanctuary have found.  
What ! hath not then their mortal taint defil'd  
The sacred solitary ground ?  
Vain thought ! the Holy Valley smil'd  
Receiving such a sire and child ;  
Ganges, who seem'd asleep to lie,  
Beheld them with benignant eye,  
And rippled round melodiously,  
And roll'd her little waves, to meet



And welcome their beloved feet.  
The gales of Swerga thither fled,  
And heavenly odours there were shed  
About, below, and overhead ;  
And Earth rejoicing in their tread,  
Hath built them up a blooming Bower,  
Where every amaranthine flower  
Its deathless blossom interweaves  
With bright and undecaying leaves.

Three happy beings are there here,  
The Sire, the Maid, the Glendoveer !  
A fourth approaches, . . who is this  
That enters in the Bower of Bliss ?  
No form so fair might painter find  
Among the daughters of mankind ;  
For Death her beauties hath refin'd,  
And unto her a form hath given  
Fram'd of the elements of Heaven ;  
Pure dwelling-place for perfect mind.  
She stood and gaz'd on sire and child ;  
Her tongue not yet had power to speak,  
The tears were streaming down her cheek ;

And when those tears her sight beguil'd,  
And still her faltering accents fail'd,  
The Spirit, mute and motionless,  
Spread out her arms for the caress,  
Made still and silent with excess  
Of love and painful happiness.

The Maid that lovely form survey'd ;  
Wistful she gaz'd, and knew her not ;  
But Nature to her heart convey'd  
A sudden thrill, a startling thought,  
A feeling many a year forgot,  
Now like a dream anew recurring,  
As if again in every vein  
Her mother's milk was stirring.  
With straining neck and earnest eye  
She stretch'd her hands imploringly,  
As if she fain would have her nigh,  
Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,  
At once with love and awe oppress.  
Not so, Ladurlad ; he could trace,  
Though brighten'd with angelic grace,  
His own Yedillian's earthly face :

He ran and held her to his breast !  
Oh joy above all joys of Heaven,  
By Death alone to others given,  
This moment hath to him restor'd  
The early-lost, the long-deplor'd.

They sin who tell us Love can die.  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell ;  
Earthly these passions of the Earth,  
They perish where they have their birth ;  
But Love is indestructible.

Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth ;  
'Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceiv'd, at times oppress,  
It here is tried and purified,  
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest :  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of Love is there.  
Oh ! when a Mother meets on high

The Babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight !

A blessed family is this  
Assembled in the Bower of Bliss !  
Strange woe, Ladurlad, hath been thine,  
And pangs beyond all human measure,  
And thy reward is now divine,  
A foretaste of eternal pleasure.  
He knew indeed there was a day  
When all these joys would pass away,  
And he must quit this blest abode ;  
And, taking up again the spell,  
Groan underneath the baleful load,  
And wander o'er the world again  
Most wretched of the sons of men :  
Yet was this brief repose, as when  
A traveller in the Arabian sands,  
Half-fainting on his sultry road,  
Hath reach'd the water-place at last ;

And resting there beside the Well,  
Thinks of the perils he has past,  
And gazes o'er the unbounded plain,  
The plain which must be travers'd still,  
And drinks, . . yet cannot drink his fill ;  
Then girds his patient loins again.  
So to Ladurlad now was given  
New strength, and confidence in Heaven,  
And hope, and faith invincible.  
For often would Ereenia tell  
Of what in elder days befell,  
When other Tyrants, in their might,  
Usurp'd dominion o'er the earth ;  
And Veeshnoo took a human birth,  
Deliverer of the Sons of men ;  
And slew the huge Ermaccasen,  
And piece-meal rent, with lion force,  
Errenen's accursed corse,  
And humbled Baly in his pride ;  
And when the Giant Ravanen  
Had borne triumphant, from his side,  
Sita, the earth-born God's beloved bride,  
'Then, from his island-kingdom, laugh'd to scorn

The insulted husband, and his power defied ;  
How to revenge the wrong in wrath he hied,  
Bridging the sea before his dreadful way,  
And met the hundred-headed foe,  
And dealt him the unerring blow ;  
By Brama's hand the righteous lance was given,  
And by that arm immortal driven,  
It laid the mighty 'Tyrant low ;  
And Earth and Ocean, and high Heaven,  
Rejoiced to see his overthrow.  
Oh ! doubt not thou, Yedillian cried,  
Such fate Kehama will betide ;  
For there are Gods who look below, . .  
Seeva, the Avenger, is not blind,  
Nor Veeshnoo careless for mankind.

Thus was Ladurlad's soul imbued  
With hope and holy fortitude ;  
And Child and Sire, with pious mind  
Alike resolv'd, alike resign'd,  
Look'd onward to the evil day :  
Faith was their comfort, Faith their stay ;  
They trusted woe would pass away,

And Tyranny would sink subdued,  
And Evil yield to Good.

Lovely wert thou, O Flower of Earth !  
Above all flowers of mortal birth ;  
But fostered in this blissful bower  
From day to day, and hour to hour,  
Lovelier grew the lovely flower.

O blessed, blessed company !  
When men and heavenly spirits greet,  
And they whom Death had severed meet,  
And hold again communion sweet ; . .

O blessed, blessed company !  
The Sun, careering round the sky,  
Beheld them with rejoicing eye,  
And bade his willing Charioteer  
Relax their speed as they drew near ;  
Arounin check'd the rainbow reins,  
'The seven green coursers shook their manes,  
And brighter rays around them threw ;  
'The Car of glory in their view  
More radiant, more resplendent grew ;  
And Surya, through his veil of light,

Beheld the Bower, and blest the sight.  
The Lord of Night, as he sail'd by,  
Stay'd his pearly boat on high ;  
And, while around the blissful Bower  
He bade the softest moonlight flow,  
Lingered to see that earthly flower,  
Forgetful of his Dragon foe,\*  
Who, mindful of their ancient feud,  
With open jaws of rage pursued.  
There all good Spirits of the air,  
Suras and Devetas repair,  
Aloft they love to hover there  
And view the flower of mortal birth  
Here, for her innocence and worth,  
Transplanted from the fields of earth ; . .  
And him who, on the dreadful day  
When Heaven was fill'd with consternation,  
And Indra trembled with dismay,  
And, for the sounds of joy and mirth,  
Woe was heard, and lamentation,  
Defied the Rajah in his pride,  
'Though all in Heaven and Earth beside  
Stood mute in dolorous expectation :



And, rushing forward in that hour,  
Saved the Swerga from his power.  
Grateful for this they hover nigh,  
And bless the blessed company.

One God alone, with wanton eye,  
Beheld them in their Bower ;  
O ye, he cried, who have defied  
The Rajah, will ye mock my power ?  
’Twas Camdeo riding on his lory,  
’Twas the immortal youth of Love ;  
If men below and Gods above,  
Subject alike, quoth he, have felt these darts,  
Shall ye alone, of all in story,  
Boast impenetrable hearts ?  
Hover here, my gentle lory,  
Gently hover, while I see  
To whom hath Fate decreed the glory,  
To the Glendoveer or me.

Then, in the dewy evening sky,  
The bird of gorgeous plumery  
Pois’d his wings and hover’d nigh.

It chanced at that delightful hour  
Kailyal sate before the Bower,  
On the green bank with amaranth sweet,  
Where Ganges warbled at her feet.  
Ereenia there, before the Maid,  
His sails of ocean-blue display'd ;  
And sportive in her sight,  
Mov'd slowly o'er the lake with gliding flight ;  
Anon, with sudden stroke and strong,  
In rapid course careering, swept along ;  
Now shooting downward from his heavenly height,  
Plunged in the deep below,  
Then rising, soar'd again,  
And shook the sparkling waters off like rain,  
And hovering o'er the silver-surface hung.  
At him young Camdeo bent the bow ;  
With living bees the bow was strung,  
The fatal bow of sugar-cane,  
And flowers which would inflame the heart,  
With their petals barb'd the dart.

The shaft, unerringly addrest,  
Unerring flew, and smote Ereenia's breast.

Ah, Wanton ! cried the Glendoveer,  
Go aim at idler hearts,  
Thy skill is baffled here !  
A deeper love I bear that Maid divine,  
Sprung from a higher will,  
A holier power than thine !  
A second shaft, while thus Ereenia cried,  
Had Camdeo aim'd at Kailyal's side,  
But, lo ! the Bees which strung his bow  
Broke off, and took their flight.  
To that sweet Flower of earth they wing their way,  
Around her raven tresses play,  
And buzz about her with delight,  
As if, with that melodious sound,  
They strove to pay their willing duty  
To mortal purity and beauty.  
Ah, Wanton ! cried the Glendoveer,  
No power hast thou for mischief here !  
Chuse thou some idler breast,  
For these are proof, by nobler thoughts possest.  
Go, to thy plains of Matra go,  
And string again thy broken bow !  
Rightly Ereenia spake ; and ill had thoughts

Of earthly love beseem'd the sanctuary  
Where Kailyal had been wafted, that the Soul  
Of her dead Mother there might strengthen her,  
Feeding her with the milk of heavenly lore,  
And influxes of Heaven imbue her heart  
With hope and faith, and holy fortitude,  
Against the evil day. Here rest awhile  
In peace, O Father ! mark'd for misery  
Above all sons of men ; O Daughter ! doom'd  
For sufferings and for trials above all  
Of women ; . . yet both favour'd, both belov'd  
By all good Powers, here rest a while in peace.

## XI.

### THE ENCHANTRESS.

When from the sword, by arm angelic driven,  
Foul Arvalan fled howling, wild in pain,  
His thin essential Spirit, rent and riven  
With wounds, united soon and heal'd again ;  
Backward the accursed turn'd his eye in flight,  
Remindful of revengeful thoughts even then,  
And saw where, gliding through the evening light,  
The Ship of Heaven sail'd upward through the sky,  
Then, like a meteor, vanish'd from his sight.  
Where should he follow ? vainly might he try  
To trace through trackless air its rapid course ;

Nor dar'd he that angelic arm defy,  
Still sore and writhing from its dreaded force.

Should he the lust of vengeance lay aside ?  
Too long had Arvalan in ill been train'd ;  
Nurst up in power and tyranny and pride,  
His soul the ignominious thought disdain'd.

Or to his mighty Father should he go,  
Complaining of defeature twice sustain'd,  
And ask new powers to meet the immortal foe ? . .

Repulse he fear'd not, but he fear'd rebuke,  
And sham'd to tell him of his overthrow.

There dwelt a dread Enchantress in a nook  
Obscure ; old help-mate she to him had been,  
Lending her aid in many a secret sin ;  
And there, for counsel, now his way he took.

She was a woman whose unlovely youth,  
Even like a cankered rose, which none will cull,  
Had withered on the stalk ; her heart was full  
Of passions which had found no natural scope,  
Feelings which there had grown but ripened not ;  
Desires unsatisfied, abortive hope

Repinings which provoke vindictive thought,  
These restless elements for ever wrought,  
Fermenting in her with perpetual stir,  
And thus her spirit to all evil mov'd ;  
She hated men because they lov'd not her,  
And hated women because they were lov'd.  
And thus, in wrath and hatred and despair,  
She tempted Hell to tempt her ; and resign'd  
Her body to the Demons of the Air,  
Wicked and wanton fiends who, where they will,  
Wander abroad, still seeking to do ill,  
And take whatever vacant form they find,  
Carcase of man or beast, that life hath left ;  
Foul instrument for them of fouler mind.  
To these the Witch her wretched body gave,  
So they would wreak her vengeance on mankind,  
She thus at once their mistress and their slave ;  
And they to do such service nothing loth,  
Obeyed her bidding, slaves and masters both.

So from this cursed intercourse she caught  
Contagious power of mischief, and was taught  
Such secrets as are damnable to guess.

Is there a child whose little lovely ways  
Might win all hearts, . . on whom his parents gaze  
Till they shed tears of joy and tenderness ?  
Oh ! hide him from that Witch's withering sight !

Oh ! hide him from the eye of Lorrinite !  
Her look hath crippling in it, and her curse  
All plagues which on mortality can light ;  
Death is his doom if she behold, . . or worse, . .

Diseases loathsome and incurable,  
And inward sufferings that no tongue can tell.  
Woe was to him, on whom that eye of hate  
Was bent ; for, certain as the stroke of Fate,  
It did its mortal work ; nor human arts  
Could save the unhappy wretch, her chosen prey ;  
For gazing, she consum'd his vital parts,  
Eating his very core of life away.

The wine which from yon wounded palm on high  
Fills yonder gourd, as slowly it distills,  
Grows sour at once if Lorrinite pass by.  
The deadliest worm, from which all creatures fly,  
Fled from the deadlier venom of her eye ;  
The babe unborn, within its mother's womb,  
Started and trembled when the Witch came nigh,



And in the silent chambers of the tomb  
Death shuddered her unholy tread to hear,  
And, from the dry and mouldering bones, did fear  
Force a cold sweat, when Lorrinite was near.

Power made her haughty : by ambition fir'd,  
Ere long to mightier mischiefs she aspir'd.

The Calis, who o'er Cities rule unseen,  
Each in her own domain a Demon Queen,  
And there ador'd with blood and human life,  
They knew her, and in their accurst employ  
She stirr'd up neighbouring states to mortal strife.

Sani, the dreadful God, who rides abroad  
Upon the King of the Ravens, to destroy  
The offending sons of men, when his four hands  
Were weary with their toil, would let her do  
His work of vengeance upon guilty lands ;  
And Lorrinite, at his commandment, knew  
When the ripe earthquake should be loos'd, and where  
To point its course. And in the baneful air  
The pregnant seeds of death he bade her strew,  
All deadly plagues and pestilence to brew.  
The Locusts were her army, and their bands,

Where'er she turn'd her skinny finger, flew ;  
 The floods in ruin roll'd at her commands ;  
 And when, in time of drought, the husbandman  
     Beheld the gathered rain about to fall,  
 Her breath would drive it to the desert sands.  
 While in the marshes parch'd and gaping soil,  
 The rice-roots by the searching Sun were dried ;  
     And in lean groupes, assembled at the side  
 Of the empty tank, the cattle dropt and died ;  
     And Famine, at her bidding, wasted wide  
 The wretched land, till, in the public way,  
 Promiscuous where the dead and dying lay,  
 Dogs fed on human bones in the open light of day.

Her secret cell the accursed Arvalan,  
 In quest of vengeance, sought, and thus began.  
     Mighty mother ! mother wise !  
     Revenge me on my enemies.

LORRINITE.

Com'st thou, son, for aid to me ?  
 Tell me who have injur'd thee,  
 Where they are, and who they be ;

Of the Earth, or of the Sea,  
Or of the aerial company ?  
Earth, nor Sea, nor Air is free  
From the Powers who wait on me,  
And my tremendous witchery.

## ARVALAN.

She for whom so ill I sped,  
Whom my Father deemeth dead,  
Lives, for Marriataly's aid  
From the water sav'd the maid.  
In hatred I desire her still,  
And in revenge would have my will.  
A Deveta with wings of blue,  
And sword whose edge even now I rue,  
In a Ship of Heaven on high,  
Pilots her along the sky.  
Where they voyage thou canst tell,  
Mistress of the mighty spell.

At this the Witch, through shrivell'd lips and thin,  
Sent forth a sound half-whistle and half-hiss.  
Two winged Hands came in,

Armless and bodyless,  
Bearing a globe of liquid crystal, set  
In frame as diamond bright, yet black as jet.  
A thousand eyes were quench'd in endless night,  
To form that magic globe ; for Lorrinite  
Had, from their sockets, drawn the liquid sight,  
And kneaded it, with re-creating skill,  
Into this organ of her mighty will.  
Look in yonder orb, she cried,  
Tell me what is there descried.

## ARVALAN.

A mountain top, in clouds of light  
Envelop'd, rises on my sight ;  
Thence a cataract rushes down,  
Hung with many a rainbow crown ;  
Light and clouds conceal its head,  
Below, a silver Lake is spread ;  
Upon its shores a Bower I see,  
Fit home for blessed company.  
See they come forward, . . one, two, three, . .  
The last a Maiden, . . . it is she !  
The foremost shakes his wings of blue,

'Tis he whose sword even yet I rue ;  
And in that other one I know  
The visage of my deadliest foe.  
Mother, let thy magic might  
Arm me for the mortal fight ;  
Helm and shield and mail afford,  
Proof against his dreaded sword.  
Then will I invade their seat,  
Then shall vengeance be compleat.

LORRINITE.

Spirits, who obey my will,  
Hear him, and his wish fulfill.

So spake the mighty one, nor farther spell  
Needed ; anon a sound, like smother'd thunder,  
Was heard, slow rolling under ;  
The solid pavement of the cell  
Quak'd, heav'd, and cleft asunder,  
And, at the feet of Arvalan display'd,  
Helmet and mail, and shield and scymitar, were laid.

The Asuras, often put to flight,

And scattered in the fields of light,  
By their foes celestial might,  
Forged this enchanted armour for the fight.  
'Mid fires intense did they anneal,  
In mountain furnaces, the quivering steel,  
Till, trembling through each deepening hue,  
It settled in a midnight blue ;  
Last they cast it, to aslake,  
In the penal icy lake.  
Then, they consign'd it to the Giant brood ;  
And, while they forged the impenetrable arms,  
The Evil Powers, to oversee them, stood,  
And there imbued  
The work of Giant strength with magic charms.  
Foul Arvalan, with joy, survey'd  
The crescent sabre's cloudy blade,  
With deeper joy the impervious mail,  
The shield and helmet of avail.  
Soon did he himself array,  
And bade her speed him on his way.  
  
Then she led him to the den,  
Where her chariot, night and day,

Stood harness'd, ready for the way.  
Two Dragons, yok'd in adamant, convey  
The magic car ; from either collar sprung  
An adamantine rib, which met in air,  
O'er-arch'd, and crost and bent diverging there,  
And firmly in its arc upbore,  
Upon their brazen necks, the seat of power.  
Arvalan mounts the car, and in his hand  
Receives the magic reins from Lorrinite ;  
The dragons, long obedient to command,  
Their ample sails expand ;  
Like steeds well-broken to fair lady's hand,  
They feel the reins of might,  
And up the northern sky begin their flight.

Son of the Wicked, doth thy soul delight  
To think its hour of vengeance now is nigh ?

Lo ! where the far-off light  
Of Indra's palace flashes on his sight,  
And Meru's heavenly summit shines on high,  
With clouds of glory bright,  
Amid the dark-blue sky.

Already, in his hope, doth he espy

Himself secure in mail of tenfold charms,  
Ereenia writhing from the magic blade,  
The Father sent to bear his Curse, . . the Maid  
Resisting vainly in his impious arms.

Ah, sinner ! whose anticipating soul  
Incurs the guilt even when the crime is spar'd !  
Joyous toward Meru's summit on he far'd,  
While the twin Dragons, rising as he guides,  
With steady flight, steer northward for the pole.  
Anon, with irresistible controul,  
Force mightier far than his arrests their course ;  
It wrought as though a Power unseen had caught  
Their adamantine yokes to drag them on.  
Straight on they bend their way, and now, in vain,  
Upward doth Arvalan direct the rein ;  
The rein of magic might avails no more,  
Bootless its strength against that unseen Power  
That, in their mid career,  
Hath seiz'd the Chariot and the Charioteer.  
With hands resisting, and down-pressing feet  
Upon their hold insisting,  
He struggles to maintain his difficult seat.



Seeking in vain with that strange Power to vie,  
Their doubled speed the affrighted Dragons try.  
Forced in a stream from whence was no retreat,  
Strong as they are, behold them whirled along,  
Headlong, with useless pennons, through the sky.

What Power was that, which, with resistless might,  
Foil'd the dread magic thus of Lorrinite ?  
'Twas all-commanding Nature . . They were here  
Within the sphere of the adamantine rocks  
Which gird Mount Meru round, as far below  
That heavenly height where Ganges hath its birth  
Involv'd in clouds and light,  
So far above its roots of ice and snow.  
On . . on they roll, . . rapt headlong they roll on ; . .  
The lost canoe, less rapidly than this,  
Down the precipitous stream is whirl'd along  
To the brink of Niagara's dread abyss.  
On . . on . . they roll, and now, with shivering shock,  
Are dash'd against the rock that girds the Pole.  
Down from his shatter'd mail the unhappy Soul  
Is dropt, . . ten thousand thousand fathoms down, .  
Till in an ice-rift, 'mid the eternal snow,

Foul Arvalan is stopt. There let him howl,  
 Groan there, . . and there, with unavailing moan,  
 For aid on his Almighty Father call.  
 All human sounds are lost  
 Amid those deserts of perpetual frost,  
 Old Winter's drear domain,  
 Beyond the limits of the living World,  
 Beyond Kehama's reign.  
 Of utterance and of motion soon bereft,  
 Frozen to the ice-rock, there behold him lie,  
 Only the painful sense of Being left,  
 A Spirit who must feel, and cannot die,  
 Bleaching and bare beneath the polar sky.

## XII.

### THE SACRIFICE COMPLETED.

O ye who, by the Lake  
On Meru Mount, partake  
The joys which Heaven hath destin'd for the blest,  
Swift, swift, the moments fly,  
The silent hours go by,  
And ye must leave your dear abode of rest.  
O wretched Man, prepare  
Again thy Curse to bear !  
Prepare, O wretched Maid, for farther woe !  
The fatal hour draws near,  
When Indra's heavenly sphere  
Must own the Tyrant of the World below.

To-day the hundredth Steed,  
At Seeva's shrine, must bleed,  
The dreadful sacrifice is full to-day ;  
Nor man nor God hath power,  
At this momentous hour,  
Again to save the Swerga from his sway.  
Fresh woes, O Maid divine,  
Fresh trials must be thine ;  
And what must thou, Ladurlad, yet endure !  
But let your hearts be strong,  
And bear ye bravely on,  
For Providence is good, and virtue is secure.

They, little deeming that the fatal day  
Was come, beheld where, through the morning sky,  
A Ship of Heaven drew nigh.  
Onward they watch it steer its steady flight ;  
Till, wondering, they espy  
Old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods, alight.  
But, when Ereenia saw the Sire appear,  
At that unwonted and unwelcome sight  
His heart receiv'd a sudden shock of fear :  
'Thy presence doth its doleful tidings tell,

O Father ! cried the startled Glendoveer,  
The dreadful hour is near ! I know it well !  
Not for less import would the Sire of Gods  
Forsake his ancient and august abodes.

Even so, serene the immortal Sire replies ;  
Soon like an earthquake will ye feel the blow  
Which consummates the mighty sacrifice :  
And this World, and its Heaven, and all therein  
Are then Kehama's. To the second ring  
Of these seven Spheres, the Swerga-King,  
Even now, prepares for flight  
Beyond the circle of the conquer'd world,  
Beyond the Rajah's might.  
Ocean, that clips this inmost of the Spheres,  
And girds it round with everlasting roar,  
Set like a gem appears  
Within that bending shore.  
'Thither fly all the Sons of heavenly race :  
I, too, forsake mine ancient dwelling-place.  
And now, O Child and Father, ye must go,  
Take up the burthen of your woe,  
And wander once again below.

With patient heart hold onward to the end, . .  
Be true unto yourselves, and bear in mind  
That every God is still the good Man's friend ;  
And they, who suffer bravely, save mankind.

Oh tell me, cried Ereenia, for from thee  
Nought can be hidden, when the end will be !

Seek not to know, old Casyapa replied,  
What pleaseth Heaven to hide.  
Dark is the abyss of Time,  
But light enough to guide your steps is given ;  
Whatever weal or woe betide,  
Turn never from the way of truth aside,  
And leave the event, in holy hope, to Heaven.  
The moment is at hand, no more delay,  
Ascend the ethereal Bark, and go your way ;  
And Ye, of heavenly nature, follow me.

The will of Heaven be done, Ladurlad cried,  
Nor more the man replied ;  
But placed his daughter in the ethereal Bark,  
Then took his seat beside.

There was no word at parting, no adieu.  
Down from that empyreal height they flew :  
One groan Ladurlad breath'd, yet uttered not,  
When, to his heart and brain,  
The fiery Curse again like lightning shot.  
And now on earth the Sire and Child alight,  
Up soar'd the Ship of Heaven, and sail'd away from sight.

O ye immortal Bowers,  
Where hitherto the Hours  
Have led their dance of happiness for aye,  
With what a sense of woe  
Do ye expect the blow,  
And see your heavenly dwellers driven away !  
Lo ! where the aunnay-birds of graceful mien,  
Whose milk-white forms were seen,  
Lovely as Nymphs, your ancient trees between,  
And by your silent springs,  
With melancholy cry,  
Now spread unwilling wings ;  
Their stately necks reluctant they protend,  
And through the sullen sky,  
To other worlds, their mournful progress bend.

The affrighted gales to-day  
O'er their beloved streams no longer play,  
The streams of Paradise have ceas'd to flow ;  
The Fountain-Tree withholds its diamond shower,  
In this portentous hour, . .  
This dolorous hour, . . this universal woe.  
Where is the Palace, whose far-flashing beams,  
With streaks and streams of ever-varying light,  
Brighten'd the polar night  
Around the frozen North's extremest shore ?  
Gone like a morning rainbow, . . like a dream, . .  
A star that shoots and falls, and then is seen no more.

Now ! now ! . . . Before the Golden Palaces,  
The Bramin strikes the inevitable hour.  
The fatal blow is given,  
That over Earth and Heaven  
Confirms the Almighty Rajah in his power. .  
All evil Spirits then,  
That roam the World about,  
Or wander through the sky,  
Set up a joyful shout.  
The Asuras and the Giants join the cry,



The damn'd in Padalon acclaim  
Their hop'd Deliverer's name ;  
Heaven trembles with the thunder-drowning sound ;  
Back starts affrighted Ocean from the shore,  
And the adamantine vaults, and brazen floor  
Of Hell, are shaken with the roar.  
Up rose the Rajah through the conquer'd sky,  
To seize the Swerga for his proud abode ;  
Myriads of evil Genii round him fly,  
As royally, on wings of winds, he rode,  
And scal'd high Heaven, triumphant like a God.

### XIII.

#### THE RETREAT.

Around her Father's neck the Maiden lock'd  
Her arms, when that portentous blow was given ;  
Clinging to him she heard the dread uproar,  
And felt the shuddering shock which ran through Heaven.

Earth underneath them rock'd,  
Her strong foundations heaving in commotion,  
Such as wild winds upraise in raving Ocean,  
As though the solid base were rent asunder.  
And lo ! where, storming the astonish'd sky,  
Kehama and his evil host ascend !

Before them rolls the thunder,  
Ten thousand thousand lightnings round them fly,

Upward the lengthening pageantries aspire,  
Leaving from Earth to Heaven a widening wake of fire.

When the wild uproar was at length allay'd,  
And Earth, recovering from the shock, was still,  
Thus to her father spake the imploring Maid.  
Oh ! by the love which we so long have borne  
Each other, and we ne'er shall cease to bear, . .

Oh ! by the sufferings we have shar'd,  
And must not cease to share, . .  
One boon I supplicate in this dread hour,  
One consolation in this hour of woe !  
Thou hast it in thy power, refuse not thou  
The only comfort now  
That my poor heart can know.

O dearest, dearest Kailyal ! with a smile  
Of tenderness and sorrow, he replied,  
O best belov'd, and to be lov'd the best  
Best worthy, . . set thy duteous heart at rest.  
I know thy wish, and let what will betide,  
Ne'er will I leave thee wilfully again.  
My soul is strengthen'd to endure its pain ;

Be thou, in all my wanderings, still my guide ;  
Be thou, in all my sufferings, at my side.

The Maiden, at those welcome words, imprest  
A passionâte kiss upon her father's cheek :  
They look'd around them, then, as if to seek  
Where they should turn, North, South, or East or West,  
Wherever to their vagrant feet seem'd best.  
But, turning from the view her mournful eyes,  
Oh, whither should we wander, Kailyal cries,  
Or wherefore seek in vain a place of rest ?  
Have we not here the Earth beneath our tread,  
Heaven overhead,  
A brook that winds through this sequester'd glade,  
And yonder woods, to yield us fruit and shade !  
The little all our wants require is nigh ;  
Hope we have none, . . why travel on in fear ?  
We cannot fly from Fate, and Fate will find us here.

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,  
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,  
And in the midst an aged Banian grew.

It was a goodly sight to see

That venerable tree,  
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,  
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head ;  
And many a long depending shoot,  
Seeking to strike its root,  
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.  
Some on the lower boughs, which crost their way,  
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,  
With many a ring and wild contortion wound ;  
Some to the passing wind at times, with sway  
Of gentle motion swung,  
Others of younger growth, unmov'd, were hung  
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.  
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,  
Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the natural floor,  
And through the leafy cope which bower'd it o'er  
Came gleams of checquered light.  
So like a temple did it seem, that there  
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.  
  
A brook, with easy current, murmured near ;  
Water so cool and clear  
The peasants drink not from the humble well,

Which they, with sacrifice of rural pride,  
Have wedded to the cocoa-grove beside ;  
Nor tanks of costliest masonry dispense  
    To those in towns who dwell,  
'The work of Kings, in their beneficence.  
Fed by perpetual springs, a small lagoon,  
Pellucid, deep, and still, in silence join'd  
And swell'd the passing stream. Like burnish'd steel  
    Glowing, it lay beneath the eye of noon ;  
    And when the breezes, in their play,  
Ruffled the darkening surface, then, with gleam  
    Of sudden light, around the lotus stem  
It rippled, and the sacred flowers that crown  
    The lakelet with their roseate beauty, ride,  
In gentlest waving rock'd, from side to side,  
    And as the wind upheaves  
'Their broad and buoyant weight, the glossy leaves  
    Flap on the twinkling waters, up and down.

They built them here a bower, of jointed cane,  
Strong for the needful use, and light and long  
Was the slight frame-work rear'd, with little pain ;  
Lithe creepers, then, the wicker-sides supply,

And the tall jungle-grass fit roofing gave  
Beneath that genial sky.

And here did Kailyal, each returning day,  
Pour forth libations from the brook, to pay  
The Spirits of her Sires their grateful rite ;  
In such libations pour'd in open glades,  
Beside clear streams and solitary shades,  
The Spirits of the virtuous dead delight.

And duly here, to Marriataly's praise,  
The Maid, as with an Angel's voice of song,  
Pour'd her melodious lays  
Upon the gales of even,  
And gliding in religious dance along,  
Mov'd, graceful as the dark-eyed Nymphs of Heaven,  
Such harmony to all her steps was given.

Thus ever, in her Father's doting eye,  
Kailyal perform'd the customary rite ;  
He, patient of his burning pain the while,  
Beheld her, and approv'd her pious toil ;  
And sometimes, at the sight,  
A melancholy smile

Would gleam upon his awful countenance.  
He, too, by day and night, and every hour,  
Paid to a higher Power his sacrifice ;  
An offering, not of ghee, or fruit, or rice,  
Flower-crown, or blood ; but of a heart subdued,  
A resolute, unconquer'd fortitude,  
An agony repress, a will resign'd,  
To her, who, on her secret throne reclin'd,  
Amid the milky Sea, by Veeshnoo's side,  
Looks with an eye of mercy on mankind:  
By the Preserver, with his power endued,  
There Voomdavee beholds this lower clime,  
And marks the silent sufferings of the good,  
To recompense them in her own good time.

O force of faith ! O strength of virtuous will !  
Behold him, in his endless martyrdom,  
Triumphant still !  
The Curse still burning in his heart and brain,  
And yet doth he remain  
Patient the while, and tranquil, and content !  
The pious soul hath fram'd unto itself



A second nature, to exist in pain  
As in its own allotted element.

Such strength the will reveal'd had given  
This holy pair, such influxes of grace,  
That to their solitary resting place  
They brought the peace of Heaven.  
Yea all around was hallowed ! Danger, Fear,  
Nor thought of evil ever entered here.  
A charm was on the Leopard when he came  
Within the circle of that mystic glade ;  
Submit he crouch'd before the heavenly Maid,  
And offered to her touch his speckled side ;  
Or with arch'd back erect, and bending head,  
And eyes half-clos'd for pleasure, would he stand,  
Courting the pressure of her gentle hand.

Trampling his path through wood and brake,  
And canes which crackling fall before his way,  
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play  
O'ertopping the young trees,  
On comes the Elephant, to slake  
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.

Lo ! from his trunk upturn'd, aloft he flings  
The grateful shower ; and now  
Plucking the broad-leav'd bough  
Of yonder plane, with waving motion slow,  
Fanning the languid air,  
He moves it to and fro.  
But when that form of beauty meets his sight,  
The trunk its undulating motion stops,  
From his forgetful hold the plane-branch drops,  
Reverent he kneels, and lifts his rational eyes  
To her as if in prayer ;  
And when she pours her angel voice in song,  
Entranced he listens to the thrilling notes,  
Till his strong temples, bath'd with sudden dews,  
Their fragrance of delight and love diffuse.

Lo ! as the voice melodious floats around,  
The Antelope draws near,  
The Tygress leaves her toothless cubs to hear,  
The Snake comes gliding from the secret brake,  
Himself in fascination forced along  
By that enchanting song ;  
The antic Monkeys, whose wild gambols late,

When not a breeze wav'd the tall jungle grass,  
Shook the whole wood, are hush'd, and silently  
Hang on the cluster'd trees.

All things in wonder and delight are still ;  
Only at times the Nightingale is heard,  
Not that in emulous skill that sweetest bird  
Her rival strain would try,  
A mighty songster, with the Maid to vie ;  
She only bore her part in powerful sympathy.

Well might they thus adore that heavenly Maid !  
For never Nymph of Mountain,  
Or Grove, or Lake, or Fountain,  
With a diviner presence fill'd the shade.  
No idle ornaments deface  
Her natural grace,  
Musk-spot, nor sandal-streak, nor scarlet stain,  
Ear-drop nor chain, nor arm nor ankle-ring,  
Nor trinketry on front, or neck, or breast,  
Marring the perfect form : she seem'd a thing  
Of Heaven's prime uncorrupted work, a child  
Of early Nature undefil'd,  
A daughter of the years of innocence.

And therefore all things lov'd her. When she stood  
Beside the glassy pool, the fish, that flies  
Quick as an arrow from all other eyes,  
Hover'd to gaze on her. The mother bird,  
When Kailyal's step she heard,  
Sought not to tempt her from her secret nest,  
But, hastening to the dear retreat, would fly  
To meet and welcome her benignant eye.

Hope we have none, said Kailyal to her Sire.  
Said she aright? and had the Mortal Maid  
No thoughts of heavenly aid, . .  
No secret hopes her inmost heart to move  
With longings of such deep and pure desire,  
As vestal Maids, whose piety is love,  
Feel in their extasies, when rapt above,  
Their souls unto their heavenly Spouse aspire?  
Why else so often doth that searching eye  
Roam through the scope of sky?  
Why, if she sees a distant speck on high,  
Starts there that quick suffusion to her cheek?  
'Tis but the Eagle, in his heavenly height;  
Reluctant to believe, she hears his cry,

And marks his wheeling flight,  
Then languidly averts her mournful sight.  
Why ever else, at morn, that waking sigh,  
Because the lovely form no more is nigh  
Which hath been present to her soul all night ;  
And that injurious fear  
Which ever, as it riseth, is repress,  
Yet riseth still within her troubled breast,  
That she no more shall see the Glendoveer !

Hath he forgotten me ? The wrongful thought  
Would stir within her, and, though still repell'd  
With shame and self-reproaches, would recur.  
Days after days unvarying come and go,  
And neither friend nor foe  
Approaches them in their sequestered bower.  
Maid of strange destiny ! but think not thou  
Thou art forgotten now,  
And hast no cause for farther hope or fear.  
High-fated Maid, thou dost not know  
What eyes watch over thee for weal and woe !  
Even at this hour,  
Searching the dark decrees divine,

Kehama, in the fullness of his power,  
Perceives his thread of fate entwin'd with thine.

The Glendoveer, from his far sphere,  
With love that never sleeps, beholds thee here,

And, in the hour permitted, will be near.  
Dark Lorrinite on thee hath fix'd her sight,  
And laid her wiles, to aid

Foul Arvalan when he shall next appear ;  
For well she ween'd his Spirit would renew  
Old vengeance now, with unremitting hate ;  
The Enchantress well that evil nature knew,  
The accursed Spirit hath his prey in view,  
And thus, while all their separate hopes pursue,  
All work, unconsciously, the will of Fate.

Fate work'd its own the while. A band  
Of Yoguees, as they roam'd the land  
Seeking a spouse for Jaga-Naut their God,  
Stray'd to this solitary glade,  
And reach'd the bower wherein the Maid abode.  
Wondering at form so fair, they deem'd the Power  
Divine had led them to his chosen bride,  
And seiz'd and bore her from her Father's side.

## XIV.

### JAGA-NAUT.

Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut !  
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine !  
A virgin-bride his ministers have brought,  
A mortal maid, in form and face divine,  
Peerless among all daughters of mankind ;  
Search'd they the world again from East to West,  
In endless quest,  
Seeking the fairest and the best,  
No maid so lovely might they hope to find ; ..  
For she hath breath'd celestial air,  
And heavenly food hath been her fare,  
And heavenly thoughts and feelings give her face

That heavenly grace.

Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut,  
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine !

The fairest Maid his Yoguees sought,  
A fairer than the fairest have they brought,  
A maid of charms surpassing human thought,  
A maid divine.

Now bring ye forth the Chariot of the God !  
Bring him abroad,  
That through the swarming City he may ride ;  
And by his side  
Place ye the Maid of more than mortal grace,  
The Maid of perfect form and heavenly face !  
Set her aloft in triumph, like a bride  
Upon the bridal car,  
And spread the joyful tidings wide and far, . .  
Spread it with trump and voice  
That all may hear, and all who hear rejoice, . .  
The Mighty One hath found his mate ! the God  
Will ride abroad !  
To-night will he go forth from his abode !  
Ye myriads who adore him,



Prepare the way before him !

Uprear'd on twenty wheels elate,  
Huge as a Ship, the bridal car appear'd ;  
Loud creak its ponderous wheels, as through the gate  
A thousand Bramins drag the enormous load.

There, thron'd aloft in state,  
The Image of the seven-headed God  
Came forth from his abode ; and at his side  
Sate Kailyal like a bride ;  
A bridal statue rather might she seem,  
For she regarded all things like a dream,  
Having no thought, nor fear, nor will, nor aught  
Save hope and faith, that liv'd within her still.

O silent Night, how have they startled thee  
With the brazen trumpet's blare !  
And thou, O Moon ! whose quiet light serene  
Filleth wide heaven, and bathing hill and wood,  
Spreads o'er the peaceful valley like a flood,  
How have they dimm'd thee with the torches glare,  
Which round yon moving pageant flame and flare,  
As the wild rout, with deafening song and shout,

Fling their long flashes out,  
That, like infernal lightnings, fire the air.

A thousand pilgrims strain  
Arm, shoulder, breast and thigh, with might and main,  
To drag that sacred wain,  
And scarce can draw along the enormous load.  
Prone fall the frantic votaries in its road,  
And, calling on the God,  
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay  
To pave his chariot-way.  
On Jaga-Naut they call,  
The ponderous Car rolls on, and crushes all.  
Through blood and bones it ploughs its dreadful path.  
Groans rise unheard ; the dying cry,  
And death and agony  
Are trodden under foot by yon mad throng,  
Who follow close, and thrust the deadly wheels along.

Pale grows the Maid at this accursed sight ;  
The yells which round her rise  
Have rous'd her with affright,  
And fear hath given to her dilated eyes

A wilder light.

Where shall those eyes be turn'd? she knows not where!

Downward they dare not look, for there

Is death, and horror, and despair;

Nor can her patient looks to Heaven repair,

For the huge Idol over her, in air,

Spreads his seven hideous heads, and wide

Extends their snaky necks on every side;

And all around, behind, before,

The bridal Car, is the raging rout,

With frantic shout, and deafening roar,

Tossing the torches flames about.

And the double double peals of the drum are there,

And the startling burst of the trumpet's blare;

And the gong, that seems, with its thunders dread,

To stun the living, and waken the dead.

The ear-strings throb as if they were broke,

And the eye-lids drop at the weight of its stroke.

Fain would the Maid have kept them fast,

But open they start at the crack of the blast.

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia! where

In this dread hour of horror and despair?

Thinking on him, she strove her fear to quell,  
If he be near me, then will all be well ;  
And, if he reck not for my misery,  
Let come the worst, it matters not to me.  
Repel that wrongful thought,  
O Maid ! thou feelest, but believ'st it not ;  
It is thine own imperfect nature's fault  
That lets one doubt of him arise within.  
And this the Virgin knew ; and, like a sin,  
Repell'd the thought, and still believ'd him true ;  
And summoned up her spirit to endure  
All forms of fear, in that firm trust secure.



She needs that faith, she needs that consolation,  
For now the Car hath measured back its track  
Of death, and hath re-entered now its station.  
There, in the Temple-court, with song and dance,  
A harlot-band, to meet the Maid, advance.  
The drum hath ceas'd its peals ; the trump and gong  
Are still ; the frantic crowd forbear their yells ;  
And sweet it was to hear the voice of song,  
And the sweet music of their girdle-bells,  
Armlets and anklets, that, with chearful sound,

Symphonious tinkled as they wheel'd around.

They sung a bridal measure,

A song of pleasure,

A hymn of joyaunce and of gratulation.

Go, chosen One, they cried,

Go, happy bride !

For thee the God descends in expectation ;

For thy dear sake

He leaves his heaven, O Maid of matchless charms.

Go, happy One, the bed divine partake,

And fill his longing arms !

Thus to the inner fane,

With circling dance and hymeneal strain,

The astonish'd Maid they led,

And there they laid her on the bridal bed.

Then forth they went, and clos'd the Temple-gate,

And left the wretched Kailyal to her fate.

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia, where ?

From the loathed bed she starts, and in the air

Looks up, as if she thought to find him there ;

Then, in despair,

Anguish and agony, and hopeless prayer,

Prostrate she laid herself upon the floor.

There, trembling as she lay,

The Bramin of the fane advanced

And came to seize the prey.

But as the Priest drew nigh,

A power invisible opposed his way ;

Starting, he uttered wildly a death-cry,

And fell. At that the Maid all eagerly

Lifted in hope her head ;

She thought her own deliverer had been near ;

When lo ! with other life re-animate,

She saw the dead arise,

And in the fiendish joy within his eyes,

She knew the hateful Spirit who look'd through

Their specular orbs, . . cloth'd in the flesh of man

She knew the accursed soul of Arvalan.

But not in vain, with the sudden shriek of fear,

She calls Ereenia now ; the Glendoveer

Is here ! Upon the guilty sight he burst

Like lightning from a cloud, and caught the accurst,

Bore him to the roof aloft, and on the floor

With vengeance dash'd him, quivering there in gore.

Lo ! from the pregnant air, . . heart-withering sight !

There issued forth the dreadful Lorrinite.

Seize him ! the Enchantress cried ;

A host of Demons at her word appear,

And like tornado winds, from every side

At once, they rush upon the Glendoveer.

Alone against a legion, little here

Avails his single might,

Nor that celestial faulchion, which in fight

So oft had put the rebel race to flight.

There are no Gods on earth to give him aid ;

Hemm'd round, he is overpower'd, beat down, and bound,

And at the feet of Lorrinite is laid.

Meantime the scattered members of the slain,

Obedient to her mighty voice, assum'd

Their vital form again,

And that foul Spirit, upon vengeance bent,

Fled to the fleshly tenement.

Lo ! here, quoth Lorrinite, thou seest thy foe !

Him in the Ancient Sepulchres, below  
The billows of the Ocean, will I lay ;  
Gods are there none to help him now, and there  
For Man there is no way.  
To that dread scene of durance and despair,  
Asuras, bear your enemy ! I go  
To chain him in the Tombs. Meantime do thou,  
Freed from thy foe, and now secure from fear,  
Son of Kehama, take thy pleasure here.

Her words the accursed race obey'd ;  
Forth with a sound like rushing winds they fled,  
And of all aid from Earth or Heaven bereft,  
Alone with Arvalan the Maid was left.  
But in that hour of agony, the Maid  
Deserted not herself ; her very dread  
Had calm'd her ; and her heart  
Knew the whole horror, and its only part.  
Yamen, receive me undefil'd ! she said,  
And seiz'd a torch, and fir'd the bridal bed.  
Up ran the rapid flames ; on every side  
They find their fuel wheresoe'er they spread,  
Thin hangings, fragrant gums, and odorous wood,



That pil'd like sacrificial altars stood.  
Around they run, and upward they aspire,  
And, lo ! the huge Pagoda lin'd with fire.

The wicked Soul, who had assum'd again  
A form of sensible flesh, for his foul will,  
Still bent on base revenge, and baffled still,  
Felt that corporeal shape alike to pain  
Obnoxious as to pleasure : forth he flew,  
Howling and scorch'd by the devouring flame ;  
Accursed Spirit ! still condemn'd to rue,  
The act of sin and punishment the same.  
Freed from his loathsome touch, a natural dread  
Came on the self-devoted, and she drew  
Back from the flames, which now toward her spread,  
And, like a living monster, seem'd to dart  
Their hungry tongues toward their shrinking prey.  
Soon she subdued her heart ;  
O Father ! she exclaim'd, there was no way  
But this ! and thou, Ereenia, who for me  
Sufferest, my soul shall bear thee company.

So having said, she knit

Her body up to work her soul's desire, ✽  
And rush at once amid the thickest fire.  
A sudden cry withheld her, . . Kailyal, stay !  
Child ! Daughter ! I am here ! the voice exclaims,  
And from the gate, unharm'd, through smoke and flames,  
Like as a God, Ladurlad made his way ;  
Wrapt his preserving arms around, and bore  
His Child, uninjur'd, o'er the burning floor.

XV.

THE CITY OF BALY.

KAILYAL.

Ereenia !

LADURLAD.

Nay, let no reproachful thought  
Wrong his heroic heart ! The Evil Powers  
Have the dominion o'er this wretched World,  
And no good Spirit now can venture here.

KAILYAL.

Alas, my Father ! he hath ventur'd here,  
And sav'd me from one horror. But the Powers  
Of Evil beat him down, and bore away

To some dread scene of durance and despair,  
The Ancient Tombs, methought their Mistress said,  
Beneath the ocean-waves : no way for Man  
Is there ; and Gods, she boasted, there are none  
On Earth to help him now.

LADURLAD.

Is that her boast ?  
And hath she laid him in the Ancient Tombs,  
Relying that the Waves will guard him there ?  
Short-sighted are the eyes of Wickedness,  
And all its craft but folly. O, my Child !  
The Curses of the Wicked are upon me,  
And the immortal Deities, who see  
And suffer all things for their own wise end,  
Have made them blessings to us !

KAILYAL.

Then thou knowest  
Where they have borne him ?

LADURLAD.

To the Sepulchres

Of the Ancient Kings, which Baly, in his power,  
Made in primeval times ; and built above them  
    A City, like the Cities of the Gods,  
Being like a God himself. For many an age  
    Hath Ocean warr'd against his Palaces,  
Till, overwhelm'd, they lie beneath the waves,  
    Not overthrown, so well the Mighty One  
Had laid their deep foundations. Rightly said  
The Accursed, that no way for Man was there,  
    But not like Man am I !

Up from the ground the Maid exultant sprung,  
And clapp'd her happy hands, in attitude  
    Of thanks, to Heaven, and flung  
Her arms around her Father's neck, and stood  
Struggling awhile for utterance, with excess  
    Of hope and pious thankfulness.  
Come .. come ! she cried, O let us not delay, ..  
    He is in torments there, .. away ! .. away !

Long time they travell'd on ; at dawn of day,  
Still setting forward with the earliest light,  
    Nor ceasing from their way

Till darkness clos'd the night.  
Short refuge from the noontide heat,  
Reluctantly compell'd, the Maiden took ;  
And ill her indefatigable feet  
Could that brief respite brook.  
Hope kept her up, and her intense desire  
Supports that heart which ne'er at danger quails,  
Those feet which never tire,  
That frame which never fails.

Their talk was of the City of the days  
Of old, Earth's wonder once ; and of the fame  
Of Baly its great founder, . . he whose name  
In ancient story, and in poet's praise,  
Liveth and flourisheth for endless glory,  
Because his might  
Put down the wrong, and aye upheld the right.  
Till for ambition, as old sages tell,  
The mighty Monarch fell :  
For he too, having made the World his own,  
Then, in his pride, had driven  
The Devetas from Heaven,  
And seiz'd triumphantly the Swerga throne.

The Incarnate came before the Mighty One,  
In dwarfish stature, and in mien obscure ;  
The sacred cord he bore,  
And ask'd for Brama's sake, a little boon,  
Three steps of Baly's ample reign, no more.  
Poor was the boon requir'd, and poor was he  
Who begg'd, . . a little wretch it seem'd to be ;  
But Baly ne'er refus'd a suppliant's prayer.  
A glance of pity, in contemptuous mood,  
He on the Dwarf cast down,  
And bade him take the boon,  
And measure where he would.

Lo, Son of giant birth,  
I take my grant ! the Incarnate Power replies.  
With his first step he measur'd o'er the Earth,  
The second spann'd the skies.  
Three paces thou hast granted,  
'Twice have I set my footstep, Veeshnoo cries,  
Where shall the third be planted ?

Then Baly knew the God, and at his feet,  
In homage due, he laid his humbled head.

Mighty art thou, O Lord of Earth and Heaven,

Mighty art thou ! he said,

Be merciful, and let me be forgiven.

He ask'd for mercy of the merciful,

And mercy for his virtue's sake was shown.

For though he was cast down to Padalon,

Yet there, by Yamen's throne,

Doth Baly sit in majesty and might,

To judge the dead, and sentence them aright.

And forasmuch as he was still the friend

Of righteousness, it is permitted him,

Yearly, from those drear regions to ascend

And walk the Earth, that he may hear his name

Still hymn'd and honour'd, by the grateful voice

Of humankind, and in his fame rejoice.

Such was the talk they held upon their way,

Of him to whose old City they were bound ;

And now, upon their journey, many a day

Had risen and clos'd, and many a week gone round,

And many a realm and region had they past,

When now the Ancient Towers appear'd at last.



Their golden summits, in the noon-day light,  
Shone o'er the dark green deep that roll'd between ;  
For domes, and pinnacles, and spires were seen  
Peering above the sea, . . a mournful sight !  
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence  
What works of wonder the devouring wave  
Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave  
Bore record of their old magnificence.  
And on the sandy shore, beside the verge  
Of Ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane  
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge  
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.  
In solitude the Ancient Temples stood,  
Once resonant with instrument and song,  
And solemn dance of festive multitude ;  
Now as the weary ages pass along,  
Hearing no voice save of the Ocean flood,  
Which roars for ever on the restless shores ;  
Or, visiting their solitary caves,  
The lonely sound of Winds, that moan around  
Accordant to the melancholy waves.

With reverence did the travellers see

The works of ancient days, and silently  
Approach the shore. Now on the yellow sand,  
Where round their feet the rising surges part,  
They stand. Ladurlad's heart  
Exulted in his wonderful destiny.  
To Heaven he rais'd his hand  
In attitude of stern heroic pride ;  
Oh what a power, he cried,  
Thou dreadful Rajah, doth thy Curse impart !  
I thank thee now ! .. Then turning to the Maid,  
Thou see'st how far and wide  
Yon Towers extend, he said,  
My search must needs be long. Meantime the flood  
Will cast thee up thy food, ..  
And in the Chambers of the Rock by night,  
Take thou thy safe abode.  
No prowling beast to harm thee, or affright,  
Can enter there ; but wrap thyself with care  
From the foul Bird obscene that thirsts for blood ;  
For in such caverns doth the Bat delight  
To have its haunts. Do thou with stone and shout,  
Ere thou liest down at evening, scare them out,  
And in this robe of mine involve thy feet.

Duly commend us both to Heaven in prayer,  
Be of good heart, and let thy sleep be sweet.

So saying, he put back his arm, and gave  
The cloth which girt his loins, and prest her hand  
With fervent love, then from the sand  
Advanced into the sea : the coming Wave,  
Which knew Kehama's Curse, before his way  
Started, and on he went as on dry land,  
And still around his path the waters parted.  
She stands upon the shore, where sea-weeds play  
Lashing her polish'd ankles, and the spray  
Which off her Father, like a rainbow, fled,  
Falls on her like a shower ; there Kailyal stands,  
And sees the billows rise above his head.  
She, at the startling sight, forgot the power  
The Curse had given him, and held forth her hands  
Imploringly, . . . her voice was on the wind,  
And the deaf Ocean o'er Ladurlad clos'd.  
Soon she recall'd his destiny to mind,  
And shaking off that natural fear, compos'd  
Her soul with prayer, to wait the event resign'd.

Alone, upon the solitary strand,  
The lovely one is left ; behold her go,  
Pacing with patient footsteps, to and fro,  
Along the bending sand.

Save her, ye Gods ! from Evil Powers, and here  
From Man she need not fear ;  
For never Traveller comes near  
These awful ruins of the days of yore,  
Nor fisher's bark, nor venturous mariner,  
Approach the sacred shore.

All day she walk'd the beach, at night she sought  
The Chamber of the Rock ; with stone and shout  
Assail'd the Bats obscene, and scar'd them out ;  
'Then in her Father's robe involv'd her feet,  
And wrapt her mantle round to guard her head,  
And laid her down : the rock was Kailyal's bed,  
Her chamber-lamps were in the starry sky,  
The winds and waters were her lullaby.

Be of good heart, and let thy sleep be sweet,  
Ladurlad said, .. Alas ! that cannot be  
To one whose days are days of misery.  
How often did she stretch her hands to greet

Ereenia, rescued in the dreams of night !  
How oft amid the vision of delight,  
Fear in her heart all is not as it seems ;  
Then from unsettled slumber start, and hear  
The Winds that moan above, the Waves below !  
Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep ! the friend of Woe,  
But 'tis the happy who have call'd thee so.

Another day, another night are gone,  
A second passes, and a third wanes on.  
So long she paced the shore,  
So often on the beach she took her stand,  
That the wild Sea-Birds knew her, and no more  
Fled, when she past beside them on the strand.  
Bright shine the golden summits in the light  
Of the noon-sun, and lovelier far by night  
Their moonlight glories o'er the sea they shed :  
Fair is the dark-green deep ; by night and day  
Unvex'd with storms, the peaceful billows play,  
As when they clos'd upon Ladurlad's head :  
The firmament above is bright and clear ;  
The sea-fowl, lords of water, air, and land,  
Joyous alike upon the wing appear,

Or when they ride the waves, or walk the sand ;  
Beauty and light and joy are every-where ;  
There is no sadness and no sorrow here,  
Save what that single human breast contains,  
But oh ! what hopes, and fears, and pains are there !

Seven miserable days the expectant Maid,  
From earliest dawn till evening, watch'd the shore ;  
Hope left her then ; and in her heart she said,  
Never should she behold her Father more.

## XVI.

### THE ANCIENT SEPULCHRES.

When the broad Ocean on Ladurlad's head,  
Had clos'd and arch'd him o'er,  
With steady tread he held his way  
Adown the sloping shore.  
The dark green waves, with emerald hue,  
Imbue the beams of day,  
And on the wrinkled sand below,  
Rolling their mazy network to and fro,  
Light shadows shift and play.  
The hungry Shark, at scent of prey,  
Toward Ladurlad darted ;  
Beholding then that human form erect,

How like a God the depths he trod,  
Appall'd the monster started,  
And in his fear departed.

Onward Ladurlad went with heart elate,  
And now hath reach'd the Ancient City's gate.

Wondering, he stood awhile to gaze  
Upon the works of elder days.  
The brazen portals open stood,  
Even as the fearful multitude  
Had left them, when they fled  
Before the rising flood.

High over-head, sublime,  
The mighty gateway's storied roof was spread,  
Dwarfing the puny piles of younger time.

With the deeds of days of yore  
That ample roof was sculptur'd o'er,  
And many a godlike form there met his eye,  
And many an emblem dark of mystery.  
'Through these wide portals oft had Baly rode  
Triumphant from his proud abode,  
When, in his greatness, he bestrode  
The Aullay, hugest of four-footed kind,



The Aullay-Horse, that in his force,  
With elephantine trunk, could bind  
And lift the elephant, and on the wind  
Whirl him away, with sway and swing,  
Even like a pebble from the practis'd sling.

Those streets which never, since the days of yore,  
By human footstep had been visited ;  
Those streets which never more  
A human foot shall tread,  
Ladurlad trod. In sun-light, and sea-green,  
The thousand palaces were seen  
Of that proud city, whose superb abodes  
Seem'd rear'd by Giants for the immortal Gods.  
How silent and how beautiful they stand,  
Like things of Nature ! the eternal rocks  
'Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand  
Drifted within their gates, and choak'd their doors,  
Nor slime defil'd their pavements and their floors.  
Did then the Ocean wage  
His war for love and envy, not in rage,  
O thou fair City, that he spares thee thus ?  
Art thou Varounins' capital and court,

Where all the Sea-Gods for delight resort,  
A place too godlike to be held by us,  
The poor degenerate children of the Earth ?  
So thought Ladurlad, as he look'd around,  
Weening to hear the sound  
Of Mermaid's shell, and song  
Of choral throng from some imperial hall,  
Wherein the Immortal Powers, at festival,  
Their high carousals keep.  
But all is silence dread,  
Silence profound and dead,  
The everlasting stillness of the Deep.

Through many a solitary street,  
And silent market-place, and lonely square,  
Arm'd with the mighty Curse, behold him fare.  
And now his feet attain that royal fane  
Where Baly held of old his awful reign.  
What once had been the Garden spread around,  
Fair Garden, once which wore perpetual green,  
Where all sweet flowers through all the year were found,  
And all fair fruits were through all seasons seen ;  
A place of Paradise, where each device

Of emulous Art with Nature strove to vie ;  
And Nature, on her part,  
Call'd forth new powers wherewith to vanquish Art.  
The Swerga-God himself, with envious eye,  
Survey'd those peerless gardens in their prime :  
Nor ever did the Lord of Light,  
Who circles Earth and Heaven upon his way,  
Behold from eldest time a goodlier sight  
Than were the groves which Baly, in his might,  
Made for his chosen place of solace and delight.

It was a Garden still beyond all price,  
Even yet it was a place of Paradise ;  
For where the mighty Ocean could not spare,  
There had he, with his own creation,  
Sought to repair his work of devastation.  
And here were coral bowers,  
And grots of madrepores,  
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye  
As e'er was mossy bed  
Whereon the Wood Nymphs lie  
Their languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.  
Here, too, were living flowers

Which, like a bud compacted,  
Their purple cups contracted,  
And now in open blossom spread,  
Stretch'd like green anthers many a seeking head.  
And arborets of jointed stone were there,  
And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm's thread ;  
Yea, beautiful as Mermaid's golden hair  
Upon the waves dispread :  
Others that, like the broad banana growing,  
Rais'd their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,  
Like streamers wide out-flowing.  
And whatsoe'er the depths of Ocean hide  
From human eyes, Ladurlad there espied,  
Trees of the deep, and shrubs and fruits and flowers,  
As fair as ours,  
Wherewith the Sea-Nymphs love their locks to braid,  
When to their father's hall, at festival,  
Repairing, they, in emulous array,  
Their charms display,  
To grace the banquet, and the solemn day.  
  
The golden fountains had not ceas'd to flow,  
And, where they mingled with the briny Sea,

There was a sight of wonder and delight,  
To see the fish, like birds in air,  
Above Ladurlad flying.  
Round those strange waters they repair,  
Their scarlet fins outspread and plying,  
They float with gentle hovering there :  
And now upon those little wings,  
As if to dare forbidden things,  
With wilful purpose bent,  
Swift as an arrow from a bow  
They dash across, and to and fro,  
In rapid glance, like lightning go  
Through that unwonted element.  
Almost in scenes so wonderous fair,  
Ladurlad had forgot  
The mighty cause which led him there ;  
His busy eye was every where,  
His mind had lost all thought ;  
His heart, surrendered to the joys  
Of sight, was happy as a boy's.  
But soon the awakening thought recurs  
Of him who, in the Sepulchres,  
Hopeless of human aid, in chains is laid ;

And her who, on the solitary shore,  
By night and day her weary watch will keep,  
Till she shall see them issuing from the deep.

Now hath Ladurlad reach'd the Court  
Of the great Palace of the King ; its floor  
Was of the marble rock ; and there before  
The imperial door,  
A mighty Image on the steps was seen,  
Of stature huge, of countenance serene.  
A crown and sceptre at his feet were laid ;  
One hand a scroll display'd,  
The other pointed there, that all might see ;  
My name is Death, it said,  
In mercy have the Gods appointed me.  
'Two brazen gates beneath him, night and day  
Stood open ; and within them you behold  
Descending steps, which in the living stone  
Were hewn, a spacious way  
Down to the Chambers of the Kings of old.

Trembling with hope, the adventurous man descended.  
The sea-green light of day

Not far along the vault extended ;  
But where the slant reflection ended,  
Another light was seen  
Of red and fiery hue,  
That with the water blended,  
And gave the secrets of the 'Tombs to view.

Deep in the marble rock, the Hall  
Of Death was hollowed out, a chamber wide,  
Low-roof'd, and long ; on either side,  
Each in his own alcove, and on his throne,  
The Kings of old were seated : in his hand  
Each held the sceptre of command,  
From whence, across that scene of endless night,  
A carbuncle diffused its everlasting light.

So well had the embalmers done their part  
With spice and precious unguents, to imbue  
The perfect corpse, that each had still the hue  
Of living man, and every limb was still  
Supple and firm and full, as when of yore  
Its motion answered to the moving will.  
The robes of royalty which once they wore,

Long since had mouldered off and left them bare :

Naked upon their thrones behold them there,

Statues of actual flesh, . . a fearful sight !

Their large and rayless eyes

Dimly reflecting to that gem-born light,

Glaz'd, fix'd, and meaningless, . . . yet, open wide,

'Their ghastly balls belied

The mockery of life in all beside.

But if, amid these Chambers drear,

Death were a sight of shuddering and of fear,

Life was a thing of stranger horror here.

For at the farther end, in yon alcove,

Where Baly should have lain, had he obey'd

Man's common lot, behold Ereenia laid.

Strong fetters link him to the rock ; his eye

Now rolls and widens, as with effort vain

He strives to break the chain,

Now seems to brood upon his misery.

Before him couch'd there lay

One of the mighty monsters of the deep,

Whom Lorrinite encountering on the way,

There station'd, his perpetual guard to keep ;



In the sport of wanton power, she charm'd him there,

As if to mock the Glendoveer's despair.

Upward his form was human, save that here

The skin was cover'd o'er with scale on scale

Compact, a panoply of natural mail.

His mouth, from ear to ear,

Weapon'd with triple teeth, extended wide,

And tusks on either side ;

A double snake below, he roll'd

His supple length behind in many a sinuous fold.

With red and kindling eye, the Beast beholds

A living man draw nigh,

And, rising on his folds,

In hungry joy awaits the expected feast,

His mouth half-open, and his teeth unsheath'd.

Then on he sprung, and in his scaly arms

Seiz'd him, and fasten'd on his neck, to suck,

With greedy lips, the warm life-blood ; and sure

But for the mighty power of magic charms,

As easily as, in the blithesome hour

Of spring, a child doth crop the meadow flower,

Piecemeal those claws

Had rent their victim, and those armed jaws  
Snapt him in twain. Naked Ladurlad stood,  
Yet fearless and unharm'd in this dread strife,  
So well Kehama's Curse had charm'd his fated life.

He too, . . . for anger, rising at the sight  
Of him he sought, in such strange thrall confin'd,  
With desperate courage fir'd Ladurlad's mind, . . .  
He, too, unto the fight himself addrest,  
And grappling breast to breast,  
With foot firm-planted stands,  
And seiz'd the monster's throat with both his hands.  
Vainly, with throttling grasp, he prest  
The impenetrable scales ;  
And lo ! the Guard rose up, and round his foe,  
With gliding motion, wreath'd his lengthening coils,  
Then tighten'd all their folds with stress and strain.  
Nought would the raging Tyger's strength avail  
If once involv'd within those mighty toils ;  
The arm'd Rhinoceros so clasp'd, in vain  
Had trusted to his hide of rugged mail,  
His bones all broken, and the breath of life  
Crush'd from the lungs, in that unequal strife.

Again, and yet again, he sought to break  
The impassive limbs ; but when the Monster found  
    His utmost power was vain,  
    A moment he relax'd in every round,  
Then knit his coils again with closer strain,  
And, bearing forward, forced him to the ground.

Ereenia groan'd in anguish at the sight  
Of this dread fight : once more the Glendoveer  
    Essay'd to break his bonds, and fear  
For that brave spirit who had sought him here,  
Stung him to wilder strugglings. From the rock  
He rais'd himself half up, with might and main  
    Pluck'd at the adamant chain ;  
And now, with long and unrelaxing strain,  
    In obstinate effort of indignant strength,  
    Labour'd and strove in vain ;  
Till his immortal sinews fail'd at length ;  
And yielding, with an inward groan, to fate,  
    Despairingly, he let himself again  
    Fall prostrate on his prison-bed of stone,  
Body and chain alike with lifeless weight.

Struggling they lay in mortal fray  
All day, while day was in our upper sphere,  
For light of day,  
And natural darkness, never entered here ;  
All night, with unabated might,  
They waged the unremitting fight.  
A second day, a second night,  
With furious will they wrestled still.  
The third came on, the fourth is gone ;  
Another comes, another goes,  
And yet no respite, no repose ;  
But day and night, and night and day,  
Involv'd in mortal strife they lay ;  
Six days and nights have past away,  
And still they wage, with mutual rage,  
The unremitting fray.  
With mutual rage their war they wage,  
But not with mutual will ;  
For when the seventh morning came,  
The monster's worn and wearied frame  
In this strange contest fails ;  
And weaker, weaker, every hour  
He yields beneath strong Nature's power,

For now the Curse prevails.

Sometimes the Beast sprung up to bear  
His foe aloft ; and, trusting there  
To shake him from his hold,  
Relax'd the rings that wreath'd him round ;  
But on his throat Ladurlad hung  
And weigh'd him to the ground ;  
And if they sink, or if they float,  
Alike with stubborn clasp he clung,  
Tenacious of his grasp ;  
For well he knew with what a power,  
Exempt from Nature's laws,  
The Curse had arm'd him for this hour ;  
And in the monster's gasping jaws,  
And in his hollow eye,  
Well could Ladurlad now descry  
The certain signs of victory.

And now the Guard no more can keep  
His painful watch ; his eyes, oppress'd,  
Are fainting for their natural sleep ;  
His living flesh and blood must rest,

The Beast must sleep or die.  
Then he, full faint and languidly,  
Unwreathes his rings and strives to fly,  
And still retreating, slowly trails  
His stiff and heavy length of scales.  
But that unweariable foe,  
With will relentless, follows still ;  
No breathing time, no pause of fight  
He gives, but presses on his flight ;  
Along the vaulted chambers, and the ascent  
Up to the emerald-tinted light of day,  
He harasses his way,  
'Till lifeless, underneath his grasp,  
The huge Sea-Monster lay.

That obstinate work is done ! Ladurlad cried,  
One labour yet remains !  
And thoughtfully he eyed  
Ereenia's ponderous chains ;  
And with faint effort, half-despairing, tried  
The rivets deep in-driven. Instinctively,  
As if in search of aid, he look'd around :  
Oh, then, how gladly, in the near alcove,

Fallen on the ground its lifeless Lord beside,  
The crescent scymitar he spied,  
Whose cloudy blade, with potent spells imbued,  
Had lain so many an age unhurt in solitude.

Joyfully springing there  
He seiz'd the weapon, and with eager stroke  
Hew'd at the chain ; the force was dealt in vain,  
For not as if through yielding air  
Past the descending scymitar,  
Its deaden'd way the heavy water broke ;  
Yet it bit deep. Again, with both his hands,  
He wields the blade, and dealt a surer blow.  
The baser metal yields  
To that fine edge, and lo ! the Glendoveer  
Rises and snaps the half-sever'd links, and stands  
Freed from his broken bands.

## XVII.

B A L Y.

This is the appointed night,  
The night of joy and consecrated mirth,  
When, from his judgement-seat in Padalon,  
By Yamen's throne,  
Baly goes forth, that he may walk the Earth  
Unseen, and hear his name  
Still hymn'd and honour'd by the grateful voice  
Of humankind, and in his fame rejoice.  
Therefore from door to door, and street to street,  
With willing feet,  
Shaking their firebrands, the glad children run ;



Baly ! great Baly ! they acclaim,  
Where'er they run they bear the mighty name,  
Where'er they meet,  
Baly ! great Baly ! still their choral tongues repeat.  
Therefore at every door the votive flame  
Through pendant lanthorns sheds its painted light,  
And rockets hissing upward through the sky,  
Fall like a shower of stars  
From Heaven's black canopy.  
Therefore, on yonder mountain's templed height,  
The brazen cauldron blazes through the night.  
Huge as a Ship that travels the main sea  
Is that capacious brass ; its wick as tall  
As is the mast of some great admiral.  
Ten thousand votaries bring  
Camphor and ghee to feed the sacred flame ;  
And while, through regions round, the nations see  
Its fiery pillar curling high in heaven,  
Baly ! great Baly ! they exclaim,  
For ever hallowed be his blessed name !  
Honour and praise to him for ever more be given !

Why art not thou among the festive throng,

Baly, O Mighty One ! to hear thy fame ?  
Still as of yore, with pageantry and song  
    The glowing streets along,  
    They celebrate thy name ;  
    Baly ! great Baly ! still  
The grateful habitants of Earth acclaim,  
    Baly ! great Baly ! still  
The ringing walls and echoing towers proclaim.  
From yonder mountain the portentous flame  
    Still blazes to the nations as before ;  
All things appear to human eyes the same,  
    As perfect as of yore ;  
To human eyes, . . but how unlike to thine !  
    Thine which were wont to see  
    The Company divine,  
That with their presence came to honour thee !  
    For all the blessed ones of mortal birth  
Who have been cloth'd with immortality,  
    From the eight corners of the Earth,  
    From the Seven Worlds assembling, all  
    Wont to attend thy solemn festival.  
    Then did thine eyes behold  
The wide air peopled with that glorious train,

Now may'st thou seek the blessed ones in vain,  
For Earth and Air are now beneath the Rajah's reign.

Therefore the Mighty One hath walk'd the Earth  
In sorrow and in solitude to-night.

The sound of human mirth

To him is no delight ;

He turns away from that ungrateful sight,

Hallowed not now by visitants divine,

And there he bends his melancholy way

Where, in yon full-orb'd Moon's refulgent light,

The Golden Towers of his old City shine

Above the silver sea. The mighty Chief

There bent his way in grief,

As if sad thoughts indulged would work their own relief.

There he beholds upon the sand

A lovely Maiden in the moonlight stand.

The land-breeze lifts her locks of jet,

The waves around her polish'd ancles play,

Her bosom with the salt sea-spray is wet ;

Her arms are crost, unconsciously, to fold

That bosom from the cold,

While statue-like she seems her watch to keep,  
Gazing intently on the restless deep.

Seven miserable days had Kailyal there,  
From earliest dawn till evening, watch'd the deep ;  
Six nights within the chamber of the rock,  
Had laid her down, and found in prayer  
That comfort which she sought in vain from sleep.

But when the seventh night came,  
Never should she behold her Father more,  
The wretched Maiden said in her despair ;  
Yet would not quit the shore,  
Nor turn her eyes one moment from the sea :

Never before  
Had Kailyal watch'd it so impatiently,  
Never so eagerly had hop'd before,  
As now when she believ'd, and said, all hope was o'er.

Beholding her, how beautiful she stood,  
In that wild solitude,  
Baly from his invisibility  
Had issued then, to know her cause of woe ;  
But that in the air beside her, he espied

Two Powers of Evil for her hurt allied,  
Foul Arvalan and dreadful Lorrinite.

The Mighty One they could not see,  
And marking with what demon-like delight  
They kept their innocent prey in sight,  
He waits, expecting what the end may be.

She starts ; for lo ! where floating many a rood,  
A Monster, hugest of the Ocean brood,  
Weltering and lifeless, drifts toward the shore.  
Backward she starts in fear before the flood,  
And, when the waves retreat,  
They leave their hideous burthen at her feet.

She ventures to approach with timid tread,  
She starts, and half draws back in fear,  
Then stops, and stretches on her head,  
To see if that huge Beast indeed be dead.  
Now growing bold, the Maid advances near,  
Even to the margin of the ocean-flood.  
Rightly she reads her Father's victory,  
And lifts her joyous hands, exultingly,

To Heaven in gratitude.

Then spreading them toward the Sea,  
While pious tears bedim her streaming eyes,  
Come ! come ! my Father, come to me !

Ereenia, come ! she cries.

Lo ! from the opening deep they rise,  
And to Ladurlad's arms the happy Kailyal flies.

She turn'd from him, to meet, with beating heart,  
The Glendoveer's embrace.

Now turn to me, for mine thou art !  
Foul Arvalan exclaim'd ; his loathsome face  
Came forth, and from the air,  
In fleshly form, he burst.  
Always in horror and despair,  
Had Kailyal seen that form and face accurst,  
But yet so sharp a pang had ne'er  
Shot with a thrill like death through all her frame,  
As now when on her hour of joy the Spectre came.

Vain is resistance now,  
The fiendish laugh of Lorrinite is heard :

And, at her dreadful word,  
The Asuras once again appear,  
And seize Ladurlad and the Glendoveer.

Hold your accursed hands !

A Voice exclaim'd, whose dread commands  
Were fear'd through all the vaults of Padalon ;  
And there among them, in the midnight air,  
The presence of the mighty Baly shone.

He, making manifest his mightiness,  
Put forth on every side an hundred arms,  
And seiz'd the Sorceress ; maugre all her charms,  
Her and her fiendish ministers he caught  
With force as uncontrollable as fate ;  
And that unhappy Soul, to whom  
The Almighty Rajah's power availeth not  
Living to avert, nor dead to mitigate  
His righteous doom.

Help, help, Kehama ! Father, help ! he cried,  
But Baly tarried not to abide  
That mightier One ; with irresistible feet  
He stamp and cleft the Earth ; it opened wide

And gave him way to his own judgement-seat.  
Down, like a plummet, to the World below  
He sunk, and bore his prey  
To righteous punishment, and endless woe.



## XVIII.

### KEHAMA'S DESCENT.

The Earth, by Baly's feet divided,  
Clos'd o'er his way as to the judgement seat  
He plunged and bore his prey.  
Scarce had the shock subsided,  
When, darting from the Swerga's heavenly heights,  
Kehama, like a thunderbolt, alights.  
In wrath he came, a bickering flame  
Flash'd from his eyes which made the moonlight dim,  
And passion forcing way from every limb,  
Like furnace-smoke, with terrors wrapt him round.  
Furious he smote the ground ;  
Earth trembled underneath the dreadful stroke,

Again in sunder riven ;  
He hurl'd in rage his whirling weapon down.  
But lo ! the fiery sheckra to his feet  
Return'd, as if by equal force re-driven,  
And from the abyss the voice of Baly came :  
Not yet, O Rajah, hast thou won  
The realms of Padalon !  
Earth and the Swerga are thine own,  
But, till Kehama shall subdue the throne  
Of Hell, in torments Yamen holds his son.

•

Fool that he is ! . . in torments let him lie !  
Kehama, wrathful at his son, replied.  
But what am I  
That thou should'st brave me ? . . kindling in his pride  
The dreadful Rajah cried.  
Ho ! Yamen ! hear me. God of Padalon,  
Prepare thy throne,  
And let the Amreeta cup  
Be ready for my lips, when I anon.  
Triumphantly shall take my seat thereon,  
And plant upon thy neck my royal feet.

In voice like thunder thus the Rajah cried,  
Impending o'er the abyss, with menacing hand  
Put forth, as in the action of command,  
And eyes that darted their red anger down.  
'Then drawing back he let the earth subside.  
And, as his wrath relax'd, survey'd,  
Thoughtful and silently, the mortal Maid.  
Her eye the while was on the farthest sky,  
Where up the ethereal height  
Ereenia rose and past away from sight.  
Never had she so joyfully  
Beheld the coming of the Glendoveer,  
Dear as he was and he deserv'd to be,  
As now she saw him rise and disappear.  
Come now what will, within her heart said she,  
For thou art safe, and what have I to fear?

Meantime the Almighty Rajah, late  
In power and majesty and wrath array'd,  
Had laid his terrors by  
And gaz'd upon the Maid.  
Pride could not quit his eye,  
Nor that remorseless nature from his front

Depart ; yet whoso had beheld him then  
Had felt some admiration mix'd with dread,  
And might have said .  
That sure he seem'd to be the King of Men ;  
Less than the greatest that he could not be,  
Who carried in his port such might and majesty.

In fear no longer for the Glendoveer,  
Now toward the Rajah Kailyal turn'd her eyes  
As if to ask what doom awaited her.  
But then surprise,  
Even as with fascination, held them there,  
So strange a thing it seem'd to see the change  
Of purport in that all-commanding brow,  
That thoughtfully was bent upon her now.  
Wondering she gaz'd, the while her Father's eye  
Was fix'd upon Kehama haughtily ;  
It spake defiance to him, high disdain,  
Stern patience, unsubduable by pain,  
And pride triumphant over agony.

Ladurlad, said the Rajah, thou and I  
Alike have done the work of Destiny,

Unknowing each to what the impulse tended ;  
But now that over Earth and Heaven my reign  
Is stablsh'd, and the ways of Fate are plain  
Before me, here our enmity is ended.

I take away thy Curse. . . As thus he said,  
The fire which in Ladurlad's heart and brain  
Was burning, fled, and left him free from pain.

So rapidly his torments were departed,  
That at the sudden ease he started,  
As with a shock, and to his head  
His hands up-fled,  
As if he felt through every failing limb  
The power and sense of life forsaking him.

Then turning to the Maid, the Rajah cried,  
O Virgin, above all of mortal birth  
Favour'd alike in beauty and in worth,  
And in the glories of thy destiny,  
Now let thy happy heart exult with pride,  
For Fate hath chosen thee  
To be Kehama's bride,  
To be the Queen of Heaven and Earth,  
And of whatever Worlds beside

Infinity may hide. . . For I can see  
The writing which, at thy nativity,  
All-knowing Nature wrought upon thy brain,  
In branching veins, which to the gifted eye  
Map out the mazes of futurity.  
There is it written, Maid, that thou and I,  
Alone of human kind a deathless pair,  
Are doom'd to share  
The Amreeta-drink divine  
Of immortality. Come, Maiden mine !  
High-fated One, ascend the subject sky,  
And by Kehama's side  
Sit on the Swerga throne, his equal bride.

Oh never, . . never . . Father ! Kailyal cried ;  
It is not as he saith, . . it cannot be !  
I ! . . I, his bride !  
Nature is never false ; he wrongeth her !  
My heart belies such lines of destiny.  
There is no other true interpreter !

At that reply Kehama's darkening brow  
Bewray'd the anger which he yet suppress.

Counsel thy daughter ; tell her thou art now  
Free from thy Curse, he said, and bid her bow  
In thankfulness to Fate's benign behest.

Bid her her stubborn will restrain,  
For Destiny at last must be obey'd ;  
And tell her, while obedience is delay'd,  
Thy Curse will burn again.

She needeth not my counsel, he replied,  
And idly, Rajah, dost thou reason thus  
Of Destiny ! for though all other things  
Were subject to the starry influencings,  
And bow'd submissive to thy tyranny,  
The virtuous heart, and resolute will are free.  
Thus in their wisdom did the Gods decree  
When they created Man. Let come what will,  
This is our rock of strength ; in every ill,  
Sorrow, oppression, pain and agony,  
The spirit of the good is unsubdued,  
And, suffer as they may, they triumph still.

Obstinate fools ! exclaim'd the Mighty One,  
Fate and my pleasure must be done,

And ye resist in vain !

'Take your fit guerdon till we meet again !

So saying, his vindictive hand he flung

Towards them, fill'd with curses, then on high

Aloft he sprung, and vanish'd through the Sky.



## XIX.

### MOUNT CALASAY.

The Rajah, scattering curses as he rose,  
Soar'd to the Swerga, and resum'd his throne.  
Not for his own redoubled agony,  
Which now through heart and brain,  
With renovated pain,  
Rush'd to its seat, Ladurlad breathes that groan,  
That groan is for his child ; he groan'd to see  
The lovely one defil'd with leprosy,  
Which, as the enemy vindictive fled,  
O'er all her frame with quick contagion spread.  
She, wondering at events so passing strange,  
And fill'd with hope and fear,

And joy to see the Tyrant disappear,  
And glad expectance of her Glendoveer,  
Perceiv'd not in herself the hideous change.  
His burning pain, she thought, had forced the groan  
Her father breath'd ; his agonies alone  
Were present to her mind ; she claspt his knees,  
Wept for his Curse, and did not feel her own.

Nor when she saw her plague, did her good heart,  
True to itself, even for a moment fail.  
Ha, Rajah ! with disdainful smile she cries,  
Mighty and wise and wicked as thou art,  
Still thy blind vengeance acts a friendly part.  
Shall I not thank thee for this scurf and scale  
Of dire deformity, whose loathsomeness,  
Surer than panoply of strongest mail,  
Arms me against all foes ? Oh, better so,  
Better such foul disgrace,  
• Than that this innocent face  
Should tempt thy wooing ! That I need not dread ;  
Nor ever impious foe  
Will offer outrage now, nor farther woe  
Will beauty draw on my unhappy head,

Safe through the unholy world may Kailyal go.  
Her face in virtuous pride  
Was lifted to the skies,  
As him and his poor vengeance she defied ;  
But earthward, when she ceas'd, she turn'd her eyes,  
As if she sought to hide  
The tear which in her own despite would rise.  
Did then the thought of her own Glendoveer  
Call forth that natural tear ?  
Was it a woman's fear,  
A thought of earthly love, which troubled her ?  
Like yon thin cloud amid the moonlight sky  
That flits before the wind  
And leaves no trace behind,  
The womanly pang past over Kailyal's mind.  
This is a loathsome sight to human eye,  
Half-shrinking at herself, the Maiden thought,  
Will it be so to him ? Oh surely not !  
The immortal Powers, who see  
Through the poor wrappings of mortality,  
Behold the soul, the beautiful soul, within,  
Exempt from age and wasting malady,  
And undeform'd, while pure and free from sin.

This is a loathsome sight to human eye,  
But not to eyes divine,  
Ereenia, Son of Heaven, oh not to thine !

The wrongful thought of fear, the womanly pain  
Had past away, her heart was calm again.  
She rais'd her head, expecting now to see  
The Glendoveer appear ;  
Where hath he fled, quoth she,  
That he should tarry now ? Oh had she known  
Whither the adventurous Son of Heaven was flown,  
Strong as her spirit was, it had not borne  
The awful thought, nor dar'd to hope for his return.

For he in search of Seeva's throne was gone  
To tell his tale of wrong ;  
In search of Seeva's own abode  
The daring one began his heavenly road.  
O wild emprise ! above the farthest skies  
He hop'd to rise !  
Him who is thron'd beyond the reach of thought,  
The Alone, the Inaccessible, he sought.  
O wild emprise ! for when in days of yore,

For proud pre-eminence of power,  
Brama and Veeshnoo, wild with rage, contended,  
And Seeva, in his might,  
Their dread contention ended ;

Before their sight  
In form a fiery column did he tower,  
Whose head above the highest height extended,  
Whose base below the deepest depth descended.

Downward, its depth to sound,  
Veeshnoo a thousand years explor'd  
The fathomless profound,  
And yet no base he found :  
Upward, to reach its head,  
Ten myriad years the aspiring Brama soar'd,  
And still, as up he fled,  
Above him still the Immeasurable spread.  
The rivals own'd their Lord,  
And trembled and ador'd.

How shall the Glendoveer attain  
What Brama and what Veeshnoo sought in vain ?

Ne'er did such thought of lofty daring enter  
Celestial Spirit's mind. O wild adventure

That throne to find, for he must leave behind  
This World, that in the centre,  
Within its salt-sea girdle, lies confin'd ;  
Yea the Seven Earths that, each with its own ocean,  
Ring clasping ring, compose the mighty round.

What power of motion,  
In less than endless years, shall bear him there,  
Along the limitless extent,  
To the utmost bound of the remotest spheres ?

What strength of wing  
Suffice to pierce the Golden Firmament  
That closes all within ?  
Yet he hath past the measureless extent,  
And pierced the Golden Firmament ;  
For Faith hath given him power, and Space and Time  
Vanish before that energy sublime.

Nor doth eternal Night,  
And outer Darkness, check his resolute flight ;  
By strong desire through all he makes his way,  
Till Seeva's Seat appears, . . behold Mount Calasay !

Behold the Silver Mountain ! round about  
Seven ladders stand, so high, the aching eye,

• Seeking their tops in vain amid the sky,  
Might deem they led from earth to highest heaven.

Ages would pass away,  
And Worlds with age decay,  
Ere one whose patient feet, from ring to ring  
Must win their upward way,  
Could reach the summit of Mount Calasay.  
But that strong power that nerv'd his wing,  
That all-surmounting will,  
Intensity of faith and holiest love,  
Sustain'd Ereenia still,  
And he hath gain'd the plain, the sanctuary above.

Lo, there the Silver Bell,  
That, self-sustain'd, hangs buoyant in the air !  
Lo ! the broad Table there, too bright  
For mortal sight,  
From whose four sides the bordering gems unite  
Their harmonizing rays,  
In one mid fount of many-colour'd light.  
The stream of splendour, flashing as it flows,  
Plays round, and feeds the stem of yon celestial Rose !  
Where is the Sage whose wisdom can declare

The hidden things of that mysterious flower,  
That flower which serves all mysteries to bear ?  
The sacred Triangle is there,  
Holding the Emblem which no tongue may tell.  
Is this the Heaven of Heavens, where Seeva's self doth dwell ?

Here first the Glendoveer  
Felt his wing flag, and paus'd upon his flight.  
Was it that fear came over him, when here  
He saw the imagin'd throne appear ?  
Not so, for his immortal sight  
Endur'd the Table's light ;  
Distinctly he beheld all things around,  
And doubt and wonder rose within his mind  
That this was all he found.  
Howbeit he lifted up his voice and spake.  
There is oppression in the World below ;  
Earth groans beneath the yoke ; yea, in her woe,  
She asks if the Avenger's eye is blind ?  
Awake, O Lord, awake !  
Too long thy vengeance sleepeth. Holy One !  
Put thou thy terrors on for mercy's sake,  
And strike the blow, in justice to mankind !



So as he pray'd, intenser faith he felt,  
His spirit seem'd to melt  
With ardent yearnings of increasing love ;  
Upward he turn'd his eyes  
As if there should be something yet above ;  
Let me not, Seeva ! seek in vain ! he cries,  
Thou art not here, .. for how should these contain thee ?  
Thou art not here, .. for how should I sustain thee ?  
But thou, where'er thou art,  
Canst hear the voice of prayer,  
Canst hear the humble heart.  
Thy dwelling who can tell,  
Or who, O Lord, hath seen thy secret throne ?  
But thou art not alone,  
Not unapproachable !  
O all-embracing Mind,  
Thou who art every where,  
Whom all who seek shall find,  
Hear me, O Seeva ! hear the suppliant's prayer !  
  
So saying, up he sprung  
And struck the Bell, which self-suspended hung  
Before the mystic Rose.

From side to side the silver tongue  
Melodious swung, and far and wide  
Soul-thrilling tones of heavenly music rung.  
Abash'd, confounded,  
It left the Glendoveer ; . . yea all astounded  
In overpowering fear and deep dismay ;  
For when that Bell had sounded,  
The Rose, with all the mysteries it surrounded,  
The Bell, the Table, and Mount Calasay,  
The holy Hill itself, with all thereon,  
Even as a morning dream before the day  
Dissolves away, they faded and were gone.

Where shall he rest his wing, where turn for flight,  
For all around is Light,  
Primal, essential, all-pervading Light !  
Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,  
Nor eyes of Angel bear  
That Glory unimaginably bright ;  
The Sun himself had seem'd  
A speck of darkness there,  
Amid that Light of Light !

Down fell the Glendoveer,  
Down through all regions, to our mundane sphere  
He fell ; but in his ear  
A voice, which from within him came, was heard,  
The indubitable word  
Of Him to whom all secret things are known :  
Go, ye who suffer, go to Yamen's throne.  
He hath the remedy for every woe ;  
He setteth right whate'er is wrong below.

## XX.

### THE EMBARKATION.

Down from the Heaven of Heavens Ereenia fell  
Precipitate, yet imperceptible  
His fall, nor had he cause nor thought of fear ;  
And when he came within this mundane sphere,  
And felt that Earth was near,  
The Glendoveer his azure wings expanded,  
And, sloping down the sky  
Toward the spot from whence he sprung on high,  
There on the shore he landed.

Kailyal advanced to meet him,  
Not moving now as she was wont to greet him,

Joy in her eye and in her eager pace ;  
With a calm smile of melancholy pride  
She met him now, and, turning half aside,  
Her warning hand repell'd the dear embrace.  
Strange things, Ereenia, have befallen us here,  
The Virgin said ; the Almighty Man hath read  
The lines which, traced by Nature on my brain,

There to the gifted eye  
Make all my fortunes plain,  
Mapping the mazes of futurity.

He sued for peace, for it is written there  
That I with him the Amreeta cup must share,  
Wherefore he bade me come, and by his side  
Sit on the Swerga-throne, his equal bride.

I need not tell thee what reply was given ;  
My heart, the sure interpreter of Heaven,

His impious words belied.  
Thou seest his poor revenge ! So having said,  
One look she glanced upon her leprous stain  
Indignantly, and shook  
Her head in calm disdain.

O Maid of soul divine !

O more than ever dear,  
And more than ever mine,  
Replied the Glendoveer ;  
He hath not read, be sure, the mystic ways  
Of Fate ; almighty as he is, that maze  
Hath mock'd his fallible sight.  
Said he the Amreeta-cup ? So far aright  
The Evil One may see ; for Fate displays  
Her hidden things in part, and part conceals,  
Baffling the wicked eye  
Alike with what she hides, and what reveals,  
When with unholy purpose it would pry  
Into the secrets of futurity.  
So may it be permitted him to see  
Dimly the inscrutable decree ;  
For to the World below,  
Where Yamen guards the Amreeta, we must go ;  
Thus Seeva hath exprest his will, even he  
The Holiest hath ordain'd it ; there, he saith,  
All wrongs shall be redrest  
By Yamen, by the righteous Power of Death.

Forthwith the Father and the fated Maid

And that heroic Spirit, who for them  
Such flight had late essay'd,  
The will of Heaven obey'd.  
They went their way along the road  
That leads to Yamen's dread abode.

Many a day hath past away  
Since they began their arduous way,  
Their way of toil and pain ;  
And now their weary feet attain  
The Earth's remotest bound  
Where outer Ocean girds it round.  
But not like other Oceans this,  
Rather it seem'd a drear abyss,  
Upon whose brink they stood.  
Oh, scene of fear ! the travellers hear  
The raging of the flood ;  
They hear how fearfully it roars,  
But clouds of darker shade than night  
For ever hovering round those shores,  
Hide all things from their sight ;  
The Sun upon that darkness pours  
His unavailing light,

Nor ever Moon nor Stars display,  
Through the thick shade, one guiding ray  
To show the perils of the way.

There, in a creek, a vessel lay.  
Just on the confines of the day,  
It rode at anchor in its bay,  
These venturous pilgrims to convey  
Across that outer Sea.  
Strange vessel sure it seem'd to be,  
And all unfit for such wild sea !  
For through its yawning side the wave  
Was oozing in ; the mast was frail,  
And old and torn its only sail.  
How shall that crazy vessel brave  
The billows, that in wild commotion  
For ever roar and rave ?  
How hope to cross the dreadful Ocean,  
O'er which eternal shadows dwell,  
Whose secrets none return to tell !

Well might the travellers fear to enter !  
But summon'd once on that adventure,



For them was no retreat.  
Nor boots it with reluctant feet  
To linger on the strand ;  
Aboard ! aboard !  
An awful voice, that left no choice,  
Sent forth its stern command,  
Aboard ! aboard !  
The travellers hear that voice in fear,  
And breathe to Heaven an inward prayer,  
And take their seats in silence there.

Self-hoisted then, behold the sail  
. Expands itself before the gale ;  
Hands, which they cannot see, let slip  
The cable of that fated ship ;  
The land-breeze sends her on her way,  
And lo ! they leave the living light of day !

XXI.  
THE WORLD'S END.

Swift as an arrow in its flight  
The Ship shot through the incumbent night ;  
And they have left behind  
The raging billows and the roaring wind,  
The storm, the darkness, and all mortal fears ;  
And lo ! another light  
To guide their way appears,  
The light of other spheres.

That instant, from Ladurlad's heart and brain  
The Curse was gone ; he feels again  
Fresh as in Youth's fair morning, and the Maid  
Hath lost her leprous stain.

The Mighty One hath no dominion here,  
Starting she cried ; O happy, happy hour !

We are beyond his power !

Then raising to the Glendoveer,  
With heavenly beauty bright, her angel face,  
Turn'd not reluctant now, and met his dear embrace.

Swift glides the Ship, with gentle motion,  
Across that calm and quiet ocean ;  
That glassy sea, which seem'd to be  
The mirror of tranquillity.

Their pleasant passage soon was o'er,  
The Ship hath reach'd its destin'd shore ;  
A level belt of ice which bound,  
As with an adamantine mound,  
The waters of the sleeping Ocean round.

Strange forms were on the strand  
Of earth-born spirits slain before their time ;  
Who, wandering over sea and sky and land,  
Had so fulfill'd their term ; and now were met  
Upon this icy belt, a motley band,  
Waiting their summons, at the appointed hour  
When each before the judgement-seat must stand,

And hear his doom from Baly's righteous power.

Foul with habitual crimes, a hideous crew  
Were there, the race of rapine and of blood.

Now, having overpast the mortal flood,  
Their own deformity they knew,  
And knew the meed that to their deeds was due.

Therefore in fear and agony they stood,  
Expecting when the evil Messenger  
Among them should appear. But with their fear

A hope was mingled now ;  
O'er the dark shade of guilt a deeper hue  
It threw, and gave a fiercer character  
To the wild eye and lip and sinful brow.  
They hop'd that soon Kehama would subdue  
The inexorable God, and seize his throne,  
Reduce the infernal World to his command,  
And, with his irresistible right hand,  
Redeem them from the vaults of Padalon.

Apart from these a milder company,  
The victims of offences not their own,  
Look'd when the appointed Messenger should come ;

Gathered together some, and some alone  
Brooding in silence on their future doom.  
Widows whom, to their husbands funeral fire,  
Force or strong error led, to share the pyre,  
As to their everlasting marriage-bed :  
And babes, by sin unstain'd,  
Whom erring parents vow'd  
To Ganges, and the holy stream profan'd  
With that strange sacrifice, rite unordain'd  
By Law, by sacred Nature unallow'd :  
Others more hapless in their destiny,  
Scarce having first inhaled this vital breath,  
Whose cradles from some tree  
Unnatural hands suspended,  
Then left, till gentle Death,  
Coming like Sleep, their feeble moanings ended ;  
Or for his prey the ravenous Kite descended ;  
Or, marching like an army from their caves,  
'The Pismires blacken'd o'er, then bleach'd and bare  
Left their unhardened bones to fall asunder there.

Innocent Souls ! thus set so early free  
From sin and sorrow and mortality,

Their spotless spirits all-creating Love  
Receiv'd into its universal breast.

Yon blue serene above  
Was their domain ; clouds pillowed them to rest ;  
The Elements on them like nurses tended,  
And with their growth ethereal substance blended.  
Less pure than these is that strange Indian bird  
Who never dips in earthly streams her bill,  
But, when the sound of coming showers is heard,  
Looks up, and from the clouds receives her fill.  
Less pure the footless fowl of Heaven, that never  
Rest upon earth, but on the wing for ever  
Hovering o'er flowers, their fragrant food inhale,  
Drink the descending dew upon its way,  
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale.

And thus these innocents in yonder sky  
Grow and are strengthen'd, while the allotted years  
Perform their course, then hitherward they fly,  
Being free from mortal taint, so free from fears,  
A joyous band, expecting soon to soar  
To Indra's happy spheres,  
And mingle with the blessed company  
Of heavenly spirits there for evermore.

A Gulph profound surrounded  
This icy belt ; the opposite side  
With highest rocks was bounded ;  
But where their heads they hide,  
Or where their base is founded,  
None could espy. Above all reach of sight  
They rose, the second Earth was on their height,  
Their feet were fix'd in everlasting night.

So deep the Gulph, no eye  
Could plum its dark profundity,  
Yet all its depth must try ; for this the road  
To Padalon, and Yamen's dread abode.  
And from below continually  
Ministrant Demons rose and caught  
The Souls whose hour was come ;  
Then, with their burthen fraught,  
Plunged down, and bore them to receive their doom.

Then might be seen who went in hope, and who  
Trembled to meet the meed  
Of many a foul misdeed, as wild they threw  
Their arms retorted from the Demon's grasp,

And look'd around, all eagerly, to seek  
For help, where help was none ; and strove for aid  
To clasp the nearest shade ;  
Yea, with imploring looks and horrent shriek,  
Even from one Demon to another bending,  
With hands extending,  
Their mercy they essay'd.  
Still from the verge they strain,  
And from the dreadful gulph avert their eyes,  
In vain ; down plunge the Demons, and their cries  
Feebly, as down they sink, from that profound arise.

What heart of living man could, undisturb'd,  
Bear sight so sad as this ! What wonder there  
If Kailyal's lip were blanch'd with inmost dread !  
The chill which from that icy belt  
Struck through her, was less keen than what she felt  
With her heart's-blood through every limb dispread.  
Close to the Glendoveer she clung,  
And clasping round his neck her trembling hands,  
She clos'd her eyes, and there in silence hung.

Then to Ladurlad, said the Glendoveer,



These Demons, whom thou seest, the ministers  
Of Yamen, wonder to behold us here ;  
But for the dead they come, and not for us :  
Therefore, albeit they gaze upon thee thus,  
Have thou no fear.

A little while thou must be left alone,  
Till I have borne thy Daughter down,  
And placed her safely by the throne  
Of him who keeps the Gate of Padalon.

Then taking Kailyal in his arms, he said,  
Be of good heart, Beloved ! it is I  
Who bear thee. Saying this, his wings he spread,  
Sprung upward in the sky, and pois'd his flight,  
Then plunged into the Gulph, and sought the World of Night.

## XXII.

### THE GATE OF PADALON.

The strong foundations of this inmost Earth  
Rest upon Padalon. That icy Mound  
Which girt the mortal Ocean round,  
Reach'd the profound, . .  
Ice in the regions of the upper air,  
Crystal midway and adamant below,  
Whose strength sufficed to bear  
The weight of all this upper World of ours,  
And with its rampart clos'd the Realm of Woe.  
Eight gates hath Padalon ; eight heavenly Powers  
Have them in charge, each alway at his post,  
Lest, from their penal caves, the accursed host,

Maugre the might of Baly and the God,  
Should break, and carry ruin all abroad.

Those gates stand ever open, night and day,  
And Souls of mortal men  
For ever throng the way.  
Some from the dolorous den,  
Children of sin and wrath return no more :  
They, fit companions of the Spirits accurst,  
Are doom'd, like them in baths of fire immerst,  
Or weltering upon beds of molten ore,  
Or, stretch'd upon the brazen floor,  
Are fasten'd down with adamantine chains ;  
While, on their substance unconsumable,  
Leeches of fire for ever hang and pull,  
And worms of fire for ever gnaw their food,  
That, still renew'd,  
Freshens for ever their perpetual pains.

Others there were whom Baly's voice condemn'd,  
By long and painful penance, to atone  
Their fleshly deeds. Them, from the Judgement-Throne,  
Dread Azyoruca, where she sat involv'd

In darkness as a tent, receiv'd, and dealt  
To each the measure of his punishment ;  
Till, in the central springs of fire, the Will  
Impure is purged away ; and the freed soul,  
Thus fitted to receive its second birth,  
Embodied once again, revisits Earth.

But they whom Baly's righteous voice absolv'd,  
And Yamen, viewing with benignant eye,  
Dismiss'd to seek their heritage on high,  
How joyfully they leave this gloomy bourne,  
The dread sojourn  
Of Guilt and twin-born Punishment and Woe,  
And wild Remorse, here link'd with worse Despair !  
They to the eastern Gate rejoicing go :  
The Ship of Heaven awaits their coming there,  
And on they sail, greeting the blessed light  
Through realms of upper air,  
Bound for the Swerga once ; but now no more  
Their voyage rests upon that happy shore,  
Since Indra, by the dreadful Rajah's might  
Compell'd, hath taken flight,  
On to the second World their way they wend,

And there, in trembling hope, await the doubtful end.

For still in them doth hope predominate,  
Faith's precious privilege, when higher Powers  
Give way to fear in these portentous hours.

Behold the Wardens eight,  
Each silent at his gate  
Expectant stands ; they turn their anxious eyes  
Within, and, listening to the dizzy din  
Of mutinous uproar, each in all his hands  
Holds all his weapons, ready for the fight.

For, hark ! what clamorous cries  
Upon Kehama, for deliverance, call !  
Come, Rajah ! they exclaim, too long we groan  
In torments. Come, Deliverer ! yonder throne  
Awaits thee. . . Now, Kehama ! Rajah, now !  
Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarriest thou ? . .  
Such were the sounds that rung, in wild uproar,  
O'er all the echoing vaults of Padalon ;  
And as the Asuras from the brazen floor,  
Struggling against their fetters, strove to rise,  
Their clashing chains were heard, and shrieks and cries,  
With curses mix'd, against the Fiends who urge,

Fierce on their rebel limbs, the avenging scourge.

These were the sounds which, at the southern gate,  
Assail'd Ereenia's ear ; alighting here  
He laid before Neroodi's feet the Maid,  
Who, pale and cold with fear,  
Hung on his neck, well-nigh a lifeless weight.

Who and what art thou ? cried the Guardian Power,  
Sight so unwonted wondering to behold, . .

O Son of Light !

Who comest here at this portentous hour,  
When Yamen's throne  
Trembles, and all our might can scarce keep down  
The rebel race from seizing Padalon : . . .

Who and what art thou, and what wild despair,  
Or wilder hope, from realms of upper air,  
Tempts thee to bear  
This mortal Maid to our forlorn abodes ?  
Fitter for her, I ween, the Swerga bowers,  
And sweet society of heavenly Powers,  
Than this, . . a doleful scene,  
Even in securest hours.

And whither would ye go ?  
Alas ! can human or celestial ear,  
Unmadden'd, hear  
The shrieks and yellings of infernal woe ?  
Can living flesh and blood  
Endure the passage of the fiery flood ?

Lord of the Gate, replied the Glendoveer,  
We come obedient to the will of Fate ;  
And haply doom'd to bring  
Hope and salvation to the Infernal King,  
For Seeva sends us here.

Even He to whom futurity is known,  
The Holiest, bade us go to Yamen's throne.  
Thou seest my precious charge ;  
Under thy care, secure from harm, I leave her,  
While I ascend to bear her father down.  
Beneath the shelter of thine arm receive her !

Then quoth he to the Maid,  
Be of good chear, my Kailyal ! dearest dear,  
In faith subdue thy dread,  
Anon I shall be here. So having said,

Aloft, with vigorous bound, the Glendoveer  
Sprung in celestial might,  
And soaring up, in spiral circles, wound  
His indefatigable flight.

But, as he thus departed,  
The Maid, who at Neroodi's feet was lying,  
Like one entranced or dying,  
Recovering strength from sudden terror, started ;  
And gazing after him with straining sight,  
And straining arms, she stood,  
As if in attitude  
To win him back from flight.  
Yea, she had shap'd his name  
For utterance, to recall and bid him stay,  
Nor leave her thus alone ; but virtuous shame  
Repress the unbidden sounds upon their way ;  
And calling faith to aid,  
Even in this fearful hour, the pious Maid  
Collected courage, till she seem'd to be  
Calm and in hope, such power hath piety.  
Before the Giant Keeper of the Gate  
She crost her patient arms, and at his feet



Prepar'd to meet  
The awful will of Fate with equal mind,  
She took her seat resign'd.

Even the stern trouble of Neroodi's brow  
Relax'd as he beheld the valiant Maid.  
Hope, long unfelt till now,  
Rose in his heart reviving, and a smile  
Dawn'd in his brightening countenance, the while  
He gaz'd on her with wonder and delight.  
The blessing of the Powers of Padalon,  
Virgin, be on thee ! cried the admiring God ;  
And blessed be the hour that gave thee birth,  
Daughter of Earth,  
For thou to this forlorn abode hast brought  
Hope, who too long hath been a stranger here.  
And surely for no lamentable lot,  
Nature, who erreth not,  
To thee that heart of fortitude hath given,  
Those eyes of purity, that face of love : . .  
If thou beest not the inheritrix of Heaven,  
There is no truth above.

Thus as Neroodi spake, his brow severe  
Shone with an inward joy ; for sure he thought  
When Seeva sent so fair a creature here,  
In this momentous hour,  
Ere long the World's deliverance would be wrought,  
And Padalon escape the Rajah's power.  
With pious mind the Maid, in humble guise  
Inclin'd, receiv'd his blessing silently,  
And rais'd her grateful eyes  
A moment, then again  
Abas'd them at his presence. Hark ! on high  
The sound of coming wings ! . . her ~~anxious~~ ears  
Have caught the distant sound. Ereenia brings  
His burthen down ! Upstarting from her seat,  
How joyfully she rears  
Her eager head ! and scarce upon the ground  
Ladurlad's giddy feet their footing found,  
When, with her trembling arms, she claspt him round.  
No word of greeting,  
Nor other sign of joy at that strange meeting.  
Expectant of their fate,  
Silent, and hand in hand,  
Before the Infernal Gate,

The Father and his heavenly Daughter stand.

Then to Neroodi said the Glendoveer,  
No Heaven-born Spirit e'er hath visited  
This region drear and dread ; but I, the first  
Who tread your World accurst.  
Lord of the Gate, to whom these realms are known,  
Direct our fated way to Yamen's throne.

Bring forth my Chariot, Carmala ! quoth then  
The Keeper of the way.  
It was the Car wherein  
On Yamen's festal day,  
When all the Powers of Hell attend their King,  
Yearly to Yamenpur did he repair  
To pay his homage there.  
Pois'd on a single wheel, it mov'd along,  
Instinct with motion ; by what wonderous skill  
Compact, no human tongue could tell,  
Nor human wit devise ; but on that wheel  
Moving or still,  
As if an inward life sustain'd its weight,  
Supported, stood the Car of miracle.

Then Carmala brought forth two mantles, white  
As the swan's breast, and bright as mountain snow,

When from the wintry sky  
The sun, late-rising, shines upon the height,  
And rolling vapours fill the vale below.  
Not without pain the unaccustom'd sight  
That brightness could sustain ;  
For neither mortal stain,  
Nor parts corruptible, remain,  
Nor aught that time could touch, or force destroy,  
In that pure web whereof the robes were wrought ;  
So long had it in ten-fold fires been tried,  
And blanch'd, and to that brightness purified.

Apparell'd thus, alone,  
Children of Earth, Neroodi cried,  
In safety may ye pass to Yamen's throne.  
Thus only can your living flesh and blood  
Endure the passage of the fiery flood.

Of other frame, O Son of Heaven, art thou !  
Yet hast thou now to go  
Through regions which thy heavenly mould will try.  
Glories unutterably bright, I know,

And beams intense of empyrean light,  
Thine eye divine can bear : but fires of woe,  
The sight of torments, and the cry  
Of absolute despair,  
Might not these things dismay thee on thy flight,  
And thy strong pennons flag and fail thee there ?  
Trust not thy wings, celestial though thou art,  
Nor thy good heart, which horror might assail  
And pity quail,  
Pity in these abodes of no avail ;  
But take thy seat this mortal pair beside,  
And Carmala the infernal Car will guide.  
Go, and may happy end your way betide !  
So, as he spake, the self-mov'd Car roll'd on,  
And lo ! they pass the Gate of Padalon.

### XXIII.

#### PADALON.

Whoe'er hath lov'd with venturous step to tread  
    The chambers dread  
Of some deep cave, and seen his taper's beam  
    Lost in the arch of darkness overhead,  
        And mark'd its gleam,  
    Playing afar upon the sunless stream,  
        Where, from their secret bed,  
And course unknown and inaccessible,  
    The silent waters well ;  
Whoe'er hath trod such caves of endless night,  
He knows, when measuring back the gloomy way,  
    With what delight refresh'd, his eye

Perceives the shadow of the light of day,  
Through the far portal slanting, where it falls  
Dimly reflected on the watry walls ;  
How heavenly seems the sky,  
And how, with quicken'd feet, he hastens up,  
Eager again to greet  
The living World, and blessed sunshine there,  
And drink, as from a cup  
Of joy, with thirsty lips, the open air.

Far other light than that of day there shone  
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.  
They, too, in darkness entered on their way,  
But, far before the Car,  
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,  
Fill'd all before them. 'Twas a light which made  
Darkness itself appear  
A thing of comfort, and the sight, dismay'd,  
Shrunk inward from the molten atmosphere.  
Their way was through the adamantine rock  
Which girt the World of Woe ; on either side  
Its massive walls arose, and overhead  
Arch'd the long passage ; onward as they ride,

With stronger glare, the light around them spread,  
And lo ! the regions dread,  
The World of Woe before them, opening wide.

There rolls the fiery flood,  
Girding the realms of Padalon around.  
A sea of flame it seem'd to be,  
Sea without bound ;  
For neither mortal, nor immortal sight,  
Could pierce across through that intensest light.  
A single rib of steel,  
Keen as the edge of keenest scymitar,  
Spann'd this wide gulph of fire. The infernal Car  
Roll'd to the Gulph, and on its single wheel  
Self-balanced, rose upon that edge of steel.  
Red-quivering float the vapours overhead,  
The fiery gulph beneath them spread,  
Tosses its billowing blaze with rush and roar ;  
Steady and swift the self-mov'd Chariot went,  
Winning the long ascent,  
Then, downward rolling, gains the farther shore.

But, oh ! what sounds and sights of woe,



What sights and sounds of fear,  
Assail the mortal travellers here !  
Their way was on a causey straight and wide,  
Where penal vaults on either side were seen,  
Ranged like the cells wherein  
Those wonderous winged alchemists infold  
Their stores of liquid gold.  
Thick walls of adamant divide  
The dungeons ; and from yonder circling flood,  
Off-streams of fire through secret channels glide  
And wind among them, and in each provide  
An everlasting food  
Of righteous torments for the accursed brood.

These were the rebel race, who, in their might  
Confiding impiously, would fain have driven  
The Deities supreme from highest Heaven ;  
But by the Suras, in celestial fight,  
Oppos'd and put to flight,  
Here, in their penal dens, the accursed crew,  
Not for its crime, but for its failure, rue  
Their wild ambition. Yet again they long  
The contest to renew,

And wield their arms again in happier hour ;  
And with united power,  
Following Kehama's triumph, to press on  
From World to World, and Heaven to Heaven, and Sphere  
To Sphere, till Hemakoot shall be their own,  
And Meru Mount, and Indra's Swerga-Bowers,  
And Brama's region, where the heavenly Hours  
Weave the vast circle of his age-long day.  
Even over Veeshnoo's empyreal seat  
They trust the Rajah shall extend their sway,  
And that the seven-headed Snake, whereon  
The strong Preserver sets his conquering feet,  
Will rise and shake him headlong from his throne,  
When, in their irresistible array,  
Amid the Milky Sea, they force their way.  
Even higher yet their frantic thoughts aspire,  
Yea, on their beds of torment as they lie,  
The highest, holiest Seeva, they defy,  
And tell him they shall have anon their day,  
When they will storm his realm, and seize Mount Calasay.

Such impious hopes torment  
Their raging hearts, impious and impotent ;

And now, with unendurable desire  
And lust of vengeance, that, like inward fire,  
Doth aggravate their punishment, they rave  
Upon Kehama ; him the accursed rout  
Acclaim ; with furious cries and maddening shout  
They call on him to save ;  
Kehama ! they exclaim ;  
Thundering, the dreadful echo rolls about,  
And Hell's whole vault repeats Kehama's name.

Over these dens of punishment, the host  
Of Padalon maintain eternal guard,  
Keeping upon the walls their vigilant ward.  
At every angle stood  
A watch-tower, the decurion Demon's post,  
Where, rais'd on high, he view'd with sleepless eye  
His trust, that all was well. And over these,  
Such was the perfect discipline of Hell,  
Captains of fifties and of hundreds held  
Authority, each in his loftier tower ;  
And chiefs of legions over them had power ;  
And thus all Hell with towers was girt around.  
Aloft the brazen turrets shone

In the red light of Padalon,  
And on the walls between,  
Dark moving, the infernal Guards were seen,  
Gigantic Demons pacing to and fro ;  
Who ever and anon,  
Spreading their crimson pennons, plunged below,  
Faster to rivet down the Asuras' chains ;  
And with the snaky scourge and fiercer pains,  
Repress their rage rebellious. Loud around,  
In mingled sound, the echoing lash, the clash  
Of chains, the ponderous hammer's iron stroke,  
With execrations, groans, and shrieks and cries  
Combin'd, in one wild dissonance, arise ;  
And through the din there broke,  
Like thunder heard through all the warring winds,  
The dreadful name. Kehama, still they rave,  
Hasten and save !  
Now, now, Deliverer ! now, Kehama, now !  
Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarriest thou !

Oh, if that name abhorr'd,  
Thus utter'd, could well nigh  
Dismay the Powers of Hell, and daunt their Lord,

How fearfully to Kailyal's ear it came !

She, as the Car roll'd on its rapid way,  
Bent down her head, and clos'd her eyes for dread ;  
And deafening, with strong effort from within,  
Her ears against the din,

Cover'd, and prest them close with both her hands.

Sure if the mortal Maiden had not fed  
On heavenly food, and long been strengthened  
With heavenly converse for such end vouchsaf'd,  
Her human heart had fail'd, and she had died  
Beneath the horrors of this awful hour.

But Heaven supplied a power  
Beyond her earthly nature, to the measure  
Of need infusing strength ;  
And Fate, whose secret and unerring pleasure  
Appointed all, decreed  
An ample meed and recompense at length.

High-fated Maid, the righteous hour is nigh !

The all-embracing Eye  
Of Retribution still beholdeth thee ;  
Bear onward to the end, O Maid, courageously !

On roll'd the Car, and lo ! afar

Upon its height the Towers of Yamenpur  
Rise on the astonish'd sight.  
Behold the Infernal City, Yamen's seat  
Of empire, in the midst of Padalon,  
Where the eight causeys meet.  
There on a rock of adamant it stood,  
Resplendent far and wide,  
Itself of solid diamond edified,  
And all around it roll'd the fiery flood.  
Eight bridges arch'd the stream ; huge piles of brass  
Magnificent, such structures as beseem  
The Seat and Capital of such great God,  
Worthy of Yamen's own august abode.  
A brazen tower and gateway at each end .  
Of each was rais'd, where Giant Wardens stood,  
Station'd in arms the passage to defend,  
That never foe might cross the fiery flood.

Oh what a gorgeous sight it was to see  
The Diamond City blazing on its height  
With more than mid-sun splendour, by the light  
Of its own fiery river !  
Its towers and domes and pinnacles and spires,

Turrets and battlements, that flash and quiver  
Through the red restless atmosphere for ever.

And hovering over head,

The smoke and vapours of all Padalon,  
Fit firmament for such a world, were spread,  
With surge and swell, and everlasting motion,  
Heaving and opening like tumultuous ocean.

Nor were there wanting there  
Such glories as beseem'd such region well ;  
For though with our blue heaven and genial air  
The firmament of Hell might not compare,  
As little might our earthly tempests vie  
With the dread storms of that infernal sky,  
Whose clouds of all metallic elements  
Sublim'd were full. For, when its thunder broke,  
Not all the united World's artillery,  
In one discharge, could equal that loud stroke ;  
And though the Diamond Towers and Battlements  
Stood firm upon their adamantine rock,  
Yet, while it vollied round the vault of Hell,  
Earth's solid arch was shaken with the shock,  
And Cities in one mighty ruin fell.

Through the red sky terrific meteors scour ;  
Huge stones come hailing down ; or sulphur-shower,  
Floating amid the lurid air like snow,  
Kindles in its descent,  
And with blue fire-drops rains on all below.  
At times the whole supernal element  
Igniting, burst in one vast sheet of flame,  
And roar'd as with the sound  
Of rushing winds, above, below, around ;  
Anon the flame was spent, and overhead  
A heavy cloud of moving darkness spread.

Straight to the brazen bridge and gate  
The self-mov'd Chariot bears its mortal load.  
At sight of Carmala,  
On either side the Giant guards divide,  
And give the chariot way.  
Up yonder winding road it rolls along,  
Swift as the bittern soars on spiral wing,  
And lo ! the Palace of the Infernal King !

Two forms inseparable in unity  
Hath Yamen ; even as with hope or fear



The Soul regardeth him doth he appear,  
For hope and fear,  
At that dread hour, from ominous conscience spring,  
And err not in their bodings. Therefore some,  
They who polluted with offences come,  
Behold him as the King  
Of Terrors, black of aspect, red of eye,  
Reflecting back upon the sinful mind,  
Heighten'd with vengeance, and with wrath divine,  
Its own inborn deformity.  
But to the righteous Spirit how benign  
His awful countenance,  
Where, tempering justice with parental love,  
Goodness and heavenly grace  
And sweetest mercy shine ! Yet is he still  
Himself the same, one form, one face, one will ;  
And these his twofold aspects are but one ;  
And change is none  
In him, for change in Yamen could not be,  
The Immutable is he.

He sate upon a marble sepulchre  
Massive and huge, where, at the Monarch's feet,

The righteous Baly had his judgement-seat.  
A Golden Throne before them vacant stood ;  
Three human forms sustain'd its ponderous weight,  
With lifted hands outspread, and shoulders bow'd  
Bending beneath their load.

A fourth was wanting. They were of the hue  
Of coals of fire ; yet were they flesh and blood,  
And living breath they drew ;  
And their red eye-balls roll'd with ghastly stare,  
As thus, for their misdeeds, they stood tormented there.

On steps of gold those fiery Statues stood,  
Who bore the Golden Throne. A cloud behind  
Immoveable was spread ; not all the light  
Of all the flames and fires of Padalon  
Could pierce its depth of night.

There Azyoruca veil'd her awful form  
In those eternal shadows : there she sate,  
And as the trembling Souls, who crowd around  
The Judgement-Seat, receiv'd the doom of fate,  
Her giant arms, extending from the cloud,  
Drew them within the darkness. Moving out,  
To grasp and bear away the innumerable rout,

For ever and for ever, thus were seen  
The thousand mighty arms of that dread Queen.

Here, issuing from the car, the Glendoveer  
Did homage to the God, then rais'd his head.

Suppliants we come, he said,  
I need not tell thee by what wrongs oppress,  
For nought can pass on earth to thee unknown ;  
Sufferers from tyranny we seek for rest,  
And Seeva bade us go to Yamen's throne ;  
Here, he hath said, all wrongs shall be redrest.  
Yamen replied, Even now the hour draws near,  
When Fate its hidden ways will manifest.  
Not for light purpose would the Wisest send  
His suppliants here, when we, in doubt and fear,  
The awful issue of the hour attend.  
Wait ye in patience and in faith the end !

## XXIV.

### THE AMREETA.

So spake the King of Padalon, when, lo !  
The voice of lamentation ceas'd in Hell,  
And sudden silence all around them fell,  
    Silence more wild and terrible  
Than all the infernal dissonance before.  
Through that portentous stillness, far away,  
Unwonted sounds were heard, advancing on  
    And deepening on their way ;  
    For now the inexorable hour  
Was come, and, in the fullness of his power,  
Now that the dreadful rites had all been done,

Kehama from the Swerga hastened down,  
To seize upon the throne of Padalon.

He came in all his might and majesty,  
With all his terrors clad, and all his pride ;  
And, by the attribute of Deity,  
Which he had won from Heaven, self-multiplied,  
The dreadful One appear'd on every side.

In the same indivisible point of time,  
At the eight Gates he stood at once, and beat  
The Warden-Gods of Hell beneath his feet ;  
Then, in his brazen Cars of triumph, straight,  
At the same moment, drove through every gate.

By Aullays, hugest of created kind,  
Fiercest, and fleetest than the viewless wind,  
His Cars were drawn, ten yokes of ten abreast, ..  
What less sufficed for such almighty weight ?

Eight bridges from the fiery flood arose  
Growing before his way ; and on he goes,  
And drives the thundering Chariot-wheels along,  
At once o'er all the roads of Padalon.

Silent and motionless remain

The Asuras on their bed of pain,  
Waiting, with breathless hope, the great event.  
All Hell was hush'd in dread,  
Such awe that Omnipresent coming spread ;  
Nor had its voice been heard, though all its rout  
Innumerable had lifted up one shout ;  
Nor if the infernal firmament  
Had, in one unimaginable burst,  
Spent its collected thunders, had the sound  
Been audible, such louder terrors went  
Before his forms substantial. Round about  
The presence scattered lightnings far and wide,  
That quench'd on every side,  
With their intensest blaze, the feebler fire  
Of Padalon, even as the stars go out,  
When, with prodigious light,  
Some blazing meteor fills the astonish'd night.

The Diamond City shakes ;  
The adamantine Rock  
Is loosen'd with the shock ;  
From its foundation mov'd; it heaves and quakes ;  
The brazen portals crumbling fall to dust ;

Prone fall the Giant Guards  
Beneath the Aullays crush'd ;  
On, on, through Yamenpur, their thundering feet  
Speed from all points to Yamen's judgement-seat.

And lo ! where multiplied,  
Behind, before him, and on every side,  
Wielding all weapons in his countless hands,  
Around the Lord of Hell Kehama stands !  
Then, too, the Lord of Hell put forth his might :  
Thick darkness, blacker than the blackest night,  
Rose from their wrath, and veil'd  
The unutterable fight.

The power of Fate and Sacrifice prevail'd,  
And soon the strife was done.  
Then did the Man-God re-assume  
His unity, absorbing into one  
The consubstantiate shapes ; and as the gloom  
Opened, fallen Yamen on the ground was seen,  
His neck beneath the conquering Rajah's feet,  
Who on the marble tomb  
Had his triumphal seat.

Silent the Man-Almighty sate ; asmile

Gleam'd on his dreadful lips, the while  
Dallying with power, he paus'd from following up  
His conquest, as a man in social hour  
Sips of the grateful cup,  
Again and yet again, with curious taste,  
Searching its subtle flavour ere he drink :  
Even so Kehama now forbore his haste ;  
Having within his reach whate'er he sought,  
On his own haughty power he seem'd to muse,  
Pampering his arrogant heart with silent thought.  
Before him stood the Golden Throne in sight,  
Right opposite ; he could not chuse but see,  
Nor seeing chuse but wonder. Who are ye  
Who bear the Golden Throne, tormented there ?  
He cried ; for whom doth Destiny prepare  
The imperial seat, and why are ye but Three ?

FIRST STATUE.

I of the Children of Mankind was first,  
Me miserable ! who, adding store to store,  
Heapt up superfluous wealth ; and now accurst,  
For ever I the frantic crime deplore.



## SECOND STATUE.

I o'er my Brethren of Mankind the first  
Usurping power, set up a throne sublime,  
A King and Conqueror : therefore thus accurst,  
For ever I in vain repent the crime.

## THIRD STATUE.

I on the Children of Mankind the first,  
In God's most holy name, impos'd a tale  
Of impious falsehood ; therefore thus accurst,  
For ever I in vain the crime bewail.

Even as thou here beholdest us,  
Here we have stood, tormented thus,  
Such countless ages, that they seem to be  
Long as eternity,  
And still we are but Three.  
A Fourth will come to share  
Our pain, at yonder vacant corner bear  
His portion of the burthen, and compleat  
The Golden Throne for Yamen's judgement-seat.  
Thus hath it been appointed : he must be  
Equal in guilt to us, the guilty Three.

Kehama, come ! too long we wait for thee !

Thereat, with one accord,  
The Three took up the word, like choral song,  
Come, Rajah ! Man-God ! Earth's Almighty Lord !  
Kehama, come ! we wait for thee too long.

A short and sudden laugh of wondering pride  
Burst from him in his triumph : to reply  
Scornful he deign'd not ; but with alter'd eye,  
Wherein some doubtful meaning seem'd to lie,  
He turn'd to Kailyal. Maiden, thus he cried,  
I need not bid thee see  
How vain it is to strive with Fate's decree,  
When hither thou hast fled to fly from me,  
And lo ! even here thou find'st me at thy side.  
Mine thou must be, being doom'd with me to share  
The Amreeta-cup of immortality ;  
Yea, by Myself I swear  
It hath been thus appointed. Joyfully  
Join then thy hand and heart and will with mine,  
Nor at such glorious destiny repine,  
Nor in thy folly more provoke my wrath divine.

She answer'd ; I have said. It must not be !

Almighty as thou art,

Thou hast put all things underneath thy feet,

But still the resolute heart

And virtuous will are free.

Never, oh ! never, . . never . . can there be

Communion, Rajah, between thee and me.

Once more, quoth he, I urge, and once alone.

Thou seest yon Golden Throne,

Where I anon shall set thee by my side ;

Take thou thy seat thereon,

Kehama's willing bride,

And I will place the Kingdoms of the World

Beneath thy Father's feet,

Appointing him the King of mortal men :

Else underneath that Throne,

The Fourth supporter, he shall stand and groan ;

Prayers will be vain to move my mercy then.

Again the Virgin answer'd, I have said !

Ladurlad caught her in his proud embrace,

While on his neck she hid

In agony her face.

Bring forth the Amreeta-cup ! Kehama cried  
To Yamen, rising sternly in his pride.

It is within the Marble Sepulchre,  
'The vanquish'd Lord of Padalon replied,  
Bid it be opened. Give thy treasure up !  
Exclaim'd the Man-Almighty to the Tomb.

And at his voice and look  
The massy fabric shook, and opened wide.

A huge Anatomy was seen reclin'd  
Within its marble womb. Give me the Cup !

Again Kehama cried ; no other charm  
Was needed than that voice of stern command.

From his repose the ghastly form arose,  
Put forth his bony and gigantic arm,  
And gave the Amreeta to the Rajah's hand.  
Take ! drink ! with accents dread the Spectre said,  
For thee and Kailyal hath it been assign'd,  
Ye only of the Children of Mankind.

Then was the Man-Almighty's heart elate ;  
This is the consummation ! he exclaim'd,

Thus have I triumphed over Death and Fate.

Now, Seeva ! look to thine abode !

Henceforth, on equal footing we engage,

Alike immortal now, and we shall wage

Our warfare God to God !

Joy fill'd his impious soul,

And to his lips he rais'd the fatal bowl.

Thus long the Glendoveer had stood

Watching the wonders of the eventful hour,

Amaz'd but undismay'd ; for in his heart

Faith, overcoming fear, maintain'd its power.

Nor had that faith abated, when the God

Of Padalon was beaten down in fight.

For then he look'd to see the heavenly might

Of Seeva break upon them. But when now

He saw the Amreeta in Kehama's hand,

An impulse which defied all self-command

In that extremity

Stung him, and he resolved to seize the cup,

And dare the Rajah's force in Seeva's sight.

Forward he sprung to tempt the unequal fray,

When lo ! the Anatomy,

With warning arm, withstood his desperate way,  
And from the Golden Throne the fiery Three  
Again, in one accord, renew'd their song,  
Kehama, come ! we wait for thee too long.

O fool of drunken hope and frantic vice !  
Madman ! to seek for power beyond thy scope  
Of knowledge, and to deem  
Less than omniscience could suffice  
To wield omnipotence ! O fool, to dream  
That immortality could be  
The meed of evil ! .. yea thou hast it now,  
Victim of thine own wicked heart's device,  
Thou hast thine object now, and now must pay the price.

He did not know the awful mystery  
Of that divinest cup, that as the lips  
Which touch it, even such its quality,  
Good or malignant : Madman ! and he thinks  
The blessed prize is won, and joyfully he drinks.

Then Seeva opened on the Accursed One  
His Eye of Anger : upon him alone

The wrath-beam fell. He shudders . . . but too late ;

The deed is done,

The dreadful liquor works the will of Fate.

Immortal he would be,

Immortal he remains ; but through his veins

Torture at once, and immortality,

A stream of poison doth the Amreeta run,

Infinite everlasting agony.

And while within the burning anguish flows,

His outward body glows

Like molten ore, beneath the avenging eye,

Doom'd thus to live and burn eternally.

The fiery Three,

Beholding him, set up a fiendish cry,

A song of jubilee :

Come, Brother, come ! they sung ; too long

Have we expected thee,

Henceforth we bear no more

The unequal weight ; Come, Brother, we are Four !

Vain his almightiness, for mightier pain

Subdued all power ; pain ruled supreme alone.

And yielding to the bony hand

The unemptied cup, he mov'd toward the throne,  
And at the vacant corner took his stand.  
Behold the Golden Throne at length compleat,  
And Yamen silently ascends the Judgement-Seat.

For two alone, of all mankind, to me  
The Amreeta-Cup was given,  
Exclaim'd the Anatomy ;  
The Man hath drank, the Woman's turn is next.  
Come, Kailyal, come, receive thy doom,  
And do the Will of Heaven ! . .  
Wonder, and Fear, and Awe at once perplex  
The mortal Maiden's heart, but over all  
Hope rose triumphant. With a trembling hand,  
Obedient to his call,  
She took the fated Cup ; and, lifting up  
Her eyes, where holy tears began to swell,  
Is it not your command,  
Ye heavenly Powers ? as on her knees she fell,  
The pious Virgin cried ;  
Ye know my innocent will, my heart sincere,  
Ye govern all things still,  
And wherefore should I fear !



She said, and drank. The Eye of Mercy beam'd  
Upon the Maid : a cloud of fragrance steam'd  
Like incense-smoke, as all her mortal frame  
Dissolved beneath the potent agency  
Of that mysterious draught ; such quality,  
From her pure touch, the fated Cup partook.

Like one entranced she knelt,

Feeling her body melt

Till all but what was heavenly past away :

Yet still she felt

Her Spirit strong within her, the same heart,  
With the same loves, and all her heavenly part,  
Unchang'd, and ripen'd to such perfect state,  
In this miraculous birth, as here on Earth,  
Dimly our holiest hopes anticipate.

Mine ! mine ! with rapturous joy Ereenia cried,

Immortal now, and yet not more divine ;

Mine, mine, . . for ever mine !

The immortal Maid replied,

For ever, ever, thine !

Then Yamen said, O thou to whom, by Fate,

Alone of all mankind, this lot is given,  
Daughter of Earth, but now the Child of Heaven !  
Go with thy heavenly Mate,  
Partaker now of his immortal bliss ;  
Go to the Swerga Bowers,  
And there recall the hours  
Of endless happiness.

But that sweet Angel, for she still retain'd  
Her human loves and human piety,  
As if reluctant at the God's commands,  
Linger'd, with anxious eye  
Upon her father fix'd, and spread her hands  
Toward him wistfully.  
Go ! Yamen cried, nor cast that look behind  
Upon Ladurlad at this parting hour,  
For thou shalt find him in thy Mother's Bower.

The Car, for Carmala his word obey'd,  
Mov'd on, and bore away the Maid,  
While from the Golden Throne the Lord of Death,  
With love benignant, on Ladurlad smil'd,  
And gently on his head his blessing laid.

As sweetly as a Child,  
Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,  
Tir'd with long play, at close of summer day,  
Lies down and slumbers,  
Even thus as sweet a boon of sleep partaking,  
By Yamen blest, Ladurlad sunk to rest.  
Blessed that sleep ! more blessed was the waking !  
For on that night a heavenly morning broke,  
The light of heaven was round him when he woke,  
And in the Swerga, in Yedillian's Bower,  
All whom he lov'd he met, to part no more.

THE END.

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# NOTES.

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## NOTES.

*Calmly she took her seat.*—I. p. 8.

**S**HE, says Bernier, whom I saw burn herself, when I parted from *Surat* to travel into *Persia*, in the presence of Monsieur *Chardin* of *Paris*, and of many *English* and *Dutch*, was of a middle age, and not unhandsome. To represent unto you the undaunted chearfulness that appeared in her countenance, the resolution with which she marched, washed herself, spoke to the people; the confidence with which she looked upon us, viewed her little cabin, made up of very dry millet-straw and small wood, went into this cabin, and sat down upon the pile, and took her husband's head into her lap, and a torch into her own hand, and kindled the cabin, whilst I know not how many *Brahmans* were busy in kindling the fire round about: To represent to you, I say, all this as it ought, is not possible for me; I can at present scarce believe it myself, though it be but a few days since I saw it.

*They strip her ornaments away.*—I. p. 8.

She went out again to the river, and taking up some water in her hands, muttered some prayers, and offered it to the sun. All her ornaments were then taken from her; and her armlets were broken, and chaplets of white flowers were put upon her neck and hands. Her hair was tucked up with five combs; and her forehead was marked with clay in the same manner as that of her husband.—STAVORINUS.

*Around her neck they leave*

*The marriage-knot alone.*—I. p. 8.

When the time for consummating the marriage is come, they light the fire Homam with the wood of Ravasiton. The Bramin blesses the former, which, being done, the bridegroom takes three handfuls of rice, and throws it on the bride's head, who does the same to him. Afterwards the bride's father clothes her in a dress according to his condition, and washes the bridegroom's feet; the bride's mother observing to pour out the water. This being done, the father puts his daughter's hand in his own, puts water into it, some pieces of money, and, giving it to the bridegroom, says, at the same time, I have no longer any thing to do with you, and I give you up to the power of another. The *Tali*, which is a ribbon with a golden head hanging at it, is held ready; and, being shewn to the company, some prayers and blessings are pronounced; after which the bridegroom takes it, and hangs it about the bride's neck. This knot is what particularly secures his possession of her; for, before he had had the *Tali* on, all the rest of the ceremonies might have been made to no purpose; for it has sometimes happened, that, when the bridegroom was going to fix it on, the bride's father has discovered his not being satisfied with the bridegroom's gift, when another, offering more, has carried off the bride with her father's consent. But, when once the *Tali* is put on, the marriage is indissoluble; and, whenever the husband dies, the *Tali* is burnt along with him, to show that the marriage bands are broke. Besides these particular ceremonies, the people have notice of the wedding by a *Pandal*, which is raised before the bride's door some days before. The whole concludes with an entertainment which the bride's father gives to the common friends; and during this festivity, which continues five days, alms are given to the poor, and the fire Homam is kept in. The seventh day, the new-married couple set out for the bridegroom's house, whither they frequently go by torch-light. The bride and bridegroom are carried in a sedan, pass through the chief streets of the city, and are accompanied by their friends, who are either on horseback or mounted on elephants.—A. ROGER.

*They force her on, they bind her to the dead.*—I. p. 9.

'Tis true, says Bernier, that I have seen some of them, which, at the sight of the pile and the fire, appeared to have some apprehension, and that, perhaps, would have gone back. Those demons, the Bramins, that are there with their great sticks, astonish them, and hearten them up, or even thrust them in; as I have seen it done to a young woman that retreated five or six paces from the pile, and to another, that was much disturbed when she saw the fire take hold of her clothes, these executioners thrusting her in with their long poles.

At Lahor, I saw a very handsome and a very young woman burnt; I believe she was not above twelve years of age. This poor unhappy creature appeared rather dead than alive when she came near the pile; she shook and wept bitterly. Meanwhile, three or four of these executioners, the Bramins, together with an old hag that held her under the arm, thrust her on, and made her sit down upon the wood; and, lest she should run away, they tied her legs and hands; and so they burnt her alive. I had enough to do to contain myself for indignation.—BERNIER.

Pietro Della Valle conversed with a widow, who was about to burn herself by her own choice. She told him, that, generally speaking, women were not forced to burn themselves; but sometimes, among people of rank, when a young woman, who was handsome, was left a widow, and in danger of marrying again, (which is never practised among them, because of the confusion and disgrace which are inseparable from such a thing) or of falling into other irregularities, then, indeed, the relations of the husband, if they are at all tenacious of the honour of the family, compel her to burn herself, whether she likes it or no, merely to prevent the inconveniencies which might take place.

Dellon also, whom I consider as one of the best travellers in the East, expressly asserts, that widows are burnt there "*de gré, ou de force. L'on n'en voit que trop qui après avoir désiré et demandé la mort avec un courage intrepide, et après avoir obtenu et acheté la permission de se brûler, ont tremblé à la veüe du bucher, se sont repenties, mais trop tard, de leur imprudence, et ont fait d'inutiles*



*efforts pour se retracter. Mais lorsque cela arrive, bien loin que les Bramenes soient touchés d'aucune pitié ils lient cruellement ces malheureuses, et les brûlent par force, sans avoir aucun egard à leurs plaintes, ni à leurs cris.*"—Tom. i. p. 138.

It would be easy to multiply authorities upon this point. Let it suffice to mention one important historical fact : When the great Albuquerque had established himself at Goa, he forbade these accursed sacrifices, the women extolled him for it as their benefactor and deliverer, (*Commentarios de Alb. ii. 20.*) and no European in India was ever so popular, or so revered by the natives. Yet, if we are to believe the anti-missionaries, none but fools, fanatics, and pretenders to humanity, would wish to deprive the Hindoo women of the right of burning themselves! "It may be useful (says Colonel Mark Wilks), to examine the reasonableness of interfering with the most exceptionable of all their institutions. It has been thought an abomination not to be tolerated, that a widow should immolate herself on the funeral pile of her deceased husband. But what judgement should we form of the Hindoo, who (if any of our institutions admitted the parallel) should *forcibly* pretend to stand between a Christian and the hope of eternal salvation? And shall we not hold him to be a driveller in politics and morals, a fanatic in religion, and a pretender in humanity, who would forcibly wrest this hope from the Hindoo widow."—*Historical Sketches of the South of India*, vol. i. p. 499.

Such opinions, and such language, may safely be left to the indignation and pity which they cannot fail to excite. I shall only express my astonishment, that any thing so monstrous, and so miserably futile, should have proceeded from a man of learning, great good sense, and general good feelings, as Colonel Wilks evidently appears to be.

*One drops, another plunges in.*—I. p. 10.

When Bernier was passing from Amad-Avad to Agra, there came news to him in a borough, where the caravan rested under the shade, (staying for the cool of the evening to march on their journey), that a woman was then upon the point of burning herself with the body of her husband. I presently rose, says he, and ran to the place where it was to be done, which was a great pit, with a pile of wood raised in it, whereon I saw laid a dead corpse and a woman,

which, at a distance, seemed to me pretty fair, sitting near it on the same pile, besides four or five Bramins, putting the fire to it from all sides ; five women of a middle age, and well enough dressed, holding one another by the hand, and dancing about the pit, and a great crowd of people, men and women, looking on. The pile of wood was presently all on fire, because store of oil and butter had been thrown upon it : and I saw, at the same time, through the flames, that the fire took hold of the clothes of the woman, that were imbued with well-scented oils, mingled with powder of sandal and saffron. All this I saw, but observed not that the woman was at all disturbed ; yea, it was said, that she had been heard to pronounce, with great force, these two words, *five, two*, to signify, according to the opinion of those that hold the soul's transmigration, that this was the *fifth* time she had burnt herself with the same husband, and that there remained but two more for perfection ; as if she had at that time this remembrance, or some prophetic spirit. But here ended not this infernal tragedy : I thought it was only by way of ceremony that these five women sung and danced about the pit ; but I was altogether surprised when I saw, that the flame, having taken hold of the clothes of one of them, she cast herself, with her head foremost, into the pit ; and that after her, another, being overcome by the flame and the smoke, did the like ; and my astonishment redoubled afterwards, when I saw that the remaining three took one another again by the hand, continued their dance without any apparent fear ; and that at length they precipitated themselves, one after another, into the fire, as their companions had done. I learnt that these had been five slaves, who, having seen their mistress extremely afflicted at the sickness of her husband, and heard her promise him, that she would not survive him, but burn herself with him, were so touched with compassion and tenderness towards this their mistress, that they engaged themselves in a promise to follow her in her resolution, and to burn themselves with her.—BERNIER.

This excellent traveller relates an extraordinary circumstance which occurred at one of these sacrifices. A woman was engaged in some love-intrigues with a young Mahomedan, her neighbour, who was a tailor, and could play finely upon the tabor. This woman, in the hopes she had of marrying this young man, poisoned her husband, and presently came away to tell the tailor,

that it was time to be gone together, as they had projected, or else she should be obliged to burn herself. The young man, fearing lest he might be entangled in a mischievous business, flatly refused her. The woman, not at all surprised at it, went to her relations, and advertised them of the sudden death of her husband, and openly protested that she would not survive him, but burn herself with him. Her kindred, well satisfied with so generous a resolution, and the great honour she did to the whole family, presently had a pit made and filled with wood, exposing the corpse upon it, and kindling the fire. All being prepared, the woman goes to embrace and bid farewell to all her kindred that were there about the pit, among whom was also the tailor, who had been invited to play upon the tabor that day, with many others of that sort of men, according to the custom of the country. This fury of a woman being also come to this young man, made sign as if she would bid him farewell with the rest; but, instead of gently embracing him, she taketh him with all her force about his collar, pulls him to the pit, and tumbleth him, together with herself, into the ditch, where they both were soon dispatched.—BERNIER.

The Hindoos sometimes erect a chapel on the spot where one of these sacrifices has been performed, both on account of the soul of the deceased, and as a trophy of her virtue. I remember to have seen one of these places, where the spot on which the funeral pile had been erected was inclosed and covered with bamboos, formed into a kind of bower planted with flowering creepers. The inside was set round with flowers, and at one end there was an image.—CRAWFURD.

Some of the Yogees, who smear themselves with ashes, use none but what they collect from funeral piles,—human ashes! PIETRO DELLA VALLE.

From a late investigation, it appears, that the number of women who sacrifice themselves within thirty miles round Calcutta every year, is, on an average, upwards of two hundred. The Pundits have already been called on to produce the sanction of their Shasters for this custom. The passages exhibited are vague and general in their meaning, and differently interpreted by the same casts. Some sacred verses commend the practice, but none command it; and the Pundits refer once more to *custom*. They have, however, intima-

ted, that if government will pass a regulation, amercing by fine every Brahmin who attends a burning, or every Zemindar who permits him to attend it, the practice cannot possibly long continue ; for that the ceremony, unsanctified by the presence of the priests, will lose its dignity and consequence in the eyes of the people.

The civilized world may expect soon to hear of the abolition of this opprobrium of a Christian administration, the female sacrifice ; which has subsisted, to our certain knowledge, since the time of Alexander the Great.—CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN.

This practice, however, was manifestly unknown when the Institutes of Menu were written. Instructions are there given for the conduct of a widow : “ Let her,” it is said, “ emaciate her body, by living voluntarily on pure flowers, roots, and fruit ; but let her not, when her lord is deceased, even pronounce the name of another man. Let her continue till death forgiving all injuries, performing harsh duties, avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practising the incomparable rules of virtue, which have been followed by such women as were devoted to one only husband. Many thousands of Brahmins, having avoided sensuality from their early youth, and having left no issue in their families, have ascended nevertheless to heaven ; and, like those abstemious men, a virtuous wife ascends to heaven, though she have no child, if, after the decease of her lord, she devote herself to pious austerity : but a widow, who, from a wish to bear children, slights her deceased husband by marrying again, brings disgrace on herself here below, and shall be excluded from the seat of her lord.”—*Inst. of Menu*, ch. 5. 157-161.

Second marriages were permitted to men.—*Ibid.* 167-8-9.

*Lo ! Arvalan appears.*—II. p. 11.

Many believe that some souls are sent back to the spot where their bodies were burnt, or where their ashes are preserved, to wait there until the new bodies they are destined to occupy be ready for their reception. This appears to correspond with an opinion of Plato, which, with many other tenets of that philosopher, was adopted by the early Christians ; and an ordinance of the Romish church is still extant, prohibiting having lights or making merriments

in church-yards at night, lest they should disturb the souls that might come thither.—CRAWFURD.

According to the Danish missionaries, the souls of those who are untimely slain wander about as diabolical spectres, doing evil to mankind, and possessing those whom they persecute.—NIECAMP. i. 10. § 14.

The inhabitants of the hills near Rajamahall believe, that when God sends a messenger to summon a person to his presence, if the messenger should mistake his object, and carry off another, he is desired by the Deity to take him away; but as the earthly mansion of this soul must be decayed, it is destined to remain mid-way between heaven and earth, and never can return to the presence of God. Whoever commits homicide without a divine order, and whoever is killed by a snake, as a punishment for some concealed crime, will be doomed to the same state of wandering; and whoever hangs himself will wander eternally with a rope about his neck.—*Asiat. Researches*.

Pope Benedict XII. drew up a list of 117 heretical opinions held by the Armenian Christians, which he sent to the king of Armenia,—instead of any other assistance, when that prince applied to him for aid against the Mahomedans. This paper was first published by Bernino, and exhibits a curious mixture of mythologies. One of their opinions was, that the souls of the adult wander about in the air till the day of judgement; neither hell, nor the heavenly, nor the terrestrial paradise, being open to them till that day shall have past.

Davenant, in one of his plays, speculates upon such a state of wandering as the lot of the soul after death.

I must to darkness go, hover in clouds,  
Or in remote untroubled air, silent  
As thoughts, or what is uncreated yet;  
Or I must rest in some cold shade, and shall  
Perhaps ne'er see that everlasting spring  
Of which philosophy so long has dreamt,  
And seems rather to wish than understand.

*Love and Honour.*

I know no other author who has so often expressed to those who could understand him, his doubts respecting a future state, and how burthensome he felt them.

*But I, all naked feeling and raw life.*—II. p. 13.

By the vital souls of those men who have committed sins in the body, another body, composed of *nerves*, with five sensations, in order to be susceptible of torment, shall certainly be assumed after death; and being intimately united with those minute nervous particles, according to their distribution, they shall feel in that new body the pangs inflicted in each case by the sentence of Yama.—*Inst. of Menu.*

Henry More, the Platonist, has two applicable stanzas in his Song of the Soul:

Like to a light fast lock'd in lanthorn dark,  
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide  
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,  
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,  
And flusher streams, perhaps, from horny side;  
But when we've past the peril of the way,  
Arriv'd at home, and laid that case aside,—  
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,  
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,  
Confin'd to these strait instruments of sense,  
More dull and narrowly doth operate;  
At this hole hears,—the sight must ray from thence,—  
Here tastes, there smells;—but when she's gone from hence,  
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,  
And round about has perfect cognoscence,  
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear.  
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

Amid the uncouth allegory, and more uncouth language, of this strange series of poems, a few passages are to be found of exceeding beauty. Milton, who was the author's friend, had evidently read them.

*Undying as I am !—II. p. 12.*

The Soul is not a thing of which a man may say, it hath been, it is about to be, or is to be hereafter; for it is a thing without birth; it is ancient, constant, and eternal, and is not to be destroyed in this its mortal frame. How can the man who believeth that this thing is incorruptible, eternal, inexhaustible, and without birth, think that he can either kill or cause it to be killed! As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the Soul, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new. The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away;—for it is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible, and is not to be dried away;—it is eternal, universal, permanent, immoveable;—it is invisible, inconceivable, and unalterable. BHAGVAT GEETA.

*Marriataly.—II. p. 15.*

Mariataly, as Sonnerat spells the name, was wife of the penitent Chamadaguini, and mother of Parassourama, who was, in part, an incarnation of Veeshno. This goddess, says Sonnerat, commanded the elements, but could not preserve that empire longer than her heart was pure. One day, while she was collecting water out of a tank, and, according to her custom, was making a bowl of earth to carry it to the house, she saw on the surface of the water, some figures of Grindovers (Glendoveers) which were flying over her head. Struck with their beauty, her heart admitted an impure thought, and the earth of the bowl dissolved. From that time she was obliged to make use of an ordinary vessel. This discovered to Chamadaguini that his wife had deviated from purity; and, in the excess of his rage, he ordered his son to drag her to the place where criminals were executed, and to behead her. The order was executed; but Parassourama was so much afflicted for the loss of his mother, that Chamadaguini told him to take up the body, and fasten the head upon it, and repeat a prayer (which he taught him for that purpose) in her ear, and

then his mother would come to life again. The son ran eagerly to perform what he was ordered, but, by a very singular blunder, he joined the head of his mother to the body of a Parichi, who had been executed for her crimes ; a monstrous union, which gave to this woman the virtues of a goddess, and the vices of a criminal. The goddess, becoming impure by such a mixture, was driven from her house, and committed all kinds of cruelties. The De-verkels, perceiving the destruction she made, appeased her by giving her power to cure the small-pox, and promising that she should be implored for that disorder. Mariatale is the great goddess of the Parias ;—to honour her they have a custom of dancing with several pots of water on their heads, placed one above another : These pots are adorned with the leaves of the Margosies, a tree consecrated to her.

*It was my hour of folly.*—II. p. 18.

“ Among the qualities required for the proper execution of public business, mention is made, “ That a man must be able to keep in subjection his lust, his anger, his avarice, his *folly*, and his pride.” The folly there specified is not to be understood in the usual sense of the word in an European idiom, as a negative quality, or the mere want of sense, but as a kind of obstinately stupid lethargy, or perverse absence of mind, in which the will is not altogether passive : It seems to be a weakness peculiar to Asia, for we cannot find a term, by which to express the precise idea in the European languages. It operates somewhat like the violent impulse of fear, under which men will utter falsehoods totally incompatible with each other, and utterly contrary to their own opinion, knowledge, and conviction ; and, it may be added also, their inclination and intention.

A very remarkable instance of this temporary frenzy happened lately in the supreme Court of Judicature at Calcutta, where a man (not an idiot) swore, upon a trial, that he was no kind of relation to his brother, who was then in Court, and who had constantly supported him from his infancy ; and that he lived in a house by himself, for which he paid the rent from his own pocket, when it was proved that he was not worth a rupee, and when the person in whose house he had always resided stood at the bar close to him.



Another conjecture, and that exceedingly acute and ingenious, has been started upon this *folly*, that it may mean the deception which a man permits to be imposed on his judgement by his passions, as acts of rapacity and avarice are often committed by men who ascribe them to prudence and a just assertion of their own right ; malice and rancour pass for justice, and brutality for spirit. This opinion, when thoroughly examined, will very nearly tally with the former ; for all the passions, as well as fear, have an equal efficacy to disturb and distort the mind : But to account for the *folly* here spoken of as being the offspring of the passions, instead of drawing a parallel between it and the impulses of those passions, we must suppose the impulses to act with infinitely more violence upon an Asiatic mind than we can ever have seen exemplified in Europe. It is, however, something like the madness so inimitably delineated in the Hero of Cervantes, sensible enough upon some occasions, and at the same time completely wild, and unconscious of itself upon others ; and that, too, originally produced by an effort of the will, though, in the end, overpowering and superseding its functions.—HALHED.

*The little songsters of the sky*

*Sit silent in the sultry hour.*—IV. p. 29.

The tufted lark, fixed to this fruitful land, says Sonnini, speaking of Egypt, never forsakes it ; it seems, however, that the excessive heat annoys him. You may see these birds, as well as sparrows, in the middle of the day, with their bills half open, and the muscles of their breasts agitated, breathing with difficulty, and as if they panted for respiration. The instinct, which induces them to prefer those means of subsistence which are easily obtained, and in abundance, although attended with some suffering, resembles the mind of man, whom a thirst for riches engages to brave calamities and dangers without number.

*The Watchman.*—V. 35.

The watchmen are provided with no offensive weapons excepting a sling ; on the contrary, they continue the whole day standing in one single position, upon a pillar of clay raised about ten feet, where they remain bellowing con-

tinually, that they may terrify, without hurting, the birds who feed upon the crop. Every considerable field contains several such centinels, stationed at different corners, who repeat the call from one to another so incessantly, that the invaders have hardly any opportunity of making good a livelihood in the field.

These watchmen are forced, during the rains, to erect, instead of a clay pillar, a scaffolding of wood as high as the crop, over which they suspend a roof of straw, to shelter their naked bodies from the rain.—TENNANT.

*The Golden Palaces.—V. 35.*

Every thing belonging to the Sovereign of Ava has the addition of *shoe*, or golden, annexed to it; even his majesty's person is never mentioned but in conjunction with this precious metal. When a subject means to affirm that the king has heard any thing, he says, "it has reached the golden ears;" he who obtained admission to the royal presence has been at the "golden feet." The perfume of otto of roses, a nobleman observed one day, "was an odour grateful to the golden nose."—SYMES.

*A cloud ascending in the eastern sky*

*Sails slowly o'er the vale,*

*And darkens round, and closes in the night.—V. p. 37.*

At this season of the year, it is not uncommon, towards the evening, to see a small black cloud rising in the eastern part of the horizon, and afterwards spreading itself to the north-west. This phenomenon is always attended with a violent storm of wind, and flashes of the strongest and most vivid lightning and heavy thunder, which is followed by rain. These storms sometimes last for half an hour or more; and, when they disperse, they leave the air greatly freshened, and the sky of a deep, clear, and transparent blue. When they occur near the full moon, the whole atmosphere is illuminated by a soft but brilliant silver light, attended with gentle airs.—HODGES.

*A white flag, flapping to the winds of night,  
Marks where the tyger seiz'd his human prey.—V. p. 37.*

It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff, of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tyger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers, also, each to throw a stone, or brick, near the spot, so that, in the course of a little time, a pile equal to a good waggon-load is collected. This custom, as well as the fixing a rag on any particular thorn-bush near the fatal spot, is in use likewise on various accounts. Many brambles may be seen in a day's journey, completely covered with this motley assemblage of remnants. The sight of the flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether devoid of apprehension. They may be said to be of service, in pointing out the places most frequented by tygers.—*Oriental Sports*, vol. ii. p. 22.

*Pollear.—V. p. 44.*

The first and greatest of the sons of Seeva is Pollear: he presides over marriages: The Indians build no house without having first carried a Pollear on the ground, which they sprinkle with oil, and throw flowers on it every day. If they do not invoke it before they undertake any enterprise, they believe that God will make them forget what they wanted to undertake, and that their labour will be in vain. He is represented with an elephant's head, and mounted on a rat; but in the pagodas they place him on a pedestal, with his legs almost crossed. A rat is always put before the door of his chapel. This rat was a giant, called Gudja-mouga-chourin, on whom the gods had bestowed immortality, as well as great powers, which he abused, and did much harm to mankind. Pollear, entreated by the sages and penitents to deliver them, pulled out one of his tusks, and threw it against Gudja-mouga-chourin; the tooth entered the giant's stomach, and overthrew him, who immediately changed himself into a rat, as large as a mountain, and came to attack Pollear; who sprung on his back, telling him, that hereafter he should ever be his carrier.

The Indians, in their adoration of this god, cross their arms, shut the fist, and in this manner give themselves several blows on the temples ; then, but always with the arms crossed, they take hold of their ears, and make three inclinations, bending the knee ; after which, with their hands joined, they address their prayers to him, and strike their forehead. They have a great veneration for this deity, whose image they place in all temples, streets, highways, and, in the country, at the foot of some tree ; that all the world may have an opportunity of invoking him before they undertake any concern ; and that travellers may make their adorations and offerings to him before they pursue their journey.—SONNERAT.

*The Glendoveers.*—VI. p. 47.

This word is altered from the *Grindouvers* of Sonnerat, who describes these celestial children of Casyapa as famous for their beauty ; they have wings, he adds, and fly in the air with their wives. I do not know whether they are the *Gandharvas* of the English orientalists. The wings with which they are attired in the poem are borrowed from the neglected story of Peter Wilkins, a work of great genius. Whoever the author was, his winged people are the most beautiful creatures of imagination that ever were devised. I copy his minute description of the *graundee*, as he calls it ;—Stothard has made some delightful drawings of it in the *Novelist's Magazine*.

“ She first threw up two long branches, or ribs, of the whale-bone, as I called it before, (and indeed for several of its properties, as toughness, elasticity, and pliability, nothing I have ever seen can so justly be compared to it), which were jointed behind to the upper-bone of the spine, and which, when not extended, lie bent over the shoulders on each side of the neck forwards, from whence, by nearer and nearer approaches, they just meet at the lower rim of the belly in a sort of point ; but, when extended, they stand their whole length above the shoulders, not perpendicularly, but spreading outwards, with a web of the softest and most pliable and spongy membrane that can be imagined in the interstices between them, reaching from their root or joint on the back up above the hinder part of the head, and near half way their own length ; but, when closed, the membrane falls down in the middle upon the neck, like

an handkerchief. There are also two other ribs, rising, as it were, from the same root, which, when open, run horizontally, but not so long as the others. These are filled up in the interstice between them and the upper ones with the same membrane; and on the lower side of this is also a deep flap of the membrane, so that the arms can be either above or below it in flight, and are always above it when closed. This last rib, when shut, flaps under the upper one, and also falls down with it before to the waist; but it is not joined to the ribs below. Along the whole spine-bone runs a strong, flat, broad, grisly cartilage, to which are joined several other of these ribs, all which open horizontally, and are filled in the interstices with the above membrane, and are jointed to the ribs of the person just where the plane of the back begins to turn towards the breast and belly; and, when shut, wrap the body round to the joints on the contrary side, folding neatly one side over the other.

At the lower spine are two more ribs extended horizontally when open, jointed again to the hips, and long enough to meet the joint on the contrary side cross the belly: and from the hip-joint, which is on the outermost edge of the hip-bone, runs a pliable cartilage quite down the outside of the thigh and leg to the ankle; from which there branch out divers other ribs, horizontally also when open, but, when closed, they encompass the whole thigh and leg, rolling inwards cross the back of the leg and thigh, till they reach and just cover the cartilage. The interstices of these are filled up with the same membrane. From the two ribs which join to the lower spine-bone there hangs down a sort of short apron, very full of plaits, from hip-joint to hip-joint, and reaches below the buttocks, half way or more to the hams. This has also several small limber ribs in it. Just upon the lower spine-joint, and above the apron, as I call it, there are two other long branches, which, when close, extend upon the back from the point they join at below to the shoulders, where each rib has a clasper, which reaching over the shoulders, just under the fold of the uppermost branch or ribs, hold up the two ribs flat to the back, like a V, the interstices of which are filled up with the aforesaid membrane. This last piece, in flight, falls down almost to the ankles, where the two clasps, lapping under each leg within-side, hold it very fast; and then, also, the short apron is drawn up, by the strength of the ribs in it, between the thighs for-

ward, and covers as far as the rim of the belly. The whole arms are covered also from the shoulders to the wrist with the same delicate membrane, fastened to ribs of proportionable dimensions, and jointed to a cartilage on the outside in the same manner as on the legs. It is very surprising to feel the difference of these ribs when open and when closed; for, closed, they are as pliable as the finest whale-bone, or more so; but, when extended, are as strong and stiff as a bone. They are tapering from the roots, and are broader or narrower, as best suits the places they occupy, and the stress they are put to, up to their points, which are almost as small as a hair. The membrane between them is the most elastic thing I ever met with, occupying no more space, when the ribs are closed, than just from rib to rib, as flat and smooth as possible; but, when extended in some postures, will dilate itself surprisingly.

It is the most amazing thing in the world to observe the large expansion of this graundee when open, and, when closed, (as it all is in a moment, upon the party's descent), to see it fit so close and compact to the body as no tailor can come up to it; and then the several ribs lie so justly disposed in the several parts, that instead of being, as one would imagine, a disadvantage to the shape, they make the body and limbs look extremely elegant; and by the different adjustment of their lines on the body and limbs, the whole, to my fancy, somewhat resembles the dress of the old Roman warriors in their buskins; and, to appearance, seems much more noble than any fictitious garb I ever saw, or can frame a notion of to myself."

*Mount Himakoot.—VI. p. 47.*

*Dushmanta.* Say, Matali, what mountain is that which, like an evening cloud, pours exhilarating streams, and forms a golden zone between the western and eastern seas?

*Matali* That, O king! is the mountain of Gandharvas, named Hémacúta: The universe contains not a more excellent place for the successful devotion of the pious. There Casyapa, father of the immortals, ruler of men, son of Marichi, who sprang from the self-existent, resides with his consort Aditi, blessed in holy retirement.—We now enter the sanctuary of him who rules the world, and the groves which are watered by streams from celestial sources.

*Dushmanta.* I see with equal amazement both the pious and their awful retreat. It becomes, indeed, pure spirits to feed on balmy air in a forest blooming with trees of life; to bathe in rills dyed yellow with the golden dust of the lotus, and to fortify their virtue in the mysterious bath; to meditate in caves, the pebbles of which are unblemished gems; and, to restrain their passions, even though nymphs of exquisite beauty frolick around them. In this grove alone is attained the summit of true piety, to which other hermits in vain aspire.—*SACONTALA.*

*Her death predoom'd  
To that black hour of midnight, when the Moon  
Hath turn'd her face away,  
Unwilling to behold  
The unhappy end of guilt!—VI. p. 49.*

I will now speak to thee of that time in which, should a devout man die, he will never return; and of that time in which, dying, he shall return again to earth.

Those holy men who are acquainted with Brahm, departing this life in the fiery light of day, in the bright season of the moon, within the six months of the sun's northern course, go unto him: but those who depart in the gloomy night of the Moon's dark season, and whilst the Sun is yet within the southern path of his journey, ascend for a while into the regions of the Moon, and again return to mortal birth. These two, Light and Darkness, are esteemed the World's eternal ways: he who walketh in the former path returneth not; whilst he who walketh in the latter, cometh back again upon the earth.—*KREESHNA, in the Bhagvat Geeta.*

*Indra.—VI. p. 51.*

The Indian God of the visible Heavens is called *Indra*, or the King; and *Divespetir*, Lord of the Sky. He has the character of the Roman *Genius*, or chief of the Good Spirits. His consort is named *Sachi*; his celestial city *Amaravati*; his palace *Vajjayanta*; his garden *Nandana*; his chief elephant *Airevat*; his charioteer *Matali*; and his weapon *Vajra*, or the thunder-bolt,

He is the regent of winds and showers, and, though the East is peculiarly under his care, yet his Olympus is Meru, or the North Pole, allegorically represented as a mountain of gold and gems. He is the Prince of the beneficent Genii.—Sir W. JONES.

A distinct idea of Indra, the King of Immortals, may be collected from a passage in the ninth section of the Geta :

“ These having, through virtue, reached the mansion of the king of *Suras*, feast on the exquisite heavenly food of the Gods; they, who have enjoyed this lofty region of *SWERGA*, but whose virtue is exhausted, revisit the habitation of mortals.

He is the God of thunder and the five elements, with inferior Genii under his command; and is conceived to govern the eastern quarter of the world, but to preside, like the *Genius* or *Agathodæmon* of the ancients, over the celestial bands, which are stationed on the summit of *MERU*, or the North Pole, where he solaces the Gods with nectar and heavenly music.

The *Cinnaras* are the male dancers in *SWERGA*, or the Heaven of Indra, and the *Apsaras* are his dancing girls, answering to the fairies of the Persians, and to the damsels called in the Koran *hhûru lûyûn*, or, *with antelope's eyes*.—Sir W. JONES.

*I have seen Indra tremble at his prayer,  
And at his dreadful penances turn pale.*—VI. p. 51.

Of such penances Mr Halhed has produced a curious specimen.

“ In the wood, Midhoo, which is on the confines of the kingdoms of Brege, Tarakee selected a pleasant and beautiful spot, adorned with verdure and blossoms, and there exerted himself in penance and mortification, externally, with the sincerest piety, but, in reality, the most malignant intention, and with the determined purpose of oppressing the Devetas; penances such as credulity itself was astonished to hear; and they are here recounted.

1. For a hundred years, he held up his arms and one foot towards heaven, and fixed his eyes upon the sun the whole time.
2. For a hundred years, he remained standing on tiptoe.



3. For a hundred years more, he nourished himself with nothing but water.
4. For a hundred years more he lived upon nothing but air.
5. For a hundred years more, he stood and made his adorations in the river.
6. For a hundred years more, he made those adorations buried up to his neck in the earth.
7. For a hundred years more, enveloped with fire.
8. For a hundred years more, he stood upon his head with his feet towards heaven.
9. For a hundred years more, he stood upon the palm of one hand resting on the ground.
10. For a hundred years more, he hung by his hand from the branch of a tree.
11. For a hundred years more, he hung from a tree with his head downwards.

When he at length came to a respite from these severe mortifications, a radiant glory encircled the devotee, and a flame of fire, arising from his head, began to consume the whole world." — *From the Seva Pooran*, MAURICE'S *History of Hindostan*.

You see a pious Yogi, motionless as a pollard, holding his thick bushy hair, and fixing his eyes on the solar orb. Mark—his body is half covered with a white ant's edifice made of raised clay; the skin of a snake supplies the place of his sacerdotal thread, and part of it girds his loins; a number of knotty plants encircle and wound his neck, and surrounding birds nests almost conceal his shoulders.

*Dushmanta*. I bow to a man of his austere devotion.—SACONTALA.

*That even Seeva's self,*

*The highest, cannot grant and be secure.*—VI. p. 51.

It will be seen from the following fable, that Seeva had once been reduced to a very humiliating employment by one of Kehama's predecessors :

*Ravana*, by his power and infernal arts, had subjugated all the gods and demigods, and forced them to perform menial offices about his person and household. *Indra* made garlands of flowers to adorn him withal; *Agni* was his cook; *Surya* supplied light by day, and *Chandra* by night; *Varuna* purveyed water for the palace; *Kuvera* furnished cash. The whole *nava-graha* (the nine planetary spheres) sometimes arranged themselves into a ladder, by which, they serving as steps, the tyrant ascended his throne: *Brahma* (for the great gods were there also; and I give this anecdote as I find it in my memoranda, without any improved arrangement)—*Brahma* was a herald, proclaiming the giant's titles, the day of the week, month, &c. daily in the palace,—a sort of speaking almanack: *Mahadeva*, (i. e. Seeva,) in his Avatara of *Kandeh-roo*, performed the office of barber, and trimmed the giants' beards: Vishnu had the honourable occupation of instructing and drilling the dancing and singing girls, and selecting the fairest for the royal bed: *Ganesa* had the care of the cows, goats, and herds; *Vayu* swept the house; *Yama* washed the linen;—and in this manner were all the gods employed in the menial offices of *Ravana*, who rebuked and flogged them in default of industry and attention. Nor were the female divinities exempted; for *Bhavani*, in her name and form of *Satni*, was head Aya, or nurse, to *Ravana's* children; *Lakshmi* and *Saraswati* were also among them, but it does not appear in what capacity.—MONRE's *Hindu Pantheon*, page 333.

Seeva was once in danger even of annihilation: “ In passing from the town of Silgut to Deonhully, says Colonel Wilks, I became accidentally informed of a sect, peculiar, as I since understand, to the north-eastern parts of Mysoor, the women of which universally undergo the amputation of the first joints of the third and fourth fingers of their right hands. On my arrival at Deonhully, after ascertaining that the request would not give offence, I desired to see some of these women; and, the same afternoon, seven of them attended at

my tent. The sect is a sub-division of the *Murresoo Wokul*,\* and belongs to the fourth great class of the Hindoos, viz. the Souder. Every woman of the sect, previously to piercing the ears of her eldest daughter, preparatory to her being betrothed in marriage, must necessarily undergo this mutilation, which is performed by the blacksmith of the village, for a regulated fee, by a surgical process sufficiently rude. The finger to be amputated is placed on a block; the blacksmith places a chisel over the articulation of the joint, and chops it off at a single blow. If the girl to be betrothed is motherless, and the mother of the boy have not before been subject to the operation, it is incumbent on her to perform the sacrifice. After satisfying myself with regard to the facts of the case, I enquired into the origin of so strange a practice, and one of the women related, with great fluency, the following traditionary tale, which has since been repeated to me, with no material deviation, by several others of the sect :

A Rachas (or giant) named *Vrica*, and in after times *Busm-aasoor*, or the giant of the ashes, had, by a course of austere devotion to *Mahadeo* (Seeva) obtained from him the promise of whatever boon he should ask. The Rachas accordingly demanded, that every person on whose head he should place his right hand, might instantly be reduced to ashes; and Mahadeo conferred the boon, without suspicion of the purpose for which it was designed.

The Rachas no sooner found himself possessed of this formidable power, than he attempted to use it for the destruction of his benefactor. Mahadeo fled, the Rachas pursued, and followed the fugitive so closely as to chace him into a thick grove; where Mahadeo, changing his form and bulk, concealed himself in the centre of a fruit, then called *tunda pundoo*, but since named *linga tunda*, from the resemblance which its kernel thenceforward assumed to the *ling*, the appropriate emblem of Mahadeo.

The Rachas having lost sight of Mahadeo, enquired of a husbandman, who was working in the adjoining field, whether he had seen the fugitive, and what direction he had taken. The husbandman, who had attentively obser-

\* *Murresoo*, or *Mursoo*, in the Hala Canara, signifies *rude, uncivilized*;—*Wokul*, a *husbandman*.

ved the whole transaction, fearful of the future resentment of Mahadeo, and equally alarmed for the present vengeance of the giant, answered aloud, that he had seen no fugitive, but pointed, at the same time, with the little finger of his right hand, to the place of Mahadeo's concealment.

In this extremity,\* Vishnou descended, in the form of a beautiful damsel, to the rescue of Mahadeo. The Rachas became instantly enamoured ;—the damsel was a *pure* Brahmin, and might not be approached by the *unclean* Rachas. By degrees she appeared to relent ; and, as a previous condition to farther advances, enjoined the performance of his ablutions in a neighbouring pool. After these were finished, she prescribed, as a farther purification, the performance of the *Sundia*,—a ceremony in which the right hand is successively applied to the breast, to the crown of the head, and to other parts of the body. The Rachas, thinking only of love, and forgetful of the powers of his right hand, performed the *Sundia*, and was himself reduced to ashes.

Mahadeo now issued from the *linga tunda*, and, after the proper acknowledgments for his deliverance, proceeded to discuss the guilt of the treacherous husbandman, and determined on the loss of the finger with which he had offended, as the proper punishment of his crime.

The wife of the husbandman, who had just arrived at the field with food for her husband, hearing this dreadful sentence, threw herself at the feet of Mahadeo. She represented the certain ruin of her family, if her husband should be disabled for some months from performing the labours of the farm, and besought the Deity to accept two of her fingers, instead of one from her husband. Mahadeo, pleased with so sincere a proof of conjugal affection, accepted the exchange, and ordained, that her female posterity, in all future generations, should sacrifice two fingers at his temple, as a memorial of the transaction, and of their exclusive devotion to the God of the Ling.

The practice is, accordingly, confined to the supposed posterity of this single woman, and is not common to the whole sect of Muresoo-Wokul. I ascertained the actual number of families who observed this practice in three suc-

\* *Dignus vindice nodus.*

cessive districts through which I afterwards passed, and I conjecture that, within the limits of Misoor, they may amount to about two thousand houses.

The Hill of *Secter*, in the talook of Colar, where the giant was destroyed, is (according to this tradition) formed of the ashes of Busmaa-soor : It is held in particular veneration by this sect, as the chief seat of their appropriate sacrifice ; and the fact of its containing little or no moisture, is held to be a miraculous proof that the ashes of the giant continue to absorb the most violent and continued rain. This is a remarkable example of easy credulity. I have examined the mountain, which is of a sloping form, and composed of coarse granite.—*Hist. Sketches of the South of India*, vol. i. p. 442, note.

*The Ship of Heaven.*—VI. p. 55.

I have converted the *Vimana*, or self-moving Car of the Gods, into a Ship. Capt. Wilford has given the history of its invention,—and, what is more curious, has attempted to settle the geography of the story :—

“ A most pious and venerable sage, named RISHI'CE'SA, being very far advanced in years, had resolved to visit, before he died, all the famed places of pilgrimage ; and, having performed his resolution, he bathed at last in the sacred water of the *Ca'li*, where he observed some fishes engaged in amorous play, and reflecting on their numerous progeny, which would sport like them in the stream, he lamented the improbability of leaving any children : but, since he might possibly be a father, even at his great age, he went immediately to the king of that country, HIRANYAVERNA, who had fifty daughters, and demanded one of them in marriage. So strange a demand gave the prince great uneasiness ; yet he was unwilling to incur the displeasure of a saint, whose imprecations he dreaded : he, therefore, invoked *Heri*, or *Vishnu*, to inspire him with a wise answer, and told the hoar philosopher, that he should marry any one of his daughters, who, of her own accord, should fix on him as her bridegroom. The sage, rather disconcerted, left the palace ; but, calling to mind the two sons of ASWINI, he hastened to their terrestrial abode, and requested that they would bestow on him both youth and beauty : they immediately conducted him to *Abhimatada*, which we suppose to be *Abydus*, in Upper Egypt ; and, when he had bathed in the pool of *Rupayawana*, he was

restored to the flower of his age with the graces and charms of CA'MA'DE'VA. On his return to the palace, he entered the secret apartments, called *antah-pura*, where the fifty princesses were assembled : and they were all so transported with the vision of more than human beauty, that they fell into an ecstasy, whence the place was afterwards named *Mohast-han*, or *Mohana*, and is, possibly, the same with *Mohannan*. They no sooner had recovered from their trance, than each of them exclaimed, that she would be his bride ; and their altercation having brought HIRANYAVERNA into their apartment, he terminated the contest by giving them all in marriage to RISHICE'SA, who became the father of a hundred sons ; and, when he succeeded to the throne, built the city of *Suc-haverddhana*, framed *vimānas*, or celestial, self-moving cars, in which he visited the gods, and made gardens, abounding in delights, which rivalled the bowers of INDRA ; but, having granted the desire, which he formed at *Matoyasangama*, or the place where the fish were assembled, he resigned the kingdom to his eldest son HIRANYAVRIDHA, and returned, in his former shape, to the banks of the Ca'li, where he closed his days in devotion.—WILFORD. *Asiatic Researches*.

*Dushmanta*. In what path of the winds are we now journeying ?

*Matali*. This is the way which leads along the triple river, heaven's brightest ornament, and causes yon luminaries to roll in a circle with diffused beams : it is the course of a gentle breeze which supports the floating forms of the gods ; and this path was the second step of Vishnu when he confounded the proud Bali.

\* \* \*

*Dushmanta*. The car itself instructs me that we are moving over clouds pregnant with showers ; for the circumference of its wheels disperses pellucid water.

\* \* \*

*Dushmanta*. These chariot wheels yield no sound ; no dust arises from them, and the descent of the car gave me no shock.

*Matali*. Such is the difference, O King ! between thy car and that of Indra.—SACONTALA.

*The Raining Tree.*—VII. p. 64.

The island of *Fierro* is one of the most considerable of the Canaries, and I conceive that name to be given it upon this account, that its soil, not affording so much as a drop of fresh water, seems to be of *iron*; and, indeed, there is in this island neither river, nor rivulet, nor well, nor spring, save that only, towards the sea-side, there are some wells; but they lie at such a distance from the city, that the inhabitants can make no use thereof. But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all, remedies this inconvenience by a way so extraordinary, that a man will be forced to sit down and acknowledge that he gives in this an undeniable demonstration of his goodness and infinite providence.

For, in the midst of the island, there is a tree, which is the only one of its kind, inasmuch as it hath no resemblance to those mentioned by us in this relation, nor to any other known to us in Europe. The leaves of it are long and narrow, and continue in a constant verdure, winter and summer; and its branches are covered with a cloud, which is never dispelled, but resolved into a moisture, which causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water, and that in such abundance, that the cisterns, which are placed at the foot of the tree to receive it, are never empty, but contain enough to supply both men and beasts.—MANDELSLO.

Feyjoo denies the existence of any such tree, upon the authority of P. Talandier, a French jesuit, (quoted in *Mem. de Trevoux*. 1715, art. 97.) who visited the island. “*Assi no dudo*,” he adds, “*que este Fenix de las plantas es tenfingedo como el de las aves*.”—*Theat. Crit. Tom. ii. Disc. 2. § 65*. What authority is due to the testimony of this French jesuit I do not know, never having seen his book; but it appears, from the undoubted evidence of Glas, that its existence is believed in the Canaries, and positively affirmed by the inhabitants of Frierro itself.

“There are,” says this excellent author, “only three fountains of water in the whole island, one of them is called Acof,\* which, in the language of the ancient inhabitants, signifies river; a name, however, which does not seem to

\* In the Azanaga dialect of the Lybiantongue, *Aseif* signifies a river.

have been given it on account of its yielding much water, for in that respect it hardly deserves the name of a fountain. More to the northward is another called Hapio; and in the middle of the island is a spring, yielding a stream about the thickness of a man's finger. This last was discovered in the year 1565, and is called the Fountain of Anton Hernandez. On account of the scarcity of water, the sheep, goats, and swine here do not drink in the summer, but are taught to dig up the roots of fern, and chew them, to quench their thirst. The great cattle are watered at those fountains, and at a place where water distils from the leaves of a tree. Many writers have made mention of this famous tree; some in such a manner as to make it appear miraculous; others again deny the existence of any such tree, among whom is Father Feyjoo, a modern Spanish author, in his *Theatro Critico*. But he, and those who agree with him in this matter, are as much mistaken as they who would make it appear miraculous. This is the only island of all the Canaries which I have not been in; but I have sailed with natives of Hierro, who, when questioned about the existence of this tree, answered in the affirmative.

The author of the History of the Discovery and Conquest has given us a particular account of it, which I shall relate here at large. "The district in which this tree stands is called Tigulahe; near to which, and in the cliff, or steep rocky ascent that surrounds the whole island, is a narrow gutter or gully, which commences at the sea, and continues to the summit of the cliff, where it joins or coincides with a valley, which is terminated by the steep front of a rock. On the top of this rock grows a tree, called, in the language of the ancient inhabitants, Garse, *i. e.* Sacred or Holy Tree, which, for many years, has been preserved sound, entire, and fresh. Its leaves constantly distil such a quantity of water as is sufficient to furnish drink to every living creature in Hierro; nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. It is situated about a league and a half from the sea. Nobody knows of what species it is, only that it is called Til. It is distinct from other trees, and stands by itself; the circumference of the trunk is about twelve spans, the diameter four, and in height, from the ground to the top of the highest branch, forty spans: The circumference of all the branches together, is one hundred and twenty feet. The branches are thick and extended; the lowest com-



mence about the height of an ell from the ground. Its fruit resembles the acorn, and tastes something like the kernel of a pine-nut, but is softer and more aromatic. The leaves of this tree resemble those of the laurel, but are larger, wider, and more curved; they come forth in a perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. Near to it grows a thorn, which fastens on many of its branches, and interweaves with them; and, at a small distance from the Garse, are some beech-trees, bresos, and thorns. On the north side of the trunk are two large tanks, or cisterns, of rough stone, or rather one cistern divided, each half being twenty feet square, and sixteen spans in depth. One of these contains water for the drinking of the inhabitants, and the other that which they use for their cattle, washing, and such like purposes. Every morning, near this part of the island, a cloud or mist arises from the sea, which the south and easterly winds force against the fore-mentioned steep cliff; so that the cloud, having no vent but by the gutter, gradually ascends it, and from thence advances slowly to the extremity of the valley, where it is stopped and checked by the front of the rock which terminates the valley, and then rests upon the thick leaves and wide-spreading branches of the tree; from whence it distils in drops during the remainder of the day, until it is at length exhausted, in the same manner that we see water drip from the leaves of trees after a heavy shower of rain. This distillation is not peculiar to the Garse, or Til, for the bresos which grow near it likewise drop water; but their leaves being but few and narrow, the quantity is so trifling, that, though the natives save some of it, yet they make little or no account of any but what distils from the Til; which, together with the water of some fountains, and what is saved in the winter season, is sufficient to serve them and their flocks. This tree yields most water in those years when the Levant, or easterly winds, have prevailed for a continuance; for by these winds only, the clouds or mists are drawn hither from the sea. A person lives on the spot near which this tree grows, who is appointed by the Council to take care of it and its water, and is allowed a house to live in, with a certain salary. He every day distributes to each family of the district, seven pots or vessels full of water, besides what he gives to the principal people of the island."

Whether the tree which yields water at this present time be the same as that mentioned in the above description, I cannot pretend to determine, but it is probable there has been a succession of them ; for Pliny, describing the Fortunate Islands, says, “ In the mountains of Ombrion are trees resembling the plant *Ferula*, from which water may be procured by pressure : What comes from the black kind is bitter, but that which the white yields is sweet and palatable.”—GLAS’S *History of the Canary Islands*.

Cordeyro (*Historia Insulana*, lib. ii. c. 5.) says, that this tree resembles what in other places is called the *Til*, (*Tilia*), the Linden Tree ; and he proceeds, from these three letters, to make it an emblem of the Trinity. The water, he says, was called the *Agua Santa*, and the tree itself the *Santa Arvore*,—appellations not ill bestowed. According to his account the water was delivered out in stated portions.

There is an account of a similar tree in Cockburne’s Travels ; but this I believe to be a work of fiction. Bernal Diaz, however, mentions one as growing at Naco, in Honduras, “ *Que en mitad de la siesta, por recio sol que hiziesse, parecia que la sombra del arbol refrescava el corazon, caia del uno como rozio muy delgado que confortava las cabezas.*” —206.

There may be some exaggeration in the accounts of the Fierro Tree, but that the story has some foundation I have no doubt. The islanders of St Thomas say, that they have a sort of trees whose leaves continually are distilling water. (*Barbot. in Churckle*. 405.) It is certain that a dew falls in hot weather from the lime,—a fact of which any person may easily convince himself. The same property has been observed in other English trees, as appears by the following extract from the Monthly Magazine :

“ In the beginning of August, after a sun-shine day, the air became suddenly misty about six o’clock ; I walked, however, by the road-side from seven to eight, and observed, in many places, that a shower of big drops of water was falling under the large trees, although no rain fell elsewhere. The road and path continued dusty, and the field-gates shewed no signs of being wetted by the mist I have often noticed the like fact, but have not met with a satisfactory explanation of this power in trees to condense mist.”

I am not the only poet who has availed himself of the Fierro Tree. It is thus introduced in the *Columbus of Carrara*,—a singular work, containing, amid many extravagancies, some passages of rare merit :

Ecce autem inspector miri dum devius ignis  
 Fertur, in occursum miræ magis incidit undæ.  
 Æquoris in medio diffusi largiter arbor  
 Stabat, opaca, ingens, ævoque intacta priori,  
 Grata quies Nymphis, et grata colentibus umbram  
 Alitibus sedes, quarum vox blanda, nec ullâ  
 Musicus arte canor sylvam resonare docebat.  
 Auditor primum rari modulaminis, utque  
 Cominus admovit gressum, spectator et hæsit ;  
 Namque videbat, uti de cortice, deque supernis  
 Crinibus, argentum guttatim mitteret humens  
 Truncus, et ignaro plueret Jove ; moxque serenus ]  
 In concham caderet subjecti marmoris imber,  
 Donec ibi in fontem collectis undique rivis  
 Cresceret, atque ipso jam non ingratus ab ortu  
 Redderet humorem matri, quæ commodat umbram.

Dum stupet et quærit, cur internodia possit  
 Unda ; per et fibras, virides et serpere rugas,  
 Et ferri sursum, genio ducente deorsum ;  
 Adstitit\*en Nympe ; dubitat discernere, Nais,  
 Anne Dryas, custos num fontis, an arboris esset ;  
 Verius ut credam, Genius sub imagine Nymphæ  
 Ille loci fuerat. Quam præstantissimus Heros  
 Protinus ut vidit, Parce, o pulcherrima, dixit,  
 Si miser, et vestras ejectus nuper ad oras  
 Naufragus, idem audax videor fortasse rogando.  
 Dic age, quas labi video de stipite, lymphæ  
 Montibus anne cadant, per operta foramina ductæ,

**Mox trabis irriguæ saliant in frondea sursum  
 Brachia, ramalesque tubos ; genitalis an alvus  
 Umbrosæ genitricis alat ; ceu sæpe videmus  
 Balsama de truncis, stillare electra racemis.  
 Pandere ne grave sit cupienti noscere causam  
 Vilia quæ vobis usus miracula fecit.**

**Hæc ubi dicta, silet. Tum Virgo ita reddidit, Hospes  
 Quisquis es, (eximium certe præsentia prodit)  
 Deciperis, si forte putas, quas aspicias undas  
 Esse satas terrâ ; procul omni a sede remota  
 Mira arbos, uni debet sua munera Cœlo.  
 Quâ ratione tamen capiat, quia noscere gestis  
 Edicam ; sed dicendis ne tædia repant,  
 Hic locus, hæc eadem, de quâ cantabitur, arbor  
 Dat tempestivam blandis afflatibus umbram :  
 Hic una sedeamus ;—et ambo fontis ad undam  
 Consedere ; dehinc intermittente parumper  
 Concentu volucrum, placido sic incipit ore.**

**Nomine Canariæ, de quâ tenet Insula nomen  
 Virgo fuit, non ore minus, quam prædita raræ  
 Laude pudicitia, mirum quæ pectore votum  
 Clausit, ut esse eadem genitrix et virgo cupiret.  
 At quia in Urbe satam fuerat sortita parentem  
 Ortum rure Patrem, diversis moribus hausit  
 Hinc sylvæ austeros, teneros hinc Urbis amores.  
 Sæpe ubi visendi studio convenerat Urbes,  
 Et dare blanditias natis et sumere matres  
 Viderat ante fores, ut mater amavit amari.  
 Sæpe ubi rure fuit de nymphis una Dianæ,  
 Viderat atque Deam thalami consorte carentem,  
 Esse Deæ similis, nec amari ut mater amavit.**

Sed quid aget? cernit fieri non posse quod optat ;  
 Non optare tamen, crudelius urit amantem.  
 Noctis erat medium : quo nos sumus, hoc erat illa  
 Forte loco, Cœloque videns splendescere Lunam,  
 O Dea, cui triplicis concessa potentia regni,  
 Parce precor, dixit, si quæ nunc profero, non sum  
 Ausa prius; quod non posses audire Diana,  
 Cum sis Luna potes; tenebræ minuere pudorem,  
 Est mihi Virginitas, fateor, re charior omni,  
 Attamen, hâc salvâ, fœcundæ si quoque Matris  
 Nomina miscerem, duplici de nomine quantum  
 Ambitiosa forem; certe non parva voluptas  
 Me caperet, coram si quis me luderet infans  
 Si mecum gestu, mecum loqueretur ocellis,  
 Cumque potest, quacumque potest, me voce vocaret,  
 Cujus et in vultu multum de matre viderem.  
 Ni sinit hoc humana tamen natura licere,  
 Fiat quâ ratione potest; mutare figuram  
 Nil refert, voti compos si denique fiam.

Annuit oranti facilis Dea; Virgine digna  
 Et quia vota tulit, Virgo probat. Eligat ergo  
 De grege Plantarum ligni quæ cœlibis esset.  
 Visa fuit Platanus : placet hæc; si vertat in istam  
 Canariæ corpus, sibi tempus in omne futuram  
 Tam caram esse videt, quam sit sua laurea Phœbo.  
 Nec mora, poscenti munus, ne signa deessent  
 Certa dati, movit falcataë cornua frontis.

\* Virginis extemplo cœpere rigere crura  
 Tenvia vestiri duro præcordia libro,  
 Ipsaque miratur, cervix quod eburnea, quantum  
 It Cœlo, tantum tendant in Tartara plantæ;  
 Et jam formosâ de Virgine stabat et Arbor

Non formosa minus ; qui toto in corpore pridem  
Par ebori fuerat, candor quoque cortice mansit.  
Sed deerat conjux uxoris moribus æque  
Integer et cœlebs, et Virginitatis amator,  
Quo fœcunda foret ; verum tellure petendus  
Non hic, ab axe fuit. Quare incorruptus et idem  
Purior e cunctis stellatæ noctis alumnis  
Poscitur Hersophorus, sic Graii nomine dicunt,  
Rorem Itali. Quocumque die (quis credere, posset?)  
Tamquam ex conducto cum Sol altissimus extat,  
Sydereus conjux nebulae velatus amictu  
Labitur huc, niveisque maritam amplectitur alis :  
Quodque fidem superat, parvo post tempora fœtum  
Concipit, et parvo post tempore parturit arbor,  
Molle puerperium vis noscere ? consule fontem,  
Qui nos propter adest, in quo mixtura duorum  
Agnosci possit, splendet materque paterque.  
Læta fovet genitrix, compos jam facta cupiti ;  
Illius optarat vultu se noscere, noscit ;  
Cernere ludentem se circum, ludere cernit ;  
Illum audire rudi matrem quoque voce vocantem,  
Et matrem sese dici dum murmurat, audit.  
Nec modo Virginitas fœcunda est arboris, ipsæ  
Sunt quoque fœcundæ frondes, quas excutit arbor.  
Nam simul ac supra latices cecidere tepentes,  
Insuper accessit Phœbei flamma caloris,  
Concipiunt, pariuntque : oriturque tenerrimus ales  
Nomine Canarius, qui pene exclusus in auras,  
Tennis adhuc, cœlique rudis, crudusque labori  
Jam super extantes affectat scandere ramos,  
Et frondes, quarum una fuit. Nidum inde sub illis  
Collocat adversum Soli, cui pandere pennas  
Et siccare queat ; latet hic, nullâque magistrâ

Arte canit, matrisque replet concentibus aures.  
 Adde quod affectus reddit genitricis eosdem,  
 Utque puellari genitrix in pectore clausit,  
 Hinc sylvæ austeros, teneros hinc Urbis amores,  
 Sic amat hic sylvas, ut non fastidiat Urbes.  
 Tecta colit, patiturque hominem, nec divitis aulæ  
 Grande supercilium metuit sylvestris alumnus.  
 Imo loco admonitus, vix aulicus incipit esse,  
 Jam fit adulator, positum proferre paratus  
 In statione melos, domini quod vellicet aurem.

CARRARA. *Columbus.*

The Walking-Leaf would have been better than the Canary Bird.

*Nared.*—VII. p. 66.

A very distinguished son of Brahma, named Nared, bears a strong resemblance to Hermes or Mercury; he was a wise legislator, great in arts and in arms, an eloquent messenger of the Gods either to one another, or to favoured mortals, and a musician of exquisite skill. His invention of the *Vina*, or Indian lute, is thus described in the poem entitled *Magha*: “Nared sat watching from time to time his large *Vina*, which, by the impulse of the breeze, yielded notes that pierced successively the regions of his ear, and proceeded by musical intervals.”—*Asiatic Researches*, Sir W. JONES.

The *Vina* is an Æolian harp. The people of Amboyna have a different kind of Æolian instrument, which is thus described in the first account of D'Entrecasteaux's Voyage: “Being on the sea-shore, I heard some wind-instruments, the harmony of which, though sometimes very correct, was intermixed with discordant notes that were by no means displeasing. These sounds, which were very musical, and formed fine cadences, seemed to come from such a distance, that I for some time imagined the natives were having a concert beyond the road-stead, near a myriameter from the spot where I stood. My ear was greatly deceived respecting the distance, for I was not an

hundred meters from the instrument. It was a bamboo at least twenty meters in height, which had been fixed in a vertical situation by the sea-side. I remarked between each knot a slit about three centimeters long by a centimeter and a half wide; these slits formed so many holes, which, when the wind introduced itself into them, gave agreeable and diversified sounds. As the knots of this long bamboo were very numerous, care had been taken to make holes in different directions, in order that, on whatever side the wind blew, it might always meet with some of them. I cannot convey a better idea of the sound of this instrument, than by comparing them to those of the Harmonica.” —LABILLARDIERE. *Voyage in search of La Perouse*.

Nareda, the mythological offspring of *Saraswati*, patroness of music, is famed for his talents in that science. So great were they, that he became presumptuous; and, emulating the divine strains of *Krishna*, he was punished by having his *Vina* placed in the paws of a bear, whence it emitted sounds far sweeter than the minstrelsy of the mortified musician. I have a picture of this joke, in which *Krishna* is forcing his reluctant friend to attend to his rough-visaged rival, who is ridiculously touching the chords of poor *Nareda's Vina*, accompanied by a brother bruin on the cymbals. *Krishna* passed several practical jokes on his humble and affectionate friend: He metamorphosed him once into a woman, at another time into a bear.—MOORE'S *Hindu Pantheon*, p. 204.

—————*The sacrifice*

*That should to Gods and Men proclaim him Lord*

*And Sovereign Master of the vassal World.*—VII. p. 70.

The Raisoo Yug, or Feast of Rajahs, could only be performed by a monarch who had conquered all the other sovereigns of the world.—HALHED. *Note to the Life of Creeshna*.

*Sole Rajah, the Omnipotent below.*—VII. p. 70.

No person has given so complete a sample of the absurdity of oriental titles as the Dutch traveller Struys, in his enumeration of “the proud and blasphemous titles of the King of Siam,—they will hardly bear sense,” says the translator, in what he calls, by a happy blunder, “the idiotism of our tongue.”



The Alliance, written with letters of fine gold, being full of godlike glory. The most Excellent, containing all wise sciences. The most Happy, which is not in the world among men. The Best and most Certain that is in Heaven, Earth, and Hell. The greatest Sweet, and friendly Royal Word ; whose powerful-sounding properties and glorious fame range through the world, as if the dead were raised by a godlike power, and wonderfully purged from ghostly and corporal corruption. At this both spiritual and secular men admire with a special joy, whereas no dignity may be herewith compared. Proceeding from a friendly, illustrious, unconquerable, most mighty, and most high Lord ; and a royal Crown of Gold, adorned with nine sorts of precious stones. The greatest, clearest, and most godlike Lord of unblameable Souls. The most Holy, seeing every where, and protecting Sovereign of the city JUDIA, whose many streets and open gates are thronged by troops of men, which is the chief metropolis of the whole world, the royal throne of the earth, that is adorned with nine sorts of stones, and most pleasant valleys. He who guides the reins of the world, and has a house more than the Gods of fine gold and of precious stones ; they the godlike Lords of thrones and of fine gold ; the White, Red, and Round-tayl'd Elephants,—which excellent creatures are the chiefest of the nine sorts of Gods. To none hath the divine Lord given, in whose hand is the victorious sword ; who is like the fiery-armed God of Battails, to the most illustrious.

The second is as blasphemous as the first, though hardly swells so far out of sense.

The highest PADUCCO SRY SULTAN, NELMONAM WELGACA, NELMOCHADIN MAGIVIITHA, JOUKEN DER EAUTEN ALLAULA FYLAN, King of the whole world ; who makes the water rise and flow. A King that is like a God, and shines like the Sun at noon-day. A King that gives a glance like the Moon when it is at full. Elected of God to be worthy as the North Star, being of the race and offspring of the great Alexander ; with a great understanding, as a round orb, that tumbles hither and thither, able to guess at the depth of the great sea. A King that hath amended all the funerals of the departed Saints, and is as righteous as God, and of such power that all the world may come and shelter under his wings. A King that doth right in all things, as

the Kings of old have done. A King more liberal than all Kings. A King that hath many mines of gold that God hath lent him ; who hath built temples half gold and half brass ; sitting upon a throne of pure gold, and of all sorts of precious stones. A King of the white Elephant, which Elephant is the King of all Elephants, before whom many thousands of other Elephants must bow and fall upon their knees. He whose eyes shine like the morning-star. A King that hath Elephants with four teeth, red, purple, and pied. Elephants, *ay*, and a *BYTENAQURS* Elephant ; for which God has given him many and divers sorts of apparel wrought with most fine gold, ennobled with many precious stones : and, besides these, so many Elephants used in battel, having harnesses of iron, their teeth tipt with steel, and their harnesses laid over with shining brass. A King that has many hundred horses, whose trappings are wrought with fine gold, and adorned with precious stones of every sort that are found in the universal world where the Sun shines, and these shod with fine gold ; besides so many hundred horses that are used in war of every kind. A King who has all Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Sovereigns in the whole world, from the rising to the going down of the sun, under subjection ;—and such as can obtain his favour are by him promoted to great honour ; but, on the contrary, such as revolt, he burns with fire. A King who can show the power of God, and whatever God has made.

And so, by this time, I hope you have heard enough of a King of Elephants and Horses, though not a word of his Asses.—*STRUYS*.

*The Sacrifice.*—VIII. p. 75.

The *Aśwamedha*, or sacrifice of a horse. Considerable difficulties usually attended that ceremony ; for the consecrated horse was to be set at liberty for a certain time, and followed at a distance by the owner, or his champion, who was usually one of his near kinsmen ; and, if any person should attempt to stop it in its rambles, a battle must inevitably ensue ; besides, as the performer of a hundred *Aśwamedhas* became equal to the God of the firmament, *Indra* was perpetually on the watch, and generally carried off the sacred animal by force or by fraud.—*WILFORD. Asiat. Res.*

Mr Halhed gives a very curious account of this remarkable sacrifice :

“ The Ashum-meed-Jugg does not merely consist in the performance of that ceremony which is open to the inspection of the world, namely, in bringing a horse and sacrificing him ; but Ashum-meed is to be taken in a mystic signification, as implying that the sacrificer must look upon himself to be typified in that horse, such as he shall be described, because the religious duty of the Ashum-meed-Jugg comprehends all those other religious duties, to the performance of which all the wise and holy direct all their actions, and by which all the sincere professors of every different faith aim at perfection : The mystic signification thereof is as follows :

The head of that unblemished horse is the symbol of the morning ; his eyes are the sun ; his breath the wind ; his wide-opening mouth is the Bishwanner, or that innate warmth which invigorates all the world : His body typifies one entire year ; his back paradise ; his belly the plains ; his hoof this earth ; his sides the four quarters of the heavens ; the bones thereof the intermediate spaces between the four quarters ; the rest of his limbs represent all distinct matter ; the places where those limbs meet, or his joints, imply the months and halves of the months, which are called *peche* (or fortnights) : His feet signify night and day ; and night and day are of four kinds, 1. the night and day of Birhma, 2. the night and day of angels, 3. the night and day of the world of the spirits of deceased ancestors, 4. the night and day of mortals ; these four kinds are typified in his four feet. The rest of his bones are the constellations of the fixed stars, which are the twenty-eight stages of the moon’s course, called the Lunar year ; his flesh is the clouds ; his food the sand ; his tendons the rivers ; his spleen and his liver the mountains ; the hair of his body the vegetables, and his long hair the trees ; the fore part of his body typifies the first half of the day, and the hinder part the latter half ; his yawning is the flash of the lightning, and his turning himself is the thunder of the cloud : His urine represents the rain, and his mental reflection is his only speech. The golden vessels, which are prepared before the horse is let loose, are the light of the day, and the place where those vessels are kept is a type of the Ocean of the East ; the silver vessels, which are prepared after the horse is let loose, are the light of the night ; and the place where those vessels are

kept is a type of the Ocean of the West : these two sorts of vessels are always before and after the horse. The Arabian horse, which, on account of his swiftness, is called Hy, is the performer of the journies of angels ; the Tajee, which is of the race of Persian horses, is the performer of the journies of the Kundherps (or good spirits) ; the Wazba, which is of the race of the deformed Tazee horses, is the performer of the journies of the Jins, (or demons ; ) and the Ashoo, which is of the race of Turkish horses, is the performer of the journies of mankind. This one horse, which performs these several services, on account of his four different sorts of riders, obtains the four different appellations. The place where this horse remains is the great ocean, which signifies the great spirit of Perm-Atma, or the Universal Soul, which proceeds also from that Perm-Atma, and is comprehended in the same Perm-Atma. The intent of this sacrifice is, that a man should consider himself to be in the place of that horse, and look upon all these articles as typified in himself ; and, conceiving the Atma (or divine soul) to be an ocean, should let all thought of self be absorbed in that Atma.”—HALHED, *from Darul Shekuh*.

Compare this specimen of eastern sublimity with the description of the horse in Job ! Compare it also with the account of the Bengal horses, in the very amusing work of Captain Williamson,—“ which said horses,” he says, “ have generally Roman noses, and sharp narrow foreheads, much white in their eyes, ill-shaped ears, square heads, thin necks, narrow chests, shallow girths, lank bellies, cat hams, goose rumps, and switch tails.”—*Oriental Sports*, vol. ii. p. 206.

*The Bowl that in its vessel floats.*—VIII. p. 77.

The day and night are here divided into four quarters, each of six hours, and these again into fifteen parts, of twenty-four minutes each. For a chronometer they use a kind of dish of thin brass, at the bottom of which there is a little hole ; this is put into a vessel with water, and it runs full in a certain time. They begin their first quarter at six in the morning. They strike the quarters and subdivisions of time with a wooden hammer, upon a flat piece of iron or steel, of about ten inches in diameter, which is called a *garnial*, and

gives a pretty smart sound, which can be heard at some distance. The quarters are first struck, and then as many times as the brass dish has run full in that quarter. None but the chief men of a district are allowed to have a *garnial*, and still they may not strike the first division of the first quarter, which is a privilege reserved to the nabob alone. Those who attend at these clocks must be of the Bramin cast.—STAVORINUS.

*Lo, the time-taper's flame, ascending slow,  
Creeps up its coil.*—VIII. p. 79.

They make a sort of paste of the dust of a certain sort of wood, (the learned and rich men of sandal, eagle-wood, and others that are odoriferous), and of this paste they make sticks of several sorts, drawing them through a hole, that they may be of an equal thickness. They commonly make them one, two, or three yards long, about the thickness of a goose-quill, to burn in the pagods before their idols, or to use like a match to convey fire from one thing to another. These sticks or ropes they coil, beginning at the centre, and so form a spiral conical figure, like a fisherman's wheel, so that the last circle shall be one, two, or three spans diameter, and will last one, two, or three days, or more, according as it is in thickness. There are of them in the temples that last ten, twenty, and thirty days. This thing is hung up by the centre, and is lighted at the lower end, whence the fire gently and insensibly runs round all the coil, on which there are generally five marks, to distinguish the five parts of the night. This method of measuring time is so exact and true, that they scarce ever find any considerable mistake in it. The learned, travellers, and all others, who will rise at a certain hour to follow their business, hang a little weight at the mark that shews the hour they have a mind to rise at, which, when the fire comes thither, drops into a brass bason set under it; and so the noise of it falling awakes them, as our alarum-clocks do.—GEMELLI CABERI.

*At noon the massacre begun,*

*And night clos'd in before the work of death was done.*—VIII. p. 82.

Of such massacres the ancient and modern history of the East supply but too many examples. One may suffice :

After the surrender of the Ilbars Khan, Nadir prohibited his soldiers from molesting the inhabitants; but their rapacity was more powerful than their habits of obedience, or even their dread of his displeasure, and they accordingly began to plunder. The instant Nadir heard of their disobedience, he ordered the offenders to be brought before him, and the officers were beheaded in his presence, and the private soldiers dismissed with the loss of their ears and noses. The executioners toiled till sun-set, when he commanded the headless trunks with their arms to be carried to the main-guard, and there to be exposed for two days, as an example to others. I was present the whole time, and saw the wonderful hand of God, which employs such instruments for the execution of his divine vengeance; although not one of the executioners was satisfied with Nadir Shah, yet nobody dared to disobey his commands:—a father beheaded his son, and a brother a brother, and yet presumed not to complain.—ABDUL KURREEM.

*Behold his lowly home*

*By yonder broad-bough'd Plane o'ershaded.*—IX. p. 84.

The plane-tree, that species termed the *Platanus Orientalis*, is commonly cultivated in Kashmire, where it is said to arrive at a greater perfection than in other countries. This tree, which in most parts of Asia is called the *Chinur*, grows to the size of an oak, and has a taper streight trunk, with a silver-coloured bark; and its leaf, not unlike an expanded hand, is of a pale green. When in full foliage, it has a grand and beautiful appearance; and, in the hot weather, it affords a refreshing shade.—FORSTER.

*The Marriage-Bower.*—IX. p. 85.

The Pandal is a kind of arbour or bower raised before the doors of young married women. They set up two or three poles, seven or eight foot in length, round which the leaves of the Pisan-tree, the symbol of joy, are entwined. These poles support others that are laid cross-ways, which are covered with leaves in order to form a shade. The Siriperes are allowed to set up no more than three pillars, and the infringing of this custom would be sufficient to cause an insurrection.—A. ROGER, in *Picart*.

*There, from the intolerable heat,**The buffaloes retreat.*—IX. p. 87.

About noon, in hot weather, the buffalo throws herself into the water or mud of a tank, if there be one accessible at a convenient distance; and, leaving nothing above water but her nose, continues there for five or six hours, or until the heat abates.—BUCHANAN.

In the hot season, when water becomes very scarce, the buffaloes avail themselves of any puddle they may find among the covers, wherein they roll and rub themselves, so as in a short time to change what was at first a shallow flat, into a deep pit, sufficient to conceal their own bulk. The humidity of the soil, even when the water may have been evaporated, is particularly gratifying to these animals, which cannot bear heat, and which, if not indulged in a free access to the water, never thrive.—*Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 259.

The buffalo not only delights in the water, but will not thrive unless it have a swamp to wallow in. There rolling themselves, they speedily work deep hollows, wherein they lay immersed. No place seems to delight the buffalo more than the deep verdure on the confines of jiels and marshes, especially if surrounded by tall grass, so as to afford concealment and shade, while the body is covered by the water. In such situations they seem to enjoy a perfect ecstasy, having in general nothing above the surface but their eyes and nostrils, the horns being kept low down, and consequently entirely hidden from view.—*Oriental Sports*, vol. ii. p. 49.

Captain Beaver describes these animals as to be found during the heat of the day in the creeks and on the shores of the island of Bulama, almost totally immersed in water, little more than their heads appearing above it.

*The market-flag.*—IX. p. 86.

Many villages have markets on particular days, when not only fruits, grain, and the common necessities of life are sold, but occasionally manufactures of various descriptions. These markets are well known to all the neighbouring country, being on appointed days of the week, or of the lunar month; but, to remind those who may be travelling of their vicinity to the means of supply, a *naugaurak*, or large kettle-drum, is beat during the forenoon, and a small flag, usually of white linen, with some symbolic figure in colours, or with a coloured border, is hoisted on a very long bamboo, kept upright by means of ropes fastened to pins driven into the ground. The flags of Hindoo villages are generally square and plain; those of the Mussulmans towns are ordinarily triangular, and bear the type of their religion, viz. a double-bladed scymitar. —*Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 89.

*Mount Meru.*—X. p. 92.

According to the orthodox Hindus, the globe is divided into two hemispheres, both called *Meru*; but the superior hemisphere is distinguished by the name of *Sumeru*, which implies beauty and excellence, in opposition to the lower hemisphere, or *Cumeru*, which signifies the reverse: By *Meru*, without any adjunct, they generally mean the higher or northern hemisphere, which they describe with a profusion of poetic imagery as the seat of delights: while they represent *Cumeru* as the dreary habitation of demons, in some parts intensely cold, and in others so hot that the waters are continually boiling. In strict propriety, Meru denotes the pole and the polar regions; but it is the celestial north pole round which they place the gardens and metropolis of *Indra*, while *Yama* holds his court in the opposite polar circle, or the station of *Auras*, who warred with the *Suras*, or gods of the firmament. — WILFORD. *Asiatic Researches*.



In the *Vayu Purāṇā*, we are told, that the water, or *Ogha* of the ocean, coming down from heaven like a stream of *Amrita* upon *Meru*, encircles it through seven channels, for the space of 84,000 *Yojanas*, and then divides into four streams, which, falling from the immense height of *Meru*, rest themselves in four lakes, from which they spring over the mountains through the air, just brushing the summits. This wild account was not unknown in the west; for this passage is translated almost verbally, by Pliny and Q. Curtius, in speaking of the Ganges. *Cum magno fragore ipsius statim fontis Ganges erumpit, et magnorum montium juga recto alveo stringit, et ubi primum mollis planities contingat, in quodam lacu hospitatur.* The words in Italics are from Pliny (vi. c. 18.) the others from Curtius (viii. c. 9.)—Capt. WILFORD. *As. Res.* vol. viii. p. 322. Calcutta edition.

The Swarganga, or Mandacini, rises from under the feet of *Veeshno*, at the polar star, and, passing through the circle of the moon, it falls upon the summit of *Meru*; where it divides into four streams, flowing toward the four cardinal points. These four branches pass through four rocks, carved into the shape of four heads of different animals. The Ganges running towards the south passes through a cow's head: To the west is a horse's head, from which flows the *Chaashu* or *Oxus*; towards the east is the head of an elephant, from which flows the river *Sita*; and to the north is a lion's head, from which flows the *Bhadrasama*.—WILFORD. *As. Res.* v. viii. p. 317. Calc. edition.

The mountains through which the Ganges flows at *Hurdwar*, present the spectator with the view of a grand natural amphitheatre; their appearance is rugged and destitute of verdure; they run in ridges and bluff points, in a direction east and west: At the back of the largest range, rise, towering to the clouds, the lofty mountains of *Himmalayah*, whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, which, on clear days, present a most sublime prospect. Their large jagged masses, broken into a variety of irregular shapes, added to their stupendous height, impress the mind with an idea of antiquity and grandeur coeval with the creation; and the eternal frost with which they are encrusted appears to preclude the possibility of mortals ever attaining their summit.

In viewing this grand spectacle of nature, the traveller may easily yield his assent to, and pardon the superstitious veneration of the Hindoo votary, who,

in the fervour of his imagination, assigns the summit of these icy regions as the abode of the great Mahadeo, or First Cause, where, seated on his throne of ice, he is supposed to receive the homage of the surrounding universe.—FRANKLIN'S *Life of George Thomas*, p. 41.

At Gangóttara, three small streams fall down from impassable snowy precipices, and unite into a small bason below, which is considered by the Hindus as the source of the Ganges, over which, at that place, a man can step. This is one of the five *Tirthas*, or stations, more eminently sacred than the rest upon this sacred river. Narayana Shastri, who gave this account, had visited it.—BUCHANAN.

The mountain, called Cailasa Cungri, is exceedingly lofty. On its summit there is a Bhowjputr tree, from the root of which sprouts or gushes a small stream, which the people say is the source of the Ganges, and that it comes from Vaicon'tha, or Heaven, as is also related in the Purānas; although this source appears to the sight to flow from the spot where grows this Bhowjputr tree, which is at an ascent of some miles; and yet above this there is a still loftier summit, where no one goes: But I have heard that, on that uppermost pinnacle, there is a fountain or cavity, to which a Jogui somehow penetrated, who, having immersed his little finger in it, it became petrified.—PURANA POORI. *Asiatic Researches*.

Respecting the true source of the Ganges much uncertainty still prevails. In vain one of the most powerful sovereigns of Indostan, the emperor Acbar, at the close of the sixteenth century, sent a number of men, an army of discoverers, provided with every necessary, and the most potent recommendations, to explore the course of the mighty river which adorned and fertilized the vast extent of his dominions. They were not able to penetrate beyond the famous *Mouth of the Cow*. This is an immense aperture, in a ridge of the mountains of Thibet, to which the natives of India have given this appellation, from the fancied, or real resemblance of the rocks which form the stupendous chasm, to the mouth of an animal esteemed sacred throughout Indostan from the remotest antiquity. From this opening the Ganges, precipitating itself into a large and deep bason at the foot of the mountains, forms a cataract, which is called Gangotri. The impracticability of scaling these precipitous

rocks, and advancing beyond this formidable pass, has prevented the tracing whence this rushing mass of water takes its primary rise.—WILCOCKE, *Note to Stavorinus*.

*The birth of Ganges.—X. p. 94.*

I am indebted to Sir William Jones's Hymn to Ganga for this fable :

“ Above the stretch of mortal ken,  
On bless'd *Cailasa's* top, where every stem  
Glow'd with a vegetable gem,  
Mahe'sa stood, the dread and joy of men;  
While *Párvati*, to gain a boon,  
Fix'd on his locks a beamy moon,  
And hid his frontal eye, in jocund play,  
With reluctant sweet delay.  
All nature straight was lock'd in dim eclipse,  
Till *Brahmans* pure, with hallow'd lips,  
And warbled prayers, restored the day;  
When Ganga from his brow, by heavenly fingers press'd,  
Sprang radiant, and, descending, graced the caverns of the west.”

The descent of the Ganges is related in the *Ramayana*, one of the most celebrated of the sacred books of the Bramins. This work the excellent and learned Baptist missionaries at Serampore are at this time employed in printing and translating ;—one volume has arrived in Europe, and from it I am tempted here to insert an extract of considerable length. The reader will be less disposed to condemn the fictions of *Kehama* as extravagant, when he compares them with this genuine specimen of Hindoo fable. He will perceive, too, that no undue importance has been attributed to the Horse of the Sacrifice in the Poem.

“ The son of *Kooshika* having, in mellifluous accents, related these things to *Rama*, again addressed the descendant of *Kakootitha*. Formerly, O hero!

there was a king of Hyoodhya, named Sugura, the Sovereign of Men, virtuous, desirous of children, but childless; O Rama! the daughter of Vidurbha-kashinee, virtuous, attached to truth, was his chief consort, and the daughter of Urishitanemi, Soomuti, unequalled in beauty, his second ~~consort~~. With these two consorts, the great king, going to Himuvat, engaged in sacred austerities on the mountain in whose sacred stream Bhrigoo constantly bathed. A hundred years being completed, the sage Bhrigoo, clothed with truth, rendered propitious by his austerities, granted him this blessing: O sinless One! thou shalt obtain a most numerous progeny; thy fame, O chief of men! will be unparalleled in the universe. From one of thy consorts, O sire! shall spring the founder of thy race, and, from the other, sixty thousand sons.

"The queen, pleased, approached the chief of men who was thus speaking, and, with hands respectfully joined, asked, O Brahman! whose shall be the one son, and who shall produce the multitude? We, O Brahman! desire to hear. May thy words be verified. Hearing their request, the most virtuous Bhrigoo replied in these admirable words: Freely say which of these favours ye desire, whether the one, founder of the family, or the multitude of valiant, renowned, ~~and glorious~~ sons. O Rama! son of Rughoo, Keshinee hearing the words of the sage, in the presence of the king accepted the one son, the founder of the family; and Soomuti, sister of Soopurna, accepted the sixty thousand sons, active and renowned. The king, O son of Rughoo! having respectfully circumambulated the sage, bowing the head, returned with his spouses to his own city.

"After some time had elapsed, his eldest spouse Keshinee bore to Sugura a son, named Ushama; and Soomuti, O chief of men! brought forth a gourd, from which, on its being opened, came forth sixty thousand sons. These, carefully brought up by their mother, ~~in jars~~ filled with clarified butter, in process of time attained the state of youth;\* and, after a long period, the sixty thou-

\* The Hindus call a child *Bala* till it attains the age of fifteen years old. From the sixteenth year to the *Shishu*, *Barana*, or a state of youth, is supposed to continue. Each of these has several subdivisions; and in certain cases the period admits of variation, as appears to have been the case here.

sand sons of Sugura, possessed of youth and beauty, became men. The eldest son, the offspring of Sugura, O son of Rughoo ! chief of men, seizing children, would throw them into the waters of the Suruyoo, and sport himself with their drowning ~~ings~~. This evil person, the distresser of good men, devoted to the injury of the citizens, was by his father expelled from the city. The son of Usumunja, the heroic Ungshooman, in conversation courteous and affectionate, was esteemed by all.

“ After a long time, O chief of men ! Sugura formed the steady resolve, “ I will perform a sacrifice.” Versed in the Veda, the king, attended by his instructors, having determined the things relating to the sacrificial work, began to prepare the sacrifice.

“ Hearing the words of Vishwa-mitra, the son of Rughoo, highly gratified in the midst of the story, addressed the sage, bright as the ardent flame, Peace be to Thee : I desire, O Brahman ! to hear this story at large, how my predecessors performed the sacrifice. Hearing his words, Vishwa-mitra, smiling, pleasantly replied to Rama : “ Attend, then, O Rama ! to the story of Sugura, repeated at full length. Where the great mountain Himuvat, the happy father-in-law of Shunkura, and the mountain Bindhyo, overlooking the country around, proudly vie with each other, there was the sacrifice of the great Sugura performed. That land, sacred and renowned, is the habitation of Rakshuses. At the command of Sugura, the hero Ungshooman, O Rama ! eminent in archery, a mighty charioteer, was the attendant (of the horse)\*. While the king was performing the sacrifice, a serpent, assuming the form of Ununta, rose from the earth, and seized the sacrificial horse. The sacrificial victim being stolen, all the priests, O son of Rughoo ! going to the king, said, Thy consecrated horse has been stolen by some one in the form of a serpent. Kill the thief, and bring back the sacred horse. This interruption in the sacrifice portends evil to us all. Take those steps, O king ! which may lead to the completion of the sacrifice. Having heard the advice of his instructors, the king, calling his sixty thousand sons into the assembly, said, I perceive that the Rakshuses have not been to this great sacrifice. A sacrifice of the

\* The horse intended for the sacrifice.

Nagas is now performing by the sages, and some god, in the form of a serpent, has stolen the devoted horse. Whoever he be, who, at the time of the Deeksha, has been the cause of this afflictive circumstance, this unhappy event, whether he be gone to Patala, or whether he remain in the waters, kill him, O sons! and bring back my victim. May success attend you, O my sons! At my command traverse the sea-girt earth, digging with mighty labour, till you obtain a sight of the horse; each one piercing the earth to the depth of a yojuna, go you in search of him who stole the sacred horse. Being consecrated by the Deeksha, I, with my grandson and my teachers, will remain with the sacrifice unfinished, till I again behold my devoted horse.

" Thus instructed by their father Sugura, they, in obedience to him, went with cheerful mind, O Rama! to the bottom of the earth. The strong ones, having gone over the earth without obtaining a sight of the horse, each of these mighty men pierced the earth, to the depth of a yojuna, with their mighty arm, the stroke of which resembled the thunder-bolt. Pierced by Kooddala,\* by Purighas,† by Shoolas,‡ by Mooshulas,§ and Shuktis,|| the earth cried out as in darkness. Then arose, O Raghuva! a dreadful cry of the serpents, the Usooras, the Rakshuses, and other creatures, as of beings suffering death. These angry youths, O son of Rughoo! dug the earth even to Patala, to the extent of sixty thousand yojunas. Thus, O prince! the sons of the sovereign of men traversed Jumbodweepa, inclosed with mountains, digging wherever they came. The gods now, with the Gundhurwas and the great serpents, struck with astonishment, went all of them to Bruhma, and, bowing even to the foot of the great spirit, they, full of terror, with dejected countenance, addressed him thus: " O Deva! O divine One! the whole earth, covered with mountains and woods, with rivers and continents, the sons of Sugura are now digging up. By these digging, O Bruhma! the mightiest beings are killed. This is the stealer of our consecrated victims; by this (fel-

\* The Indian spade, formed like a hoe, with a short handle.

† An instrument said to be formed like an ox's yoke.

‡ A dart, or spear.

§ A club, or crow.

|| A weapon, now unknown.

low) our horse was taken away :” Thus saying, these sons of Sugura destroy all creatures. O most Powerful! having heard this, it becomes thee to interpose, before these horse-seekers destroy all thy creatures endued with life.”

Thus far the thirty-second Section, describing the digging of earth.

### SECTION THIRTY-THREE.

“ Hearing the words of the gods, the divine Bruhma replied to these affrighted ones, stupified with the Yuma-like power of these youths : The wise Vasoo-deva, the great Madhuva, who claims the earth for his spouse, that divine one, residing in the form of Kupila, supports the earth. By the fire of his wrath he will destroy the sons of the king. This piercing of the earth must, I suppose, be perceived by him, and he will (effect) the destruction of the long-sighted sons of Sugura. The thirty-three gods,\* enemy-subduing, having heard the words of Bruhma, returned home full of joy. The sons of Sugura, highly renowned, thus digging the earth, a sound was produced resembling that of conflicting elements. Having encompassed and penetrated the whole earth, the sons of Sugura, returning to their father, said, The whole earth has been traversed by us ; and all the powerful gods, the Danavas, the Rukshuses, the Pishachas, the serpents, and hydras, are † killed ; but we have not seen thy horse, nor the thief. What shall we do ? Success be to thee : be pleased to determine what more is proper. The virtuous king, having heard the words of his sons, O son of Rughoo ! angrily replied, Again commence digging. Having penetrated the earth, and found the stealer of the horse, having accomplished your intention, return again. Attentive to the words of their father, the great Sugura, the sixty thousand descended to Patala, and there renewed their digging. There, O chief of men ! they saw the elephant of that quarter of the globe, in size resembling a mountain, with distorted eyes, supporting with his head this earth, with its mountains and fo-

\* The eight Vusoos, the eleven Roodras, the twelve Adityas, and Ushwinee and Koomara.

† This seems to have been spoken by these youths in the warmth of their imagination.

rears, covered with various countries, and adorned with numerous cities. When, for the sake of rest, O *Kakootstha*! the great elephant, through distress, refreshes himself by moving his head, an earthquake is produced.

“ Having respectfully circumambulated this mighty elephant, guardian of the quarter, they, O *Rama*! praising him, penetrated into *Patala*. After they had thus penetrated the east quarter, they opened their way to the south. Here they saw that great elephant *Muha-pudma*, equal to a huge mountain, sustaining the earth with his head. Beholding him, they were filled with surprise; and, after the usual circumambulation, the sixty thousand sons of the great *Sugura* perforated the west quarter. In this these mighty ones saw the elephant *Soumunusa*, of equal size. Having respectfully saluted him, and enquired respecting his health, these valiant ones digging, arrived at the north. In this quarter, O chief of *Rughoo*! they saw the snow-white elephant *Bhudra*, supporting this earth with his beautiful body. Circumambulating him, they again penetrated the earth, and proceeded north-east to that renowned quarter, all the sons of *Sugura*, through anger, pierced the earth again. There all those magnanimous ones, terrible in swiftness, and of mighty prowess, saw *Kupila*, *Vasodeva* the eternal, \* and near him the horse feeding. Filled, O son of *Rughoo*! with unparalleled joy, they all knowing him to be the stealer of the horse, with eyes starting with rage, seizing their spades and their *langulas*, and even trees and stones, ran towards him full of wrath, calling out, Stop, stop! thou art the stealer of our sacrificial horse: Thou stupid one, know that we who have found thee are the sons of *Rughoo*. *Kupila*, filled with excessive anger, uttered from his nostrils a loud sound, and instantly, O *Kakoostha*! by *Kupila* of immeasurable power, were all the sons of *Sugura* turned to a heap of ashes.”

Thus far the thirty-third Section, describing the interview with *Kupila*.

\* The Hindoos say, that *Kupila*, or *Vasoo-deva*, is an incarnation of *Vishnoo*, whom they describe as having been thus partially incarnate twenty-four times.



## SECTION THIRTY-FOUR.

"O son of Rughoo ! Sugura, perceiving that his sons had been absent a long time, thus addressed his grandson, illustrious by his own might. Thou art a hero, possessed of science, in prowess equal to thy predecessors. Search out the fate of thy paternal relatives, and the person by whom the horse was stolen, that we may avenge ourselves on these subterraneous beings, powerful and great. Take thy scymitar and bow, O beloved one ! and finding out thy deceased paternal relatives, destroy my adversary. The proposed end being thus accomplished, return. Bring me happily through this sacrifice.

"Thus particularly address by the great Sugura, Ungshooman, swift and powerful, taking his bow and scymitar, departed. Urged by the king, the chief of men traversed the subterraneous road dug by his great ancestors. There the mighty one saw the elephant of the quarter, adored by the gods, the Danuvās and Rukshuses, the Pishachas, the birds and the serpents. Having circumambulated him, and asked concerning his welfare, Ungshooman enquired for his paternal relatives, and the stealer of the sacred victim. The mighty elephant of the quarter hearing, replied, O son of Usumunja ! thou wilt accomplish thine intention, and speedily return with the horse. Having heard this, he, with due respect, enquired, in regular succession, of all the elephants of the quarters. Honoured by all these guardians of the eight sides of the earth, acquainted with speech, and eminent in eloquence, he was told, Thou wilt return with the horse. Upon this encouraging declaration, he swiftly went to the place where lay his paternal relatives, the sons of Sugura, reduced to a heap of ashes. (At this sight) the son of Usumunja, overwhelmed with sorrow on account of their death, cried out with excess of grief. In this state of grief, the chief of men beheld, grazing near, the sacrificial horse. The illustrious one, desirous of performing the funeral obsequies of these sons of the king, looked around for a receptacle of water, but in vain. Extending his eager view, he saw, O Rama ! the sovereign of birds, the uncle of his paternal relatives, Soopurna, in size resembling a mountain. Vinuteya, of mighty prowess, addressed him thus : Grieve not, O chief of men ! this slaughter is

approved by the universe. These great ones were reduced to ashes by Kupa of unmeasurable might. It is not proper for thee, O wise one! to pour common water upon these ashes. Gunga, O chief of men! is the eldest daughter of Himuvut. With her sacred stream, O valiant one! perform the funeral ceremonies for thine ancestors. If the purifier of the world flow on them, reduced to a heap of ashes, these ashes, being wetted by Gunga, the illuminator of the world, the sixty thousand sons of thy grandfather will be received into heaven. May success attend thee! Bring Gunga to the earth from the residence of the gods. If thou art able, O chief of men! possessor of the ample share, let the descent of Gunga be accomplished by thee. Take the horse, and go forth. It is thine, O hero! for to complete the great paternal sacrifice.

“ Having heard these words of Soopurna, Ungshooman, the heroic, speedily seizing the horse, returned. Then, O son of Rughoo! being come to the king, who was still performing the initiatory ceremonies, he related to him the whole affair, and the advice of Soopurna.

“ After hearing the terror-inspiring relation of Ungshooman, the king finished the sacrifice, in exact conformity to the tenor and spirit of the ordinance: Having finished his sacrifice, the sovereign of the earth returned to his palace. The king, however, was unable to devise any way for the descent of Gunga from heaven: after a long time, unable to fix upon any method, he departed to heaven, having reigned thirty thousand years.

“ Sugura having, O Rama! paid the debt of nature, the people chose Ungshooman, the pious, for their sovereign. Ungshooman, O son of Rughoo! was a very great monarch. His son was called Dwileepa. Having placed him on the throne, he, O Raguva! retiring to the pleasant top of Mount Himuvut, performed the most severe austerities. This excellent sovereign of men, illustrious as the immortals, was exceedingly desirous of the descent of Gunga; but not obtaining his wish, the renowned monarch, rich in sacred austerities, departed to heaven, after having abode in the forest sacred to austerities thirty-two thousand years. Dwileepa, the highly energetic, being made acquainted with the slaughter of his paternal great-uncles, was overwhelmed with grief; but was still unable to fix upon a way of deliverance.

How shall I accomplish the descent of Gunga? How shall I perform the funeral ablutions of these relatives? How shall I deliver them? In such cogitations was his mind constantly engaged. While these ideas filled the mind of the king, thoroughly acquainted with sacred duties, there was born to him a most virtuous son, called Bhugee-rutha. The illustrious king Dwileepa performed many sacrifices, and governed the kingdom for thirty thousand years; but, O chief of men! no way of obtaining the deliverance of his ancestors appearing, he, by a disease, discharged the debt of nature. Having installed his own son Bhugee-rutha in the kingdom, the lord of men departed to the paradise of Indra, through the merits of his own virtuous deeds.

"The pious, the royal sage, Bhugee-rutha, O son of Rughoo! was childless. Desirous of offspring, yet childless, the great monarch entrusted the kingdom to the care of his counsellors; and, having his heart set on obtaining the descent of Gunga, engaged in a long course of sacred austerities upon the mountain Gokurna. With hands erected, he, O son of Rughoo! surrounded in the hot season with five fires,\* according to the prescribed ordinance; in the cold season lying in water; and in the rainy season exposed to the descending clouds, feeding on fallen leaves, with his mind restrained, and his sensual feelings subdued, this valiant and great king continued a thousand years in the practice of the most severe austerities. The magnanimous monarch of mighty arm having finished this period, the divine Bruhma, the lord of creatures, the supreme governor, was highly pleased; and with the gods, going near to the great Bhugee-rutha, employed in sacred austerities, said to him, I am propitious. O performer of sacred vows! ask a blessing. The mighty, the illustrious Bhugee-rutha, with hands respectfully joined, replied to the sire of all, O divine one! if thou art pleased with me, if the fruit of my austerities may be granted, let all the sons of Sugura obtain water for their funeral rites. The ashes of the great ones being wetted by the water of Gunga, let all my ancestors ascend to the eternal heaven.† Let a child, O divine one! be

\* One towards each of the cardinal points, and the sun over his head, towards which he was constantly looking.

† The heaven from which there can be no fall.

granted to us, that our family become not extinct. O God! let this great blessing be granted to the family of Ikshwakoo. The venerable sire of all replied to the king thus requesting in the sweetest and most pleasing accents: Bhugee-rutha, thou mighty charioteer, be this great wish of thine heart accomplished. Let prosperity attend thee, thou increaser of the family of Ikshwakoo! Engage Hura, O king! to receive (in her descent) Gunga, the eldest daughter of the mountain Himuvut. The earth, O king! cannot sustain the descent of Gunga, nor beside Shoolee\* do I behold any one, O king! able to receive her. The creator having thus replied to the king, and spoken to Gunga, returned to heaven with Macroots and all the gods."

Thus far the thirty-fourth Section, describing the gift of the blessing to Bhugee-rutha.

### SECTION THIRTY-FIVE.

"Pruja-puti being gone, Bhugee-rutha, O Rama! with uplifted arm, without support, without a helper, immoveable as a dry tree, and feeding on air, remained day and night on the tip of his great toe upon the afflicted earth. A full year having now elapsed, the husband of Ooma, and the lord of animals, who is revered by all worlds, said to the king, I am propitious to thee, O chief of men! I will accomplish thy utmost desire. To him the sovereign replied, O Hura, receive Gunga! Bhurga †, thus addressed, replied, I will perform thy desire; I will receive her on my head, the daughter of the mountain. Muheshwara then, mounting on the summit of Himuvut, addressed Gunga, the river flowing in the ether, saying, Descend, O Gunga! The eldest daughter of Himuvut, adored by the universe, having heard the words of the lord of Ooma, was filled with anger, and assuming, O Rama! a form of amazing size, with insupportable celerity, fell from the air upon the auspicious head of Shiva. The goddess Gunga, irresistible, thought within herself, I will bear

\* Shiva, from Shoola, the spear which he held.

† Shiva.

down Shunkura with my stream, and enter Patala. The divine Hura, the three-eyed god, was aware of her proud resolution, and, being angry, determined to prevent her design. The purifier, fallen upon the sacred head of Roodra, was detained, O Rama! in the recesses of the orb of his Juta, resembling Himuvut, and was unable, by the greatest efforts, to descend to the earth. From the borders of the orb of his Juta, the goddess could not obtain regress, but wandered there for many series of years. Thus situated, Bhugee-rutha beheld her wandering there, and again engaged in severe austerities.

“ With these austerities, O son of Rughoo! Hura being greatly pleased, discharged Gunga towards the lake Vindoo. In her flowing forth seven streams were produced. Three of these streams \* beautiful, filled with water conveying happiness, Hladinee, † Pavunee, ‡ and Nulinee, § directed their course eastward; while Soochukohoo, || Seeta, ¶ and Sindhoo, \*\* three pellucid mighty rivers, flowed to the west. The seventh of these streams followed king Bhugee-rutha. The royal sage, the illustrious Bhugee-rutha, seated on a resplendent car, led the way, while Gunga followed. Pouring down from the sky upon the head of Shunkura, and afterwards upon the earth, her streams rolled along with a shrill sound. The earth was willingly chosen by the fallen fishes, the turtles, the porpoises, and the birds. The royal sages, the Gundhurvas, the Yukshas, and the Siddhas, beheld her falling from the ether to the earth; yea, the gods, immeasurable in power, filled with surprise, came thither with chariots resembling a city, horses, and elephants, and litters, desirous of seeing the wonderful and unparalleled descent of Gunga into the world. Irradiated by the descending gods, and the splendour of their ornaments, the cloudless atmosphere shone with the splendour of an hundred suns, while, by the uneasy porpoises, the serpents, and the fishes, the air was coruscated as with lightning. Through the white foam of the waters, spreading in a thousand directions, and the flights of water-fowl, the atmosphere ap-

\* Literally, three Gungas. Wherever a part of Gunga flows it is dignified with her name: Thus the Hindoos say, the Gunga of Pouyaga, &c.

† The river of joy.

‡ The purifier.

§ Abounding with water.

|| Beautiful eyed.

¶ White.

\*\* Probably the Indus.

peared filled with autumnal clouds. The water, pure from defilement, falling from the head of Shunkura, and thence to the earth, ran in some places with a rapid stream, in others in a tortuous current; here widely spreading, there descending into caverns, and again spouting upward; in some places it moved slowly, stream uniting with stream; while repelled in others, it rose upwards, and again fell to the earth. Knowing its purity, the sages, the Gundhurvas, and the inhabitants of the earth, touched the water fallen from the body of Bhuvā.\* Those who, through a curse, had fallen from heaven to earth, having performed ablution in this stream, became free from sin: cleansed from sin by this water, and restored to happiness, they entered the sky, and returned again to heaven. By this illustrious stream was the world rejoiced, and by performing ablution in Gunga, became free from impurity.

“The royal sage, Bhugee-rutha, full of energy, went before, seated on his resplendent car, while Gunga followed after. The gods, O Rama! with the sages, the Dityas, the Danuvās, the Rakshuses, the chief Gundhurvas, and Yukshas, with the Kinnuras, the chief serpents, and all the Upsuras, together with aquatic animals, following the chariot of Bhugee-rutha, attended Gunga. Whither king Bhugee-rutha went, thither went the renowned Gunga, the chief of streams, the destroyer of all sin.

“After this, Gunga, in her course, inundated this sacrificial ground of the great Juhnnoo of astonishing deeds, who was then offering sacrifice. Juhnnoo, O Raghuva! perceiving her pride enraged, drank up the whole of the water of Gunga:—a most astonishing deed! At this the gods, the Gundhurvas, and the sages, exceedingly surprised, adored the great Juhnnoo, the most excellent of men, and named Gunga the daughter of this great sage.

“The illustrious chief of men, pleased, discharged Gunga from his ears. Having liberated her, he, recognizing the great Bhugee-rutha, the chief of kings, then present, duly honoured him, and returned to the place of sacrifice. From this deed Gunga, the daughter of Juhnnoo, obtained the name Jahnuvee.

“Gunga now went forward again, following the chariot of Bhugee-rutha. Having reached the sea, the chief of streams proceeded to Patala, to accom-

\* Shiva, the existant.

plish the work of Bhugee-rutha. The wise and royal sage, having with great labour conducted Gunga thither, there beheld his ancestors reduced to ashes. Then, O chief of Rughoo's race, that heap of ashes, bathed by the excellent waters of Gunga, and purified from sin, the sons of the king obtained heaven. Having arrived at the sea, the king, followed by Gunga, entered the subterraneous regions, where lay the sacred ashes. After these, O Rama! had been laved by the water of Gunga, Bruhma, the lord of all, thus addressed the king : O chief of men ! thy predecessors, the sixty thousand sons of the great Sugura, are all delivered by thee : and the great and perennial receptacle of water, called by Sugura's name, shall henceforth be universally known by the appellation of Sagura.\* As long, O king ! as the waters of the sea continue in the earth, so long shall the sons of Sugura remain in heaven, in all the splendour of gods.

“ This Gunga, O king ! shall be thy eldest daughter, known throughout the three worlds (by the name) Bhagee-ruthee ; and because she passed through the earth, the chief of rivers shall be called Gunga† throughout the universe. (She shall also be) called Triputhaga, on account of her proceeding forward in three different directions, watering the three worlds. Thus is she named by the gods and sages. She is called Gunga, O sovereign of the Vashyas ! on account of her flowing through Gang ;‡ and her third name, O thou observer of vows ! is Bhagee-ruthee. O, accomplished one ! through affection to thee, and regard to me, these names will remain : as long as Gunga, the great river, shall remain in the world, so long shall thy deathless fame live throughout the universe. O lord of men ! O king ! perform here the funeral rites of all thine ancestors. Relinquish thy vows,§ O king ! This devout wish of theirs was not obtained by thine ancestors highly renowned, chief among the pious ; not by Ungshooman, unparalleled in the universe, so earnestly desiring the descent of Gunga, O beloved one ! was this object of desire obtained. Nor, O possessor of prosperity ! O sinless one ! could she be (obtained) by

\* Sagura is one of the most common names for the sea which the Hindoos have.

† From the root *gum*, signifying motion.

‡ The earth.

§ The end of thy vows is accomplished, therefore now relinquish thy vows of being an ascetic.

thine illustrious father Dwileepa, the Rajurshi eminently accomplished, whose energy was equal to that of a Muhurshi, and who, established in all the virtues of the Kshutras, in sacred austerities equalled myself. This great design has been fully accomplished by thee, O chief of men ! Thy fame, the blessing so much desired, will spread throughout the world. O subduer of enemies ! this descent of Gunga has been effected by thee. This Gunga is the great abode of virtue : by this deed thou art become possessed of the divinity itself. In this stream constantly bathe thyself, O chief of men ! Purified, O most excellent of mortals ! be a partaker of the fruit of holiness ; perform the funeral ceremonies of all thy ancestors. May blessings attend thee, O chief of men ! I return to heaven.

“ The renowned one, the sovereign of the gods, the sire of the universe, having thus spoken, returned to heaven.

“ King Bhugee-rutha, the royal sage, having performed the funeral ceremonies of the descendants of Sugura, in proper order of succession, according to the ordinance ; the renowned one having also, O chief of men ! performed the customary ceremonies, and purified himself, returned to his own city, where he governed the kingdom. Having (again), O Raghura ! possessed of abundant wealth, obtained their king, his people rejoiced ; their sorrow was completely removed ; they increased in wealth and prosperity, and were freed from disease.

“ Thus, O Rama ! has the story of Gunga been related at large by me. May prosperity attend thee : May every good be thine. The evening is fast receding. He who causes this relation, securing wealth, fame, longevity, posterity, and heaven, to be heard among the Brahmans, the Kshutriyas, or the other tribes of men, his ancestors rejoice, and to him are the gods propitious : and he who hears this admirable story of the descent of Gunga, ensuring long life, shall obtain, O Kakootstha ! all the wishes of his heart. All his sins shall be destroyed, and his life and fame be abundantly prolonged.”

End of the thirty-fifth section, describing the descent of Gunga.

*Parvati.*—X. p. 94.

All the Devatas, and other inhabitants of the celestial regions, being collect-



ed, at the summons of Bhagavat, to arrange the ceremonials of the marriage of Seeva and Parvati, first came Brahma, mounted on his goose, with the Key-shees at his stirrup ; next Veeshnu, riding on Garoor his eagle, with the chank, the chakra, the club, and the pedive in his hands ; Eendra also, and Yama, and Cuvera, and Varuna, and the rivers Ganga and Jumna, and the seven Seas. The Gandarvas also, and Apsaras, and Vasookee, and other serpents, in obedience to the commands of Seeva, all dressed in superb chains and habits of ceremony, were to be seen in order amidst the crowded and glittering cavalcade.

And now, Seeva, after the arrival of all the Devatas, and the completion of the preparations for the procession, set out, in the utmost pomp and splendour, from the mountain Kilas. His third eye flamed like the sun, and the crescent on his forehead assumed the form of a radiated diadem ; his snakes were exchanged for chains and necklaces of pearls and rubies, his ashes for sandal and perfume, and his elephant's skin for a silken robe, so that none of the Devatas in brilliance came near his figure. The bridal attendants now spread wide abroad the carpet of congratulation, and arranged in order the banquet of bliss. Nature herself assumed the appearance of renovated youth, and the sorrowing universe recalled its long-forgotten happiness. The Gandarvas and Apsaras began their melodious songs, and the Genes and Keenners displayed the magic of their various musical instruments. The earth and its inhabitants exulted with tongues of glorification and triumph ; fresh moisture invigorated the withered victims of time ; a thousand happy and animating conceptions inspired the hearts of the intelligent, and enlightened the wisdom of the thoughtful : The kingdom of external forms obtained gladness, the world of intellect acquired brightness. The dwellers upon earth stocked the casket of their ideas with the jewels of delight, and reverend pilgrims exchanged their beads for pearls. The joy of those on earth ascended up to Heaven, and the Tree of the bliss of those in Heaven extended its auspicious branches downwards to the earth. The eyes of the Devatas flamed like torches on beholding these scenes of rapture, and the hearts of the just kindled like touchwood on hearing these ravishing symphonies. Thus Seeva set off like a

garden in full blow, and Paradise was eclipsed by his motion.—MAURICE, *from the Seeva-Pooraun*.

*Thereat the heart of the Universe stood still.*—X. p. 94.

After these lines were written, I was amused at finding a parallel passage in a sermon.

*Quando o Sol parou às vozes de Josué, aconteceram no mundo todas aquellas consequencias, que parando o movimento celeste, consideram os Filósofos. As plantas por todo aquelle tempo nam creceram; as calidades dos elementos, e dos mixtos, nam se alteraram; a geraçam e corrupçam com que se conserva o mundo, cessou; as artes e os exercicios de hum e outro Emisferio estiveram suspensos; os Antipodas nam trabalhavam, porque lhes faltava a luz, os de cima cançados de tam comprido dia deixavam o trabalho; estes pasmados de verem o Sol que se nam movia; aquelles tambem pasmados de esperarem pelo Sol, que nam chegava; cuidavam que se acabara para elles a luz; imaginavam que se acabava o mundo: tudo era lagrimas, tudo assombros, tudo horrores, tudo confusocens.*—VIEIRA, *Sermoens*, tom. ix. p. 505.

*Surya.*—X. p. 104.

*Surya*, the Sun. The poets and painters describe his car as drawn by seven green horses, preceded by *Arun*, or the Dawn, who acts as his charioteer, and followed by thousands of genii, worshipping him, and modulating his praises.—*Surya* is believed to have descended frequently from his car in a human shape, and to have left a race on earth, who are equally renowned in the Indian stories with the *Heliadae* of Greece. It is very singular that his two sons, called *Aswinau*, or *Aswinicumarau*, in the Dual, should be considered as twin brothers, and painted like *Castor* and *Pollux*; but they have each the character of *Æsculapius* among the gods, and are believed to have been born of a nymph, who, in the form of a mare, was impregnated with sunbeams.—Sir W. JONES.

That sun, O daughter of *Ganga*! than which nothing is higher, to which nothing is equal, enlighthens the summit of the sky—with the sky enlighthens the earth—with the earth enlighthens the lower worlds;—enlighthens the

higher worlds, enlightens other worlds;—it enlightens the breast,—enlightens all besides the breast.—Sir W. JONES, *from the Veda*.

*Forgetful of his Dragon foe.*—X. p. 105.

*Ra'hu* was the son of *Cas'yapa* and *Dity*, according to some authorities; but others represent *Sinhica'* (perhaps the sphinx) as his natural mother. He had four arms; his lower parts ended in a tail like that of a dragon; and his aspect was grim and gloomy, like the *darkness* of the chaos, whence he had also the name of *Tamas*. He was the adviser of all mischief among the *Daityas*, who had a regard for him; but among the *De'vatas* it was his chief delight to sow dissension; and when the gods had produced the *amrit*, by churning the ocean, he disguised himself like one of them, and received a portion of it; but the Sun and Moon having discovered his fraud, *Vishnu* severed his head and two of his arms from the rest of his monstrous body. That part of the nectareous fluid which he had time to swallow secured his immortality: his trunk and dragon-like tail fell on the mountain of *Malaya*, where *Mini*, a *Brahman*, carefully preserved them by the name of *Ce'tu*; and, as if a complete body had been formed from them, like a dismembered *polype*, he is even said to have adopted *Ce'tu* as his own child. The head, with two arms, fell on the sands of *Barbara*, where *Pi't'he'na's* was then walking with *Sinhica'*, by some called his wife: They carried the *Daitya* to their palace, and adopted him as their son; whence he acquired the name of *Paite'he'nasi*. This extravagant fable is, no doubt, astronomical; *Ra'hu* and *Ce'tu* being clearly the *nodes*, or what astrologers call the *head* and *tail* of the dragon. It is added, that they appeased *Vishnu*, and obtained re-admission to the firmament, but were no longer visible from the earth, their enlightened sides being turned from it; that *Ra'hu* strives, during eclipses, to wreak vengeance on the Sun and Moon, who detected him; and that *Ce'tu* often appears as a comet, a whirlwind, a fiery meteor, a water-spout, or a column of sand.—WILFORD. *Asiatic Researches*.

*Suras.*—X. p. 105.

The word *Sura* in Sanscrit signifies both wine and true wealth; hence, in

the first *C'hand* of the *Ramayan* of VALMIC, it is expressly said that the *Devatas*, having received the *Sura*, acquired the title of *Suras*, and the *Daityas* that of *Asura*, from not having received it. The *Veda* is represented as that wine and true wealth.—PATERSON. *Asiat. Researches*.

*Camdeo*.—X. p. 106.

Eternal CAMA ! or doth SMARA bright,  
Or proud ANANGA, give thee more delight ?

*Sir W. Jones.*

He was the son of MAYA, or the general *attracting* power, and married to RETTY, or *Affection*, and his bosom friend is BESSENT, or *Spring*. He is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother and consort in the midst of his gardens and temples ; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot or lory, and attended by dancing girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his colours, which are a *fish* on a red ground. His favourite place of resort is a large tract of country round *Agra*, and principally the plains of *Matra*, where KRISHEN also, and the nine GOPIA, who are clearly the *Apollo* and *Muses* of the Greeks, usually spend the night with music and dance. His bow of sugar-cane or flowers, with a string of bees, and his *five* arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality, are allegories equally new and beautiful.

It is possible that the words *Dipuc* and *Cupid*, which have the same signification, may have the same origin ; since we know that the old Hetrurians, from whom great part of the Roman language and religion was derived, and whose system had a near affinity with that of the Persians and Indians, used to write their lines alternately forwards and backwards, as furrows are made by the plough.—Sir W. JONES.

Mahadeva and Parvati were playing with dice at the ancient game of Chaturanga, when they disputed, and parted in wrath ; the goddess retiring to the forest of Gauri, and the god repairing to Cushadwip. They severally performed rigid acts of devotion to the Supreme Being ; but the fires which they kindled blazed so vehemently as to threaten a general conflagration. The

Devas, in great alarm, hastened to Brahma, who led them to Mahadeva, and supplicated him to recall his consort; but the wrathful deity only answered, That she must come by her own free choice. They accordingly dispatched Ganga, the river goddess, who prevailed on Parvati to return to him, on condition that his love for her should be restored. The celestial mediators then employed Cama-Deva, who wounded Mahadeva with one of his flowery arrows; but the angry divinity reduced him to ashes with a flame from his eye. Parvati soon after presented herself before him in the form of a Cirati, or daughter of a mountaineer, and, seeing him enamoured of her, resumed her own shape. In the place where they were reconciled, a grove sprang up, which was named Camavana; and the relenting god, in the character of Cameswara, consoled the afflicted Reti, the widow of Cama, by assuring her that she should rejoin her husband when he should be born again in the form of Pradyumna, son of Crishna, and should put Sambara to death. This favourable prediction was in due time accomplished, and Pradyumna having sprung to life, he was instantly seized by the demon Sambara, who placed him in a chest, which he threw into the ocean; but a large fish, which had swallowed the chest, was caught in a net, and carried to the palace of a tyrant, where the unfortunate Reti had been compelled to do menial service. It was her lot to open the fish, and seeing an infant in the chest, she nursed him in private, and educated him, till he had sufficient strength to destroy the malignant Sambara. He had before considered Reti as his mother; but the minds of them both being irradiated, the prophecy of Mahadeva was remembered, and the God of Love was again united with the Goddess of Pleasure.—WILFORD. *Asiatic Researches*.

*Eating his very core of life away.*—XI. p. 113.

One of the wonders of this country is the *Jiggerkhar*, (or liver-eater.) One of this class can steal away the liver of another by looks and incantations. Other accounts say, that, by looking at a person, he deprives him of his senses, and then steals from him something resembling the seed of a pomegranate, which he hides in the calf of his leg. The *Jiggerkhar* throws on the fire the grain before described, which thereupon spreads to the size of a dish, and

he distributes it amongst his fellows, to be eaten ; which ceremony concludes the life of the fascinated person. A *Jiggerkhar* is able to communicate his art to another, which he does by learning him the incantations, and by making him eat a bit of the liver-cake. If any one cut open the calf of the magician's leg, extract the grain, and give it to the afflicted person to eat, he immediately recovers. Those *Jiggerkhars* are mostly women. It is said, moreover, that they can bring intelligence from a great distance, in a short space of time ; and if they are thrown into a river, with a stone tied to them, they nevertheless will not sink. In order to deprive any one of this wicked power, they brand his temples, and every joint in his body, cram his eyes with salt, suspend him for forty days in a subterraneous cavern, and repeat over him certain incantations. In this state he is called *Detche-reh*. Although, after having undergone this discipline, he is not able to destroy the liver of any one, yet he retains the power of being able to discover another *Jiggerkhar*, and is used for detecting those disturbers of mankind. They can also cure many diseases, by administering a potion, or by repeating an incantation. Many other marvellous stories are told of these people.—AYEEN AKBERRY.

An Arabian old woman, by name Meluk, was thrown in prison, on a charge of having bewitched, or, as they call it, eaten the heart of a young native of Ormuz, who had lately, from being a Christian, turned Mahommedan. The cause of offence was, that the young man, after keeping company some time with one of her daughters, had forsaken her : He himself, who was in a pitiable condition, and in danger of his life, was one of her accusers. This sort of witchcraft, which the Indians call eating the heart, and which is what we call bewitching, as sorcerers do by their venomous and deadly looks, is not a new thing, nor unheard of elsewhere ; for many persons practised it formerly in Sclavonia, and the country of the Triballes, as we learn from Ortelius, who took the account from Pliny, who, upon the report of Isigones, testifies, that this species of enchantment was much in use among these people, and many others whom he mentions, as it is at present here, especially among the Arabians who inhabit the western coast of the Persian gulph, where this art is common. The way in which they do it is only by the eyes and the mouth, keeping the eyes fixed steadily upon the person whose heart they design to eat, and pro-

nouncing, between their teeth, I know not what diabolical words, by virtue of which, and by the operation of the devil, the person, how hale and strong soever, falls immediately into an unknown and incurable disease, which makes him appear phthysical, consumes him little by little, and at last destroys him. And this takes place faster or slower as the heart is eaten, as they say; for these sorcerers can either eat the whole or a part only; that is, can consume it entirely and at once, or bit by bit, as they please. The vulgar give it this name, because they believe that the devil, acting upon the imagination of the witch when she mutters her wicked words, represents invisibly to her the heart and entrails of the patient, taken out of his body, and makes her devour them. In which these wretches find so delightful a task, that very often, to satisfy their appetite, without any impulse of resentment or enmity, they will destroy innocent persons, and even their nearest relatives, as there is a report that our prisoner killed one of her own daughters in this manner.

This was confirmed to me by a similar story, which I heard at Ispahan, from the mouth of P. Sebastian de Jesus, a Portugeze Augustinian, a man to be believed, and of singular virtue, who was prior of their convent when I departed. He assured me, that, in one of the places dependant upon Portugal, on the confines of Arabia Felix, I know not whether it was at Mascate or at Ormuz, an Arab having been taken up for a similar crime, and convicted of it, for he confessed the fact, the captain, or governor of the place, who was a Portugeze, that he might better understand the truth of these black and devilish actions, of which there is no doubt in this country, made the sorcerer be brought before him before he was led to his punishment, and asked him, If he could eat the inside of a cucumber without opening it, as well as the heart of a man? The sorcerer said yes; and, in order to prove it, a cucumber was brought: he looked at it, never touching it, steadily for some time, with his usual enchantments, and then told the captain he had eaten the whole inside; and accordingly, when it was opened, nothing was found but the rind. This is not impossible; for the devil, of whom they make use in these operations, having, in the order of nature, greater power than all inferior creatures, can, with God's permission, produce these effects, and others more marvellous.

The same father told me, that one of these sorcerers, whether it was the same or not I do not know, having been taken for a similar offence, was asked, If he could eat the heart of the Portuguese captain? and he replied no; for the Franks had a certain thing upon the breast, which covered them like a cuirass, and was so impenetrable, that it was proof against all his charms. This can be nothing else than the virtue of baptism, the armour of the faith, and the privilege of the sons of the church, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.

To return, however, to my first subject:—This witch of Combru made some difficulty at first to confess her guilt; but seeing herself pressed with threats of death, and being led, in fact, to the public square, where I saw her with the sick young man, she said, that though she had not been the cause of his complaint, perhaps she could cure it, if they would let her remain alone with him, in his house, without interruption; by which she tacitly confessed her witchcraft: For it is held certain in these countries, that these wicked women can remove the malady which they have caused, if it be not come to the last extremity. And of many remedies which they use to restore health to the sufferers, there is one very extraordinary, which is, that the witch casts something out of her mouth, like the grain of a pomegranate, which is believed to be a part of the heart that she had eaten. The patient picks it up immediately, as part of his own intestines, and greedily swallows it; and by this means, as if his heart was replaced in his body, he recovers by degrees his health. I dare not assure you of these things as certainly true, not having myself seen them, surpassing as they do the course of nature. If they are as is said, it can be only in appearance, by the illusions of the devil; and if the afflicted recover actually their health, it is because the same devil ceases to torment them. Without dwelling longer upon these curious speculations,—the witch having given hopes that she would cure the patient, the officers promised that she should receive no injury, and they were both sent home; but an archer was set over her as a guard, that she might not escape.—PIETRO DELLA VALLE.



*The Calis.*—XI. p. 114.

The Calis and Pandaris are the protectresses of cities;—each city has its own. They address prayers to these tutelary divinities, and build temples to them, offering to them blood in sacrifice, and sometimes human victims. These objects of worship are not immortal, and they take their name from the city over which they preside, or from the form in which they are represented. They are commonly framed of a gigantic stature, having several arms, and the head surrounded with flames; several fierce animals are also placed under their feet.—SONNERAT.

*Sani, the dreadful God, who rides abroad**Upon the King of the Ravens.*—XI. p. 114.

Mr Moor has a curious remark upon this subject.

“ Sani being among the astrologers of India, as well as with their sapient brethren of Europe, a planet of malignant aspects, the ill-omened raven may be deemed a fit *Vahan* for such a dreaded being. But this is not, I think, a sufficient reason for the conspicuous introduction of the raven into the mythological machinery of the Hindu system, so accurate, so connected, and so complete in all its parts; although the investigations that it hath hitherto undergone have not fully developed or reached such points of perfection. Now let me ask the reason, why, both in England and in India, the raven is so rare a bird? It breeds every year, like the crow, and is much longer lived; and while the latter bird abounds every where, to a degree bordering on nuisance, a pair of ravens, for they are seldom seen singly or in trios, are scarcely found duplicated in any place. Perhaps, take England or India over, two pair of ravens will not be found, on an average, in the extent of five hundred or a thousand acres. I know not, for I write where I have no access to books, if our naturalists have sought the theory of this; or whether it may have first occurred to me, which it did while contemplating the character and attributes of Sani, that the raven destroys its young; and if this notion be well founded, and on no other can I account for the rareness of the annual-breeding long-lived raven, we shall at once see the propriety of symbolizing it with

Saturn, or Kronos, or Time, devouring or destroying his own offspring.—MOOR'S *Hindu Pantheon*, p. 311.

*Be true unto yourselves.*—XII. p. 127.

The passage in which Menu exhorts a witness to speak the truth is one of the few sublime ones in his Institutes.—“The soul itself is its own witness; the soul itself is its own refuge; offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme internal witness of men! .. The sinful have said in their hearts, none see us. Yes, the gods distinctly see them, and so does the spirit within their breasts.. The guardian deities of the firmament, of the earth, of the waters, of the human heart, of the moon, of the sun, and of fire, of punishment after death, of the winds, of night, of both twilights, and of justice, perfectly know the state of all spirits clothed with bodies. .. O friend to virtue! that supreme Spirit, *which thou believest one and the same with thyself*, resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing inspector of thy goodness or of thy wickedness. .. If thou beest not at variance, by speaking falsely, with Yama, the subduer of all, with Vaivaswata the punisher, with that great Divinity who dwells in thy breast,—go not on a pilgrimage to the river Ganga, nor to the plains of Curu, for thou hast no need of expiation.—*Ch. viii.* p. 84, 85, 86. 91, 92.

*The Aunnay Birds.*—XII. p. 128.

The Aunnays act a considerable part in the history of the Nella Rajah, an amusing romance, for a translation of which we are indebted to Mr Kinderley. They are milk-white, and remarkable for the gracefulness of their walk.

*The Banian Tree.*—XIII. p. 133.

The *Burghut* or Banian often measures from twenty-four to thirty feet in girth. It is distinguished from every other tree hitherto known, by the very peculiar circumstance of throwing out roots from all its branches. These, being pendant, and perfectly lax, in time reach the ground, which they penetrate, and ultimately become substantial props to the very massy horizontal boughs, which, but for such a support, must either be stopt in their growth, or give way, from their own weight. Many of these *quondam* roots, changing their

outward appearance from a brown rough rind to a regular bark, not unlike that of the beech, increase to a great diameter. They may be often seen from four to five feet in circumference, and in a true perpendicular line. An observer, ignorant of their nature, might think them artificial, and that they had been placed for the purpose of sustaining the boughs from which they originated. They proceed from all the branches indiscriminately, whether near or far removed from the ground. They appear like new swabs, such as are in use on board ships : however, few reach sufficiently low to take a hold of the soil, except those of the lower branches. I have seen some do so from a great height, but they were thin, and did not promise well. Many of the ramifications pendant from the higher boughs are seen to turn round the lower branches, but without any obvious effect on either ; possibly, however, they may derive sustenance, even from that partial mode of communication. The height of a full grown Banian may be from sixty to eighty feet ; and many of them, I am fully confident, cover at least two acres. Their leaves are similar to, but rather larger than those of the laurel. The wood of the trunk is used only for fuel ; it is light and brittle ; but the pillars formed by the roots are valuable, being extremely elastic and light, working with ease, and possessing great toughness : it resembles a good kind of ash.—*Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii. p. 113.

-The Well

*Which they, with sacrifice of rural pride,*

*Have wedded to the Cocoa-Grove beside.*—XIII. p. 135.

It is a general practice, that, when a plantation is made, a well should be dug at one of its sides. The well and the tope are married ; a ceremony at which all the village attends, and in which often much money is expended. The well is considered as the husband, as its waters, which are copiously furnished to the young trees during the first hot season, are supposed to cherish and impregnate them. Though vanity and superstition are evidently the basis of these institutions, yet we cannot help admiring their effects, so beautifully ornamenting a torrid country, and affording such general convenience.—*Oriental Sports*, p. 10.

*Tanks.*—XIII. p. 19.

Some of these tanks are of very great extent, often covering eight or ten acres; and, besides having steps of masonry, perhaps fifty or sixty feet in breadth, are faced with brick-work, plastered in the most substantial manner. The corners are generally ornamented with round or polygon pavilions of a neat appearance.—*Oriental Sports*, vol. ii. p. 116.

There are two kinds of tanks, which we confound under one common name, though nothing can be more different. The first is the *Eray*, which is formed by throwing a mound or bank across a valley or hollow ground, so that the rain water collects in the upper part of the valley, and is let out on the lower part by sluices, for the purposes of cultivation. The other kind is the *Culam*, which is formed by digging out the earth, and is destined for supplying the inhabitants with water for domestic purposes. The *Culams* are very frequently lined on all the four sides with cut stone, and are the most elegant works of the natives.—BUCHANAN.

Where there are no springs or rivers to furnish them with water, as it is in the northern parts, where there are but two or three springs, they supply this defect by saving of rain water; which they do by casting up great banks in convenient places, to stop and contain the rains that fall, and so save it till they have occasion to let it out into their fields: They are made rounding, like a C, or half-moon. Every town has one of these ponds, which, if they can but get filled with water, they count their corn is as good as in the barn. It was no small work to the ancient inhabitants to make all these banks, of which there is a great number, being some two, some three fathoms in height, and in length some above a mile, some less, not all of a size. They are now grown over with great trees, and so seem natural hills. When they would use the water, they cut a gap in one end of the bank, and so draw the water by little and little, as they have occasion, for the watering their corn.

These ponds, in dry weather, dry up quite. If they should dig these ponds deep, it would not be so convenient for them. It would indeed contain the water well, but would not so well, nor in such plenty, empty out itself into their grounds. In these ponds are alligators, which, when the water is dried

up, depart into the woods, and down to the rivers, and, in the time of rains, come up again into the ponds. They are but small, nor do use to catch people, nevertheless they stand in some fear of them.

The corn they sow in these parts is of that sort that is soonest ripe, fearing lest their waters should fail. As the water dries out of these ponds, they make use of them for fields, treading the mud with buffaloes, and then sowing rice thereon, and frequently casting up water with scoops on it.—KNOX, p. 9.

*The Lotus*.—XIII. p. 135.

The lotus abounds in the numerous lakes and ponds of the province of Garah; and we had the pleasure of comparing several varieties; single and full, white, and tinged with deep or with faint tints of red. To a near view, the simple elegance of the white lotus gains no accession of beauty from the multiplication of its petals, nor from the tinge of gaudy hue; but the richest tint is most pleasing, when a lake, covered with full blown lotas, is contemplated.—*Journey from Mirzapur to Nagpur*.—Asiatic Annual Register, 1806.

*They built them up a Bower, &c.*—XIII. p. 135.

The materials of which these houses are made are always easy to be procured, and the structure is so simple, that a spacious, and by no means uncomfortable dwelling, suited to the climate, may be erected in one day. Our habitation, consisting of three small rooms, and a hall open to the north, in little more than four hours was in readiness for our reception; fifty or sixty labourers completed it in that time, and on emergency could perform the work in much less. Bamboos, grass for thatching, and the ground rattan, are all the materials requisite: not a nail is used in the whole edifice: A row of strong bamboos, from eight to ten feet high, are fixed firm in the ground, which describe the outline, and are the supporters of the building: smaller bamboos are then tied horizontally, by strips of the ground rattan, to these upright posts: The walls, composed of bamboo mats, are fastened to the sides with similar ligatures: bamboo rafters are quickly raised, and a roof formed, over which thatch is spread in regular layers, and bound to the roof by filaments of rattan. A floor of bamboo grating is next laid in the inside, elevated two

or three feet above the ground: this grating is supported on bamboos, and covered with mats and carpets. Thus ends the process, which is not more simple than effectual. When the workmen take pains, a house of this sort is proof against very inclement weather. We experienced, during our stay at Meeaday, a severe storm of wind and rain, but no water penetrated, nor thatch escaped: and if the tempest should blow down the house, the inhabitants would run no risk of having their brains knocked out, or their bones broken; the fall of the whole fabric would not crush a lady's lap-dog.—*SYMES'S Embassy to Ava.*

*Jungle-grass.*—XIII. p. 136.

In this district the long grass called jungle is more prevalent than I ever yet noticed. It rises to the height of seven or eight feet, and is topped with a beautiful white down, resembling a swan's feather. It is the mantle with which nature here covers all the uncultivated ground, and at once veils the indolence of the people, and the nakedness of their land. It has a fine shewy appearance, as it undulates in the wind, like the waves of the sea. Nothing but the want of greater variety to its colour prevents it from being one of the finest and most beautiful objects in that rich store of productions with which nature spontaneously supplies the improvident natives.—*TENNANT.*

*In such libations, pour'd in open glades,*

*Beside clear streams and solitary shades,*

*The Spirits of the virtuous dead delight.*—XIII. p. 136:

The Hindoos are enjoined by the *Veds* to offer a cake, which is called *Peenda*, to the ghosts of their ancestors, as far back as the third generation. This ceremony is performed on the day of the new moon in every month. The offering of water is in like manner commanded to be performed daily; and this ceremony is called *Tarpan*, to satisfy, to appease. The souls of such men as have left children to continue their generation, are supposed to be transported, immediately upon quitting their bodies, into a certain region called the *Peetree Log*, where they may continue in proportion to their former virtues, provided these ceremonies be not neglected; otherwise they are precipitated.

into *Nark*, and doomed to be born again in the bodies of unclean beasts ; and until, by repeated regenerations, all their sins are done away, and they attain such a degree of perfection as will entitle them to what is called *Mooktee*, eternal salvation, by which is understood a release from future transmigration, and an absorption in the nature of the godhead, who is called Brahm.—WILKINS. *Note to the Bhagvat Geeta*.

The divine manes are always pleased with an oblation in empty glades, naturally clean, on the banks of rivers, and in solitary spots.—*Inst. of Menu*.

*Voomdavee*.—XIII. p. 137.

This wife of Veeshnoo is the Goddess of the Earth and of Patience. No direct adoration is paid her ; but she is held to be a silent and attentive spectator of all that passes in the world.—KINDERSLEY.

*Tassel Grass*.—XIII. p. 138.

The, *Surput*, or tassel-grass, which is much the same as the guinea-grass, grows to the height of twelve or fourteen feet. Its stem becomes so thick as to resemble in some measure a reed. It is very strong, and grows very luxuriantly : it is even used as a fence against cattle ; for which purpose it is often planted on banks, excavated from ditches, to enclose fields of corn, &c. It grows wild in all the uncultivated parts of India, but especially in the lower provinces, in which it occupies immense tracts ; sometimes mixing with, and rising above coppices ; affording an asylum for elephants, rhinoceroses, tygers, &c. It frequently is laid by high winds, of which breeding sows fail not to take advantage, by forming their nests, and concealing their young under the prostrate grass.—*Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 32.

*Lo, from his trunk, upturn'd, aloft he flings  
The grateful shower, and now,  
Plucking the broad-leav'd bough*

*Of yonder plane,—he moves it to and fro*.—XIII. p. 139.

Nature has provided the elephant with means to cool its heated surface, by enabling it to draw from its throat, by the aid of its trunk, a copious supply

of saliva, which the animal spurts with force very frequently all over its skin. It also sucks up dust, and blows it over its back and sides, to keep off the flies, and may often be seen fanning itself with a large bough, which it uses with great ease and dexterity.—*Oriental Sports*. Vol. i. p. 100.

\*  
*Till his strong temples, bath'd with sudden dews,  
 Their fragrance of delight and love diffuse.*—XIII. p. 139.

The Hindoo poets frequently allude to the fragrant juice which oozes, at certain seasons, from small ducts in the temples of the male elephant, and is useful in relieving him from the redundant moisture, with which he is then oppressed; and they even describe the bees as allured by the scent, and mistaking it for that of the sweetest flowers. When Crishna visited Sanc'ha-dwip, and had destroyed the demon who infested that delightful country, he passed along the bank of a river, and was charmed with a delicious odour, which its waters diffused in their course: He was eager to view the source of so fragrant a stream, but was informed by the natives that it flowed from the temples of an elephant, immensely large, milk-white, and beautifully formed; that he governed a numerous race of elephants; and that the odoriferous fluid which exuded from his temples in the season of love had formed the river; that the Devas, or inferior gods, and the Apsarases, or nymphs, bathed and sported in its waters, impassioned and intoxicated with the liquid perfume.—WILFORD. *Asiatic Researches*.

*The antic monkeys, whose wild gambols late  
 Shook the whole wood.*—XIII. p. 139

They are so numerous on the island of Bulama, says Captain Beaver in his excellent book, that I have seen, on a calm evening, when there was not an air sufficiently strong to agitate a leaf, the whole surrounding wood in as much motion, from their playful gambols among its branches, as if it had blown a strong wind.



*Not that in emulous skill that sweetest bird*

*Her rival strain would try.*—XIII. p. 140.

I have been assured, by a credible eye-witness, that two wild antelopes used often to come from their woods to the place where a more savage beast, Sirajuddaulah, entertained himself with concerts, and that they listened to the strains with an appearance of pleasure, till the monster, in whose soul there was no music, shot one of them, to display his archery. A learned native of this country told me that he had frequently seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes, upon hearing tunes on a flute, which, as he supposed, gave them peculiar delight. An intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted me to write it down from his lips, declared, he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutanist, *Mirza Mohammed*, surnamed *Bulbul*, was playing to a large company, in a grove near *Shiraz*, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded, and at length dropping on the ground, in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised, he assured me, by a change of the mode. I hardly know, says Sir William Jones, how to disbelieve the testimony of men who had no system of their own to support, and could have no interest in deceiving me.—*Asiatic Researches*.

*No idle ornaments deface*

*Her natural grace.*—XIII. p. 140.

The Hindoo Wife, in Sir William Jones's poem, describes her own toilet-tasks :—

Nor were my night thoughts, I confess,  
Free from solicitude for dress;  
How best to bind my flowing hair  
With art, yet with an artless air,—

My hair, like musk in scent and hue,  
 Oh ! blacker far, and sweeter too !  
 In what nice braid, or glossy curl,  
 To fix a diamond or a pearl,  
 And where to smooth the love-spread toils  
 With nard or jasmin's fragrant oils ;  
 How to adjust the golden *Teic*,\*  
 And most adorn my forehead sleek ;  
 What *Condals*† should emblaze my ears,  
 Like *Seita's* ‡ waves, or *Seita's* § tears ;  
 How elegantly to dispose  
 Bright circlets for my well-form'd nose ;  
 With strings of rubies how to deck,  
 Or emerald rows, my stately neck ;  
 While some that ebon tower embraced,  
 Some pendent sought my slender waist ;  
 How next my purfled veil to chuse  
 From silken stores of varied hues,  
 Which would attract the roving view,  
 Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue ;  
 The loveliest mantle to select,  
 Or unembellished or bedeck'd ;  
 And how my twisted scarf to place  
 With most inimitable grace,  
 (Too thin its warp, too fine its woof,  
 For eyes of males not beauty-proof ;)  
 What skirts the mantle best would suit,  
 Ornate, with stars, or tissued fruit,  
 The flower-embroidered or the plain,

\* Properly *Teica*, an ornament of gold placed above the nose.

† Pendants.

‡ *Seita Cund*, or the *Pool of Seita*, the wife of Rani, is the name given to the wonderful spring at Mengeir, with boiling water, of exquisite clearness and purity.

§ Her tears, when she was made captive by the giant *Rawan*.

With silver or with golden vein,  
 The *Chury*\* bright, which gayly shows  
 Fair objects aptly to compose;  
 How each smooth arm, and each soft wrist,  
 By richest *Cosecs*† might be kiss'd,  
 While some my taper ankles round,  
 With sunny radiance tinged the ground.

See how he kisses the lip of my rival, and imprints on her forehead an ornament of pure musk, black as the young antelope on the lunar orb! Now, like the husband of *Reti*, he fixes white blossoms on her dark locks, where they gleam like flashes of lightning among the curled clouds. On her breasts, like two firmaments, he places a string of gems like a radiant constellation; he binds on her arms, graceful as the stalks of the water-lily, and adorned with hands glowing like the petals of its flower, a bracelet of sapphires, which resemble a cluster of bees. Ah! see how he ties round her waist a rich girdle illumined with golden bells, which seem to laugh, as they tinkle, at the inferior brightness of the leafy garlands which lovers hang on their bowers, to propitiate the god of desire. He places her soft foot, as he reclines by her side, on his ardent bosom, and stains it with the ruddy hue of *Yavaca*.—*Songs of Jayadeva*.

*Sandal-streak*.—XIII. p. 140.

The Hindoos, especially after bathing, paint their faces with ochres and sandal-wood ground very fine into a pulp.

The custom is principally confined to the male sex, though the women occasionally wear a round spot, either of sandal, which is of a light dun colour, or of *singriff*, that is, a preparation of vermilion, between the eye-brows, and a stripe of the same running up the front of the head, in the furrow made according to the general practice of dividing all the frontal hair equally to the right and left, where it is rendered smooth, and glazed by a thick mucilage,

\* A small mirror worn in a ring.

† Bracelets.

made by steeping lintseed for a while in water. When dry, the hair is all firmly matted together, and will retain its form for many days together.—*Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 271.

*Nor arm, nor ankle-ring.*—XIII. p. 140.

Glass rings are universally worn by the women of the Decan, as an ornament on the wrists; and their applying closely to the arm is considered as a mark of delicacy and beauty, for they must of course be past over the hand. In doing this a girl seldom escapes without drawing blood, and rubbing part of the skin from her hand; and as every well-dressed girl has a number of rings on each arm, and as these are frequently breaking, the poor creatures suffer much from their love of admiration.—BUCHANAN.

*The dear retreat.*—XIII. p. 141.

There is a beautiful passage in Statius, which may be quoted here: It is in that poet's best manner:

Qualis vicino volucris jam sedula partu,  
Jamque timens quâ fronde domum suspendat inanem,  
Providet hinc ventos, hinc anxia cogitat angues,  
Hinc homines; tandem dubiæ placet umbra, novisque  
Vix stetit in ramis, et protinus arbor amatur.

*Achill.* ii. 212.

*Jaga-Naut.*—XIV. p. 144.

This temple is to the Hindoos what Mecca is to the Mahommedans. It is resorted to by pilgrims from every quarter of India. It is the chief seat of Brahminical power, and a strong-hold of their superstition. At the annual festival of the Butt Jattrâ, seven hundred thousand persons (as has been computed by the Pundits in College) assemble at this place. The number of deaths in a single year, caused by voluntary devotement, by imprisonment for non-payment of the demands of the Brahmins, or by scarcity of provisions

for such a multitude, is incredible. The precincts of the place are covered with bones.—CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN.

Many thousands of people are employed in carrying water from Hurdwar to Juggernat, for the uses of that temple. It is there supposed to be peculiarly holy, as it issues from what is called the Cow's Mouth. This superstitious notion is the cause of as much lost labour as would long since have converted the largest province of Asia into a garden. The numbers thus employed are immense; they travel with two flasks of the water slung over the shoulder by means of an elastic piece of bamboo. The same quantity which employs perhaps fifteen thousand persons, might easily be carried down the Ganges in a few boats annually. Princes and families of distinction have this water carried to them in all parts of Hindostan; it is drank at feasts, as well as upon religious occasions.—TENNANT.

A small river near Kinouge is held by some as even more efficacious in washing away moral defilement than the Ganges itself. Dr Tennant says, that a person in Ceylon drinks daily of this water, though at the distance of perhaps three thousand miles, and at the expence of five thousand rupees per month!

No distinction of casts is made at this temple, but all, like a nation descended from one common stock, eat, drink, and make merry together.—STAVORINUS.

*The seven-headed Idol.*—XIV. p. 144.

The idol of *Jaggernat* is in shape like a serpent, with seven heads; and on the cheeks of each head it hath the form of a wing upon each cheek, which wings open and shut and flap as it is carried in a stately chariot, and the idol in the midst of it; and one of the *moguls* sitting behind it in the chariot, upon a convenient place, with a canopy, to keep the sun from injuring of it.

When I, with horror, beheld these strange things, I called to mind the eighteenth chapter of the *Revelations*, and the first verse, and likewise the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the said chapter, in which places there is a beast, and such idolatrous worship, mentioned; and those sayings in that text are herein truly accomplished in the sixteenth verse; for the *Bramins* are all

marked in the forehead, and likewise all that come to worship the idol are marked also in their foreheads.—BRUTON. *Churchill's Collection*.

*The Chariot of the God.*—XIV. p. 145.

The size of the chariot is not exaggerated. Speaking of other such, Niecamp says, *Currus tam horrendæ magnitudinis sunt, ut vel mille homines uni trahendo vix sufficient.*—i. 10. § 18.

They have built a great chariot, that goeth on sixteen wheels of a side, and every wheel is five feet in height, and the chariot itself is about thirty feet high. In this chariot, on their great festival days, at night, they place their wicked god *Jaggarnat*; and all the *Bramins*, being in number nine thousand, then attend this great idol, besides of *ashmen* and *fackeires* some thousands, or more than a good many.

The chariot is most richly adorned with most rich and costly ornaments; and the aforesaid wheels are placed very complete in a round circle, so artificially, that every wheel doth its proper office without any impediment; for the chariot is aloft, and in the centre betwixt the wheels: they have also more than two thousand lights with them: And this chariot, with the idol, is also drawn with the greatest and best men of the town; and they are so eager and greedy to draw it, that whosoever, by shouldering, crowding, shoving, heaving, thrusting, or any violent way, can but come to lay a hand upon the ropes, they think themselves blessed and happy: and, when it is going along the city, there are many that will offer themselves as a sacrifice to this idol, and desperately lie down on the ground, that the chariot-wheels may run over them, whereby they are killed outright; some get broken arms, some broken legs; so that many of them are so destroyed, and by this means they think to merit heaven.—BRUTON. *Churchill's Collection*.

They sometimes lie down in the track of this machine a few hours before its arrival, and, taking a soporiferous draught, hope to meet death asleep.—CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN.

*A harlot-band.*—XIV. p. 149.

There are in India common women, called Wives of the Idol. When a

woman has made a vow to obtain children, if she brings into the world a beautiful daughter, she carries her to *Bod*, so their idol is called, with whom she leaves her. This girl, when she is arrived at a proper age, takes an apartment in the public place, hangs a curtain before the door, and waits for those who are passing, as well Indians as those of other sects among whom this debauchery is permitted. She prostitutes herself for a certain price, and all that she can thus acquire she carries to the priest of the idol, that he may apply it to the service of the temple. Let us, says the Mohammedan relater, bless the almighty and glorious God, that he has chosen us, to exempt us from all the crimes into which men are led by their unbelief.—*Anciennes Relations*.

Incited, unquestionably, says Mr Maurice, by the hieroglyphic emblem of vice so conspicuously elevated, and so strikingly painted in the temples of Mahadeo, the priests of that deity industriously selected the most beautiful females that could be found, and, in their tenderest years, with great pomp and solemnity, consecrated them (as it is impiously called) to the service of the presiding divinity of the pagoda. They were trained up in every art to delude and to delight; and, to the fascination of external beauty, their artful betrayers added the attractions arising from mental accomplishments. Thus was an invariable rule of the Hindoos, *that women have no concern with literature*, dispensed with upon this infamous occasion. The moment these hapless victims reached maturity, they fell victims to the lust of the Brahmins. They were early taught to practise the most alluring blandishments, to roll the expressive eye of wanton pleasure, and to invite to criminal indulgence, by stealing upon the beholder the tender look of voluptuous languishing. They were instructed to mould their elegant and airy forms into the most enticing attitudes and the most lascivious gestures, while the rapid and graceful motion of their feet, adorned with golden bells, and glittering with jewels, kept unison with the exquisite melody of their voices. Every pagoda has a band of these young syrens, whose business, on great festivals, is to dance in public before the idol, to sing hymns in his honour, and in private to enrich the treasury of that pagoda with the wages of prostitution. These women are not, however, regarded in a dishonourable light; they are considered as *wedded to the idol*, and they partake of the veneration paid to him. They

are forbidden even to desert the pagoda where they are educated, and are never permitted to marry; but the offspring, if any, of their criminal embraces are considered as sacred to the idol: the boys are taught to play on the sacred instruments used at the festivals, and the daughters are devoted to the abandoned occupations of their mothers.—*Indian Antiquities*.

These impostors take a young maid, of the fairest they can meet with, to be the bride (as they speak and bear the besotted people in hand) of *Jagannat*, and they leave her all night in the temple (whither they have carried her) with the idol, making her believe that *Jagannat* himself will come and embrace her, and appointing her to ask him, whether it will be a fruitful year, what kind of processions, feasts, prayers, and alms he demands to be made for it. In the mean time one of these lustful priests enters at night by a little back-door into the temple, deflowereth this young maid, and maketh her believe any thing he pleaseth; and the next day, being transported from this temple into another with the same magnificence, she was carried before upon the chariot of triumph, on the side of *Jagannat* her bridegroom: these *Brahmans* make her say aloud, before all the people, whatsoever she had been taught of these cheats, as if she had learnt it from the very mouth of *Jagannat*.—*BERNIER*.

*Baly*.—XV. p. 159.

The fifth incarnation was in a Bramin dwarf, under the name of Vamen; it was wrought to restrain the pride of the giant Baly. The latter, after having conquered the gods, expelled them from Sorgon; he was generous, true to his word, compassionate, and charitable. Vichenou, under the form of a very little Bramin, presented himself before him while he was sacrificing, and asked him for three paces of land to build a hut. Baly ridiculed the apparent imbecility of the dwarf, in telling him, that he ought not to limit his demand to a bequest so trifling; that his generosity could bestow a much larger donation of land. Vamen answered, That, being of so small a stature, what he asked was more than sufficient. The prince immediately granted his request, and, to ratify his donation, poured water into his right hand; which was no sooner done than the dwarf grew so prodigiously, that his body filled the



universe ! He measured the earth with one pace, and the heavens with another, and then summoned Baly to give him his word for the third. The prince then recognised Vichenou, adored him, and presented his head to him ; but the god, satisfied with his submission, sent him to govern the Padalon, and permitted him to return every year to the earth, the day of the full moon, in the month of November.—SONNERAT'S *Voyages*, vol. i. p. 24.

*The sacred cord.*—XV. p. 160.

The Brahmans who officiate at the temples generally go with their heads uncovered, and the upper part of the body naked. The *Zennar*, or sacred string, is hung round the body from the left shoulder ; a piece of white cotton cloth is wrapped round the loins, which descends under the knee, but lower on the left side than on the other ; and in cold weather they sometimes cover their bodies with a shawl, and their heads with a red cap.—The *Zennar* is made of a particular kind of perennial cotton, called *Verma* : it is composed of a certain number of threads of a fixed length : the *Zennar* worn by the Khatries has fewer threads than that worn by the Brahmans, and that worn by the Bhyse fewer than that worn by the Khatries ; but those of the Soodra cast are excluded from this distinction, none of them being permitted to wear it.—CRAUFURD.

*The City of Baly.*—XV. p. 162.

Ruins of Mahābalipūr, the City of the great Baly.

A rock, or rather hill of stone, is that which first engrosses the attention on approaching the place ; for as it rises abruptly out of a level plain of great extent, consists chiefly of one single stone, and is situated very near to the sea-beach, it is such a kind of object as an inquisitive traveller would naturally turn aside to examine. Its shape is also singular and romantic, and, from a distant view, has an appearance like some antique and lofty edifice. On coming near to the foot of the rock from the north, works of imagery and

sculpture crowd so thick upon the eye, as might seem to favour the idea of a petrified town, like those that have been fabled in different parts of the world, by too credulous travellers. Proceeding on by the foot of the hill, on the side facing the sea, there is a pagoda rising out of the ground, of one solid stone, about sixteen or eighteen feet high, which seems to have been cut upon the spot, out of a detached rock, that has been found of a proper size for that purpose. The top is arched, and the style of architecture according to which it is formed different from any now used in those parts. A little further on, there appears, upon an huge surface of stone, that juts out a little from the side of the hill, a numerous group of human figures, in bass-relief, considerably larger than life, representing the most remarkable persons whose actions are celebrated in the Mahâbharit, each of them in an attitude, or with weapons, or other insignia, expressive of his character, or of some one of his most famous exploits. All these figures are doubtless much less distinct than they were at first; for upon comparing these and the rest of the sculptures that are exposed to the sea-air, with others at the same place, whose situation has afforded them protection from that element, the difference is striking; the former being every where much defaced, while the others are fresh as recently finished. An excavation in another part of the east side of the great rock appears to have been made on the same plan, and for the same purpose, that Chowtries are usually built in that country, that is to say, for the accommodation of travellers. The rock is hollowed out to the size of a spacious room, and two or three rows of pillars are left, as a seeming support to the mountainous mass of stone which forms the roof.

The ascent of the hill on the north is, from its natural shape, gradual and easy at first, and is in other parts rendered more so, by very excellent steps, cut out in several places where the communication would be difficult or impracticable without them. A winding stair of this sort leads to a kind of temple cut out of the solid rock, with some figures of idols in high relief upon the walls, very well finished. From this temple there are flights of steps, that seem to have led to some edifice formerly standing upon the hill; nor does it seem absurd to suppose that this may have been a palace, to which this

temple may have appertained ; for, besides the small detached ranges of stairs that are here and there cut in the rock, and seem as if they had once led to different parts of one great building, there appear in many places small water channels cut also in the rock, as if for drains to an house ; and the whole top of the hill is strewed with small round pieces of brick, which may be supposed, from their appearance, to have been worn down to their present form during the lapse of many ages. On a plain surface of the rock, which may once have served as the floor of some apartment, there is a platform of stone, about 8 or 9 feet long, by 3 or 4 wide, in a situation rather elevated, with two or three steps leading up to it, perfectly resembling a couch or bed, and a lion very well executed at the upper end of it, by way of pillow ; the whole of one piece, being part of the hill itself. This the Bramins, inhabitants of the place, call the Bed of Dhermarâjah, or Judishter, the eldest of the five brothers whose exploits are the leading subject in the Mahabhârit. And at a considerable distance from this, at such a distance, indeed, as the apartments of the women might be supposed to be from that of the men, is a bath, excavated also from the rock, with steps in the inside, which the Bramins call the Bath of Dropedy, the wife of Judishter and his brothers. How much credit is due to this tradition, and whether this stone couch may not have been anciently used as a kind of throne, rather than a bed, is matter for future inquiry. A circumstance, however, which may seem to favour this idea is, that a throne, in the Shanscrit and other Hindoo languages, is called *Singhâsen*, which is compounded of *Sing*, a lion, and *âsen*, a seat.

But though these works may be deemed stupendous, they are surpassed by others that are to be seen at the distance of about a mile, or mile and half, to the south of the hill. They consist of two pagodas, of about 30 feet long, by 20 feet wide, and about as many in height, cut out of the solid rock, and each consisting originally of one single stone. Their form is different from the style of architecture according to which idol temples are now built in that country. These sculptures approach nearer to the Gothic taste, being surmounted by arched roofs, or domes, not semicircular, but composed of two segments of circles meeting in a point at top. Near these also stand an ele-

phant full as big as life, and a lion much larger than the natural size, both hewn also out of one stone.

The great rock is about 50 or 100 yards from the sea ; but close to the sea are the remains of a pagoda built of brick, and dedicated to Sîb, the greatest part of which has evidently been swallowed up by that element ; for the door of the innermost apartment, in which the idol is placed, and before which there are always two or three spacious courts surrounded with walls, is now washed by the waves, and the pillar used to discover the meridian at the time of founding the pagoda is seen standing at some distance in the sea. In the neighbourhood of this building there are some detached rocks, washed also by the waves, on which there appear sculptures, though now much worn and defaced : And the natives of the place declared to the writer of this account, that the more aged people among them remembered to have seen the tops of several pagodas far out in the sea, which, being covered with copper, (probably gilt,) were particularly visible at sun-rise, as their shining surface used then to reflect the sun's rays, but that now that effect was no longer produced, as the copper had since become incrustated with mould and verdigrease.—CHAMBERS. *Asiatic Researches*.

*Thou hast been called, O Sleep! the friend of Woe,*

*But 'tis the happy who have call'd thee so.*—XV. p. 166.

Daniel has a beautiful passage concerning Richard II.—sufficiently resembling this part of the poem to be inserted here.

To *Flint*, from thence, unto a restless bed,  
That miserable night he comes convey'd ;  
Poorly provided, poorly followed,  
Uncourted, unrespected, unbey'd ;  
Where, if uncertain Sleep but hovered  
Over the drooping cares that heavy weigh'd,

Millions of figures Fantasy presents  
Unto that sorrow wakened grief augments.

His new misfortune makes deluded Sleep  
Say 'twas not so :—false dreams the truth deny :  
Wherewith he starts ; feels waking cares do creep  
Upon his soul, and gives his dream the lie,  
Then sleeps again :—and then again as deep  
Deceits of darkness mock his misery.

*Civil War*, Book II. st. 52, 53.

*The Aullay*.—XVI. p. 169.

This monster of Hindoo imagination is a horse with the trunk of an elephant, but bearing about the same proportion to the elephant in size, that the elephant itself does to a common sheep. In one of the prints to Mr Kinderley's "Specimens of Hindoo Literature," an aullay is represented taking up an elephant with his trunk.

*-Did then the Ocean wage*

*His war for love and envy, not in rage,*

*O thou fair City, that he spares thee thus ?—XVI. p. 170.*

Malecheren, (which is probably another name for Baly), in an excursion which he made one day alone, and in disguise, came to a garden in the environs of his city Mahâbalipoor, where was a fountain so inviting, that two celestial nymphs had come down to bathe there. The Rajah became enamoured of one of them, who condescended to allow of his attachment to her ; and she and her sister nymph used thenceforward to have frequent interviews with him in that garden. On one of those occasions they brought with them a male inhabitant of the heavenly regions, to whom they introduced the Rajah ; and between him and Malecheren a strict friendship ensued ; in consequence of which he agreed, at the Rajah's earnest request, to carry him in disguise to see the court of the divine Inder,—a favour never before granted to any mortal. The Rajah returned from thence with new ideas of splendour and magni-

ficence, which he immediately adopted in regulating his court and his retinue, and in beautifying his seat of government. By this means Mahâbalipoor became soon celebrated beyond all the cities of the earth; and an account of its magnificence having been brought to the gods assembled at the court of Inder, their jealousy was so much excited at it, that they sent orders to the God of the Sea to let loose his billows, and overflow a place which impiously pretended to vie in splendour with their celestial mansions. This command he obeyed, and the city was at once overflowed by that furious element, nor has it ever since been able to rear its head.—CHAMBERS. *Asiat. Res.*

*Round those strange waters they repair.*—XVI. p. 174.

In the Bahia dos Artifices, which is between the river Jagoarive and S. Miguel, there are many springs of fresh water, which may be seen at low tide, and these springs are frequented by fish and by the sea-cow, which they say comes to drink there.—*Noticias do Brazil*. MSS. i. 8.

The inhabitants of the Feroe Islands seek for cod in places where there is a fresh-water spring at the bottom.—LANDT.

*The Sheckra.*—XVIII. p. 195.

This weapon, which is often to be seen in one of the wheel-spoke hands of a Hindoo god, resembles a quoit: the external edge is sharp: it is held in the middle, and, being whirled along, cuts wherever it strikes.

*The writing which, at thy nativity,*

*All-knowing Nature wrought upon thy brain.*—XVIII. p. 199.

Brahma is considered as the immediate creator of all things, and particularly as the disposer of each person's fate, which he inscribes within the skull of every created being, and which the gods themselves cannot avert.—KINDERSLEY, p. 21. NIECAMP. vol. 1. p. 10. § 7.

It is by the sutures of the skull that these lines of destiny are formed. See also a note to Thalaba, (vol. i. p. 260. second edition,) upon a like superstition of the Mahommedans.

*Quand on leur reproche quelque vice, ou qu'on les reprend d'une mauvaise action, ils répondent froidement, que cela est écrit sur leur tête, et qu'ils n'ont pu faire autrement. Si vous paroissez étonné de ce langage nouveau, et que vous demandiez à voir où cela est écrit, ils vous montrent les diverses jointures du crâne de leur tête, prétendant que les sutures même sont les caracteres de cette écriture mystérieuse. Si vous les pressez de déchiffrer ces caracteres, et de vous faire connoître ce qu'ils signifient, ils avouent qu'ils ne le savent pas. Mais puisque vous ne savez pas lire cette écriture, disois-je quelquefois à ces gens entêtés, qui est-ce donc qui vous la lit ? qui est-ce qui vous en explique le sens, et qui vous fait connoître ce qu'elle contient ? D'ailleurs ces prétendus caracteres étant les memes sur la tête de tous les hommes, d'où vient qu'ils agissent si différemment, et qu'ils sont si contraires les uns aux autres dans leurs vœux, dans leurs desseins, et dans leurs projets ?*

*Les Brames m'écoutoient de sang froid, et sans s'inquiéter ni des contradictions où ils tomboient, ni des consequences ridicules qu'ils étoient obligés d'avouer. Enfin, lorsqu'ils se sentoient vivement pressés, toute leur ressource étoit de se retirer sans rien dire.—P. MAUDUIT. Lettres Edifiantes, t. x. p. 248.*

*The Seven Earths.—XIX. p. 207.*

The seas which surround these earths are, 1. of salt water, inclosing our inmost earth ; 2. of fresh water ; 3. of *tyre*, curdled milk ; 4. of *ghee*, clarified butter ; 5. of *cauloo*, a liquor drawn from the *pullum* tree ; 6. of liquid sugar ; 7. of milk. The whole system is inclosed in one broad circumference of pure gold, beyond which reigns impenetrable darkness.—KINDERSLEY.

I know not whether the following fable was invented to account for the saltiness of our sea :

“ Agastya is recorded to have been very low in stature ; and one day, previously to the rectifying the too oblique posture of the earth, walking with Veeshnu on the shore of the ocean, the insolent deep asked the god, who that dwarf was strutting by his side ? Veeshnu replied, it was the patriarch Agastya going to restore the earth to its true balance. The sea, in utter contempt of his pigmy form, dashed him with his spray as he passed along ; on which the sage, greatly incensed at the designed affront, scooped up some of the water in the hollow of his hand, and drank it off : he again and again repeat-

ed the draught, nor desisted till he had drained the bed of the ocean of the entire volume of its waters. Alarmed at this effect of his holy indignation, and dreading an universal drought, the Devatas made intercession with Agastya to relent from his anger, and again restore an element so necessary to the existence of nature, both animate and inanimate. Agastya, pacified, granted their request, and discharged the imbibed fluid in a way becoming the histories of a gross physical people to relate, but by no means proper for this page; a way, however, that evinced his sovereign power, while it marked his ineffable contempt for the vain fury of an element, contending with a being armed with the delegated power of the Creator of all things. After this miracle, the earth being, by the same power, restored to its just balance, Agastya and Veeshnu separated; when the latter, to prevent any similar accident occurring, commanded the *great serpent* (that is, of the sphere) to wind its enormous folds round the seven continents, of which, according to Sanscreeet geography, the earth consists, and appointed, as perpetual guardians, to watch over and protect it, the eight powerful genii, so renowned in the Hindoo system of mythology, as presiding over the eight points of the world.”—MAURICE.

The Pauranics (said Ramachandra to Sir William Jones) will tell you that our earth is a plane figure studded with eight mountains, and surrounded by seven seas of milk, nectar, and other fluids; that the part which we inhabit is one of seven islands, to which eleven smaller isles are subordinate; that a god, riding on a huge elephant, guards each of the eight regions; and that a mountain of gold rises and gleams in the centre.—*Asiatic Researches*.

“Eight original mountains and seven seas, BRAHMA, INDRA, the SUN, and RUDRA, these are permanent; not thou, not I, not this or that people. Wherefore then should anxiety be raised in our minds?”—*Asiatic Res.*

#### *Mount Calasay.*—XIX. p. 207.

The residence of *Ixora* is upon the silver mount *Calaja*, to the south of the famous mountain *Mahameru*, being a most delicious place, planted with all sorts of trees, that bear fruit all the year round. The roses and other flowers send forth a most odoriferous scent; and the pond at the foot of the mount is inclosed with pleasant walks of trees, that afford an agreeable shade, whilst



the peacocks and divers other birds entertain the ear with their harmonious noise, as the beautiful women do the eyes. The circumjacent woods are inhabited by a certain people called *Munis*, or *Riris*, who, avoiding the conversation of others, spend their time in offering daily sacrifices to their god.

It is observable, that though these pagans are generally black themselves, they do represent these *Riris* to be of a fair complexion, with long white beards, and long garments hanging cross-ways, from about the neck down over the breast. They are in such high esteem among them, they believe that whom they bless are blessed, and whom they curse are cursed.

Within the mountain lives another generation, called *Jexaquinnera* and *Quendra*, who are free from all troubles, spend their days in continual contemplations, praises, and prayers to God. Round about the mountain stand seven ladders, by which you ascend to a spacious plain, in the middle whereof is a bell of silver, and a square table, surrounded with nine precious stones, of divers colours. Upon this table lies a silver rose, called *Tamara Pua*, which contains two women as bright and fair as a pearl: one is called *Brigasiri*, i. e. *the Lady of the Mouth*; the other *Tarasiri*, i. e. *the Lady of the Tongue*,—because they praise God with the mouth and tongue. In the centre of this rose is the *triangle* of *Quivelinga*, which they say is the permanent residence of God.—BALDÆUS.

O *All-embracing Mind*,

*Thou who art every where*! —XIX. p. 210.

Perhaps it would have been better if I had written *all-containing* mind.

“ Even I was even at first, not any other thing; that which exists, unperceived, supreme: afterwards I am that which is; and he who must remain, am I.

“ Except the First Cause, whatever may appear, and may not appear, in the mind, know that to be the mind’s *Mâyâ*, or *delusion*, as light, as darkness.

“ As the great elements are in various beings, entering, yet not entering, (that is, pervading, not destroying,) thus am I in them, yet not in them.

“ Even thus far may inquiry be made by him who seeks to know the princi-

ple of mind in union and separation, which must be *every where, always.*" — *Aniatic Researches*. Sir W. JONES, *from the Bhagavat*.

I am the creation and the dissolution of the whole universe. There is not any thing greater than I, and all things hang on me, even as precious gems upon a string. I am moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, invocation in the *Veds*, sound in the firmament, human nature in mankind, sweet-smelling savour in the earth, glory in the source of light: In all things I am life; and I am zeal in the zealous: and know, O Arjoon! that I am the eternal seed of all nature. I am the understanding of the wise, the glory of the proud, the strength of the strong, free from lust and anger; and in animals I am desire regulated by moral fitness.—KREESHNA, *in the Bhagavat-Geeta*.

*Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,*

*Nor eyes of angel bear*

*That Glory, unimaginably bright.*—XIX. p. 211.

Being now in the splendorous lustre of the divine bliss and glory, I there saw in spirit the choir of the holy angels, the choir of the prophets and apostles, who, with heavenly tongues and music, sing and play around the throne of God; yet not in just such corporeal forms or shapes as are those we *now* bear and walk about in; no, but in shapes all spiritual; the holy angels in the shape of a multitude of flames of fire, the souls of believers in the shape of a multitude of glittering or luminous sparkles; God's throne in the shape, or under the appearance of a great splendour.—HANS ENGELBRECHT.

Something analogous to this unendurable presence of Seeva is found amid the nonsense of Joanna Southcott. Apollyon is there made to say of the Lord, "thou knowest it is written, he is a consuming fire, and who can dwell in everlasting burnings? who could abide in devouring flames? Our backs are not brass, nor our sinews iron, to dwell with God in heaven."—*Dispute between the Woman and the Powers of Darkness*.

*The Sun himself had seem'd*

*A speck of darkness there.*—XIX. p. 211.

"There the sun shines not, nor the moon and stars: these lightnings flash not in that place; how should even fire blaze there?" God irradiates all this bright substance, and by its effulgence the universe is enlightened." — *From the Yajurveda. Asiat. Res.*

*Hæc ait, et sese radiorum nocte suorum*

*Claudit inaccessum.*—CARRARA.

*Whose cradles from some tree*

*Unnatural hands suspended.*—XXI. p. 222.

I heard a voice crying out under my window; I looked out, and saw a poor young girl lamenting the unhappy case of her sister. On asking what was the matter, the reply was, *Boot Laggeosa*, a demon has seized her. These unhappy people say *Boot Laggeosa*, if a child newly born will not suck; and they expose it to death in a basket, hung on the branch of a tree. One day, as Mr Thomas and I were riding out, we saw a basket hung in a tree, in which an infant had been exposed, the skull of which remained, the rest having been devoured by ants.—*Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Missionaries.*

*That strange Indian Bird.*—XXI. p. 223.

The Chatooke. They say it never drinks at the streams below, but, opening its bill when it rains, it catches the drops as they fall from the clouds.—*Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Missionaries*, vol. ii. p. 309.

*And Brama's region, where the heavenly Hours*

*Weave the vast circle of his age-long day.*—XXIII. p. 243.

They who are acquainted with day and night know that the day of Brahma is as a thousand revolutions of the *Yooqs*, and that his night extendeth for a thousand more. On the coming of that day all things proceed from invisibility to visibility; so, on the approach of night, they are all dissolved away in

that which is called invisible. The universe, even, having existed, is again dissolved; and now again, on the approach of day, by divine necessity, it is reproduced. That which, upon the dissolution of all things else, is not destroyed, is superior and of another nature from that visibility: it is invisible and eternal. He who is thus called invisible and incorruptible is even he who is called the Supreme Abode; which men having once obtained, they never more return to earth: that is my mansion.—*KREESHNA, in the Bhagvat Geeta.*

The guess, that Brama and his wife Saraswadi may be Abraham and Sarah, has more letters in its favour than are usually to be found in such guesses.—*NIECAMP, p. i. c. 10. § 2.*

The true cause why there is no idol of Brama (except the head which is his share in the Trimourter,) is probably to be found in the conquest of his sect. A different reason, however, is implied in the Veeda: "Of Him, it says, whose glory is so great there is no image;—He is the incomprehensible Being which illumines all, delights all, whence all proceeded;—that by which they live when born, and that to which all must return.—*MOOR'S Hindu Pantheon, p. 4.*

#### *Yamen.*—XXII. p. 229.

*Yama* was a child of the Sun, and thence named *Vaiaswata*; another of his titles was *Dharmaraja*, or King of Justice; and a third *Pitripeti*, or Lord of the Patriarchs: but he is chiefly distinguished as Judge of departed souls; for the Hindus believe, that, when a soul leaves its body, it immediately repairs to *Yamapur*, or the city of *Yama*, where it receives a just sentence from him, and thence either ascends to *Swerga*, or the first Heaven; or is driven down to *Narac*, the region of serpents; or assumes on earth the form of some animal, unless its offence had been such, that it ought to be condemned to a vegetable, or even to a mineral prison.—*Sir W. JONES.*

There is a story concerning *Yamen* which will remind the reader, in its purport, of the fable of Love and Death. "A famous penitent, *Morugandumaganeri* by name, had, during a long series of years, served the gods with uncommon and most exemplary piety. This very virtuous man having no children, was extremely desirous of having one, and therefore daily besought the

god Xiven (or Seeva) to grant him one. At length the god heard his desire, but, before he indulged it him, he asked him, whether he would have several children, who should be long-lived and wicked, or one virtuous and prudent, who should die in his sixteenth year ? The penitent chose the latter : his wife conceived, and was happily delivered of the promised son, whom they named Marcandem. The boy, like his father, zealously devoted himself to the worship of Xiven ; but as soon as he had attained his sixteenth year, the officers of Yhamen, god of death, were sent on the earth, to remove him from thence.

“ Young Marcandem being informed on what errand they were come, told them, with a resolute air, that he was resolved not to die, and that they might go back, if they pleased. They returned to their master, and told him the whole affair. Yhamen immediately mounted his great buffle, and set out. Being come, he told the youth that he acted very rashly in refusing to leave the world, and it was unjust in him, for Xiven had promised him a life only of sixteen years, and the term was expired. But this reason did not satisfy Marcandem, who persisted in his resolution not to die ; and, fearing lest the god of death should attempt to take him away by force, he ran to his oratory, and taking the Lingam, clasped it to his breast. Mean time Yhamen came down from his buffle, threw a rope about the youth's neck, and held him fast therewith, as also the Lingam, which Marcandem grasp'd with all his strength, and was going to drag them both into hell, when Xiven issued out of the Lingam, drove back the king of the dead, and gave him so furious a blow, that he killed him on the spot.

“ The god of death being thus slain, mankind multiplied so that the earth was no longer able to contain them. The gods represented this to Xiven, and he, at their entreaty, restored Yhamen to life, and to all the power he had before enjoyed. Yhamen immediately dispatched a herald to all parts of the world, to summon all the old men. The herald got drunk before he set out, and, without staying till the fumes of the wine were dispelled, mounted an elephant, and rode up and down the world, pursuant to his commission ; and, instead of publishing this order, he declared, that it was the will and pleasure of Yhamen, that, from this day forward, all the leaves, fruits, and flowers, whether ripe or green, should fall to the ground. This proclamation

was no sooner issued than men began to yield to death : But before Yhamen was killed, only the old were deprived of life, and now people of all ages are summoned indiscriminately."—PICART.

*Two forms, inseparable in unity,*

*Hath Yamen.*—XXIII. p. 249.

The *Dharma-Raja*, or king of justice, has two countenances ; one is mild and full of benevolence ; those alone who abound with virtue see it. He holds a court of justice, where are many assistants, among whom are many just and pious kings : *Chitrugupta* acts as chief secretary. These holy men determine what is *dharma* and *adharma*, just and unjust. His (*Dharma-Raja's*) servant is called *Carmala* : he brings the righteous on celestial cars, which go of themselves, whenever holy men are to be brought in, according to the directions of the *Dharma-Raja*, who is the sovereign of the *Pitris*. This is called his *divine countenance*, and the righteous alone do see it. His other *countenance*, or *form*, is called *Yama* ; this the wicked alone can see : It has large teeth and a monstrous body. *Yama* is the lord of *Patala* ; there he orders some to be beaten, some to be cut to pieces, some to be devoured by monsters, &c. His servant is called *Cashmala*, who, with ropes round their necks, drags the wicked over rugged paths, and throws them headlong into hell. He is unmerciful, and hard is his heart : every body trembles at the sight of him.—WILFORD. *Asiatic Researches*.

*Black of aspect, red of eye.*—XXIII. p. 250.

Punishment is the Magistrate ; Punishment is the Inspirer of Terror ; Punishment is the Defender from Calamity ; Punishment is the Guardian of those that sleep ; Punishment, with a black aspect and a red eye, tempts the guilty. —HALHERD'S *Gentoo Code*, ch. xxi. sect. 8.

*Azyoruca.*—XXIII. p. 251.

In *Patala* (or the infernal regions) resides the sovereign Queen of the *Nagas*, (large snakes, or dragons :) she is beautiful, and her name is *Asyoruca*. There, in a cave, she performed *Taparya* with such rigorous austerity, that fire

sprang from her body, and formed numerous agni-tiraths (places of sacred fire) in Patala. These fires, forcing their way through the earth, waters, and mountains, formed various openings or mouths, called from thence the flaming mouths, or juala muihi. By Samudr, (Oceanus,) a daughter was born unto her, called Rama-Devi. She is most beautiful; she is Lacshmi; and her name is Asyotcarsha, or Asyotcrishta. Like a jewel she remains concealed in the ocean.—WILFORD. *Asiat. Res.*

*He came in all his might and majesty.—XXIV. p. 254.*

What is this to the coming of Seeva, as given us by Mr Maurice, from the Seeva Paurana?

“ In the place of the right wheel blazed the Sun, in the place of the left was the Moon; instead of the brazen nails and bolts, which firmly held the ponderous wheels, were distributed Bramins on the right hand, and Reyshees on the left; in lieu of the canopy on the top of the chariot was overspread the vault of Heaven; the counterpoise of the wheels was on the east and west, and the four Semordres were instead of the cushions and bolsters; the four Vedas were placed as the horses of the chariot, and Saraswaty was for the bell; the piece of wood by which the horses are driven was the three-lettered Mantra, while Brama himself was the charioteer, and the Nacshatras and stars were distributed about it by way of ornaments. Sumaru was in the place of a bow, the serpent Seschanaga was stationed as the string, Veeshnu instead of an arrow, and fire was constituted its point. Ganges and other rivers were appointed its precursors; and the setting out of the chariot, with its appendages and furniture, one would affirm to be the year of twelve months gracefully moving forwards.

“ When Seeva, with his numerous troops and prodigious army, was mounted, Brama drove so furiously, that thought itself, which, in its rapid career, compasses Heaven and Earth, could not keep pace with it. By the motion of the chariot Heaven and Earth were put into a tremor; and, as the Earth was not able to bear up under this burthen, the Cow of the Earth, Kam-deva, took upon itself to support the weight. Seeva went with intention to destroy Treepoor; and the multitude of Devatas and Reyshees and Apsaras who wait-

ed on his stirrup, opening their mouths, in transports of joy and praise, exclaimed, Jaya ! Jaya ! so that Parvati, not being able to bear his absence, set out to accompany Seeva, and, in an instant, was up with him ; while the light which brightened on his countenance, on the arrival of Parvati, surpassed all imagination and description. The Genii of the eight regions, armed with all kinds of weapons, but particularly with *agnyastra*, or fire-darts, like moving mountains, advanced in front of the army ; and Eendra and other Devatas, some of them mounted on elephants, some on horses, others on chariots, or on camels or buffaloes, were stationed on each side, while all the other order of Devatas, to the amount of some lacs, formed the centre. The Munietyaras, with long hair on their heads, like Saniassis, holding their staves in their hands, danced as they went along ; the Siddhyas, who revolve about the heavens, opening their mouths in praise of Seeva, rained flowers upon his head ; and the vaulted heaven, which is like an inverted goblet, being appointed in the place of a drum, exalted his dignity by its majestic resounding."

Throughout the Hindoo fables there is the constant mistake of bulk for sublimity.

*By the attribute of Deity*

———*self-multiplied*

*The dreadful One appear'd on ev'ry side.*—XXIV. p. 256.

This more than polypus power was once exerted by Krishna, on a curious occasion.

It happened in *Dwarka*, a splendid city built by *Vishwakarma*, by command of *Krishna*, on the sea-shore, in the province of *Gazerat*, that his musical associate, *Nareda*, had no wife or substitute ; and he hinted to his friend the decency of sparing him one from his long catalogue of ladies. *Krishna* generously told him to win and wear any one he chose, not immediately in requisition for himself. *Nareda* accordingly went wooing to one house, but found his master there ; to a second—he was again forestalled ; a third, the same ; to a fourth, fifth, the same : in fine, after the round of sixteen thousand of these domiciliary visits, he was still forced to sigh and keep single ; for *Krishna* was in every house, variously employed, and so domesticated, that each



lady congratulated herself on her exclusive and uninterrupted possession of the ardent deity.—MOOR'S *Hindu Pantheon*, p. 204.

Eight of the chief gods have each their *sacti*, or energy, proceeding from them, differing from them in sex, but in every other respect exactly like them, with the same form, the same decorations, the same weapons, and the same vehicle.—*Asiat. Res.* 8vo edit vol. viii. p. 68. 82.

The manner in which this divine power is displayed by Kehama, in his combat with Yamen, will remind some readers of the Irishman, who brought in four prisoners, and being asked how he had taken them, replied, he had surrounded them.

### *The Amreeta,*

or

*Drink of Immortality* —XXIV. p. 259.

Mr Wilkins has given the genuine history of this liquor, which was produced by churning the sea with a mountain.

“ There is a fair and stately mountain, and its name is *Meroo*, a most exalted mass of glory, reflecting the sunny rays from the splendid surface of its gilded horns. It is clothed in gold, and is the respected haunt of *Devas* and *Gandharvas*. It is inconceivable, and not to be encompassed by sinful man; and it is guarded by dreadful serpents. Many celestial medicinal plants adorn its sides; and it stands, piercing the heaven with its aspiring summit, a mighty hill, inaccessible even by the human mind. It is adorned with trees and pleasant streams, and resoundeth with the delightful songs of various birds.

“ The *Soors*, and all the glorious hosts of heaven, having ascended to the summit of this lofty mountain, sparkling with precious gems, and for eternal ages raised, were sitting in solemn synod, meditating the discovery of the *Amreeta*, the Water of Immortality. The *Dev Narayan* being also there, spoke unto *Brahma*, whilst the *Soors* were thus consulting together, and said, ‘ let the Ocean, as a pot of milk, be churned by the united labour of the *Soors* and *Assoors*; and when the mighty waters have been stirred up, the *Amreeta* shall be found. Let them collect together every medicinal herb, and every























